The Saturday Evening
POST
December 5, 1959 – 15¢

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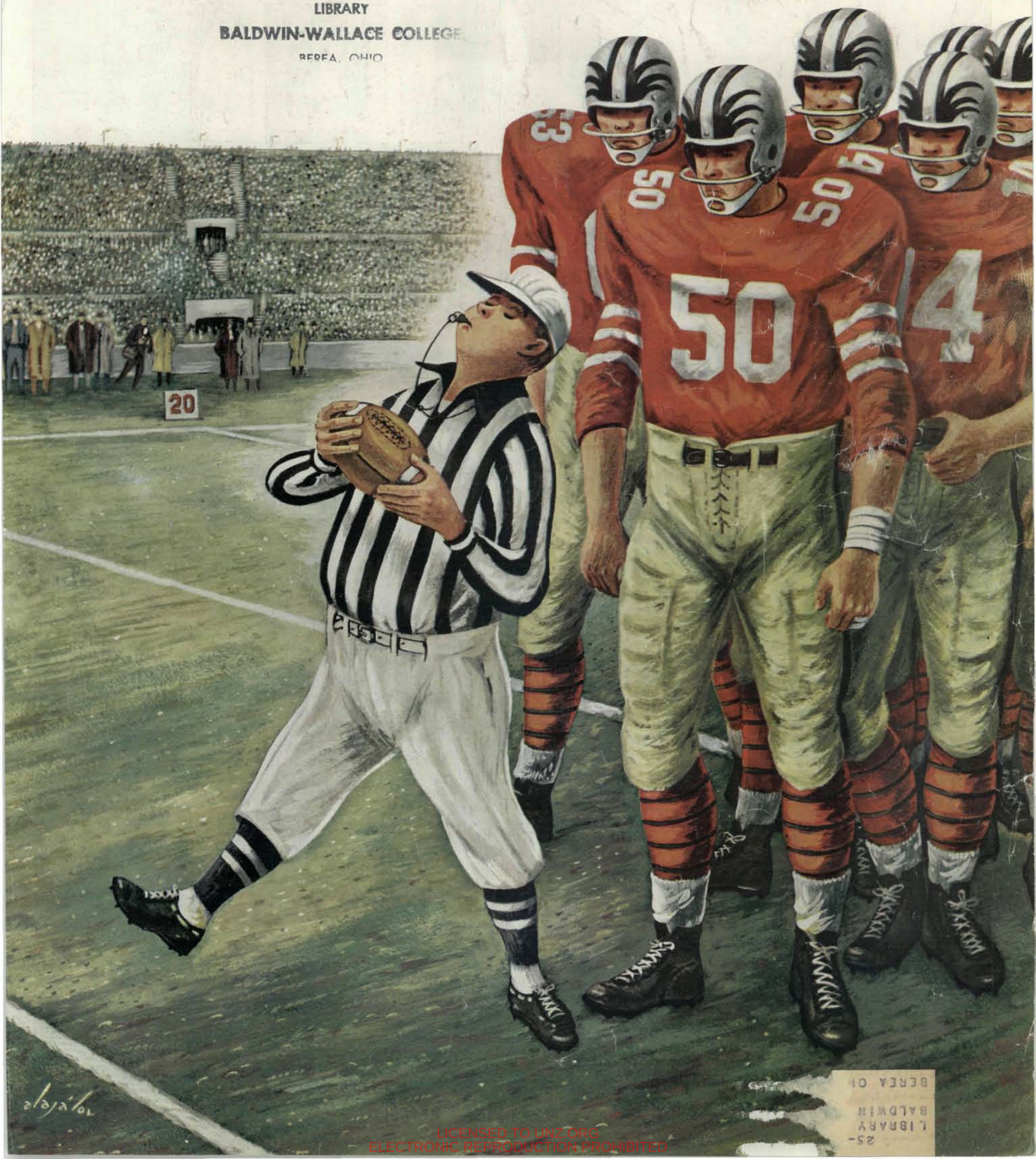
I Can't Stop Singing
By Mahalia Jackson

PHILADELPHIA:
Comeback of a Shabby City

NOV 3 0 '59



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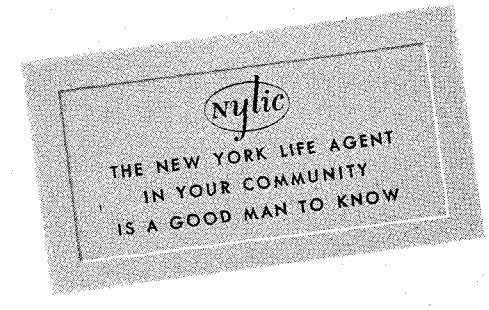

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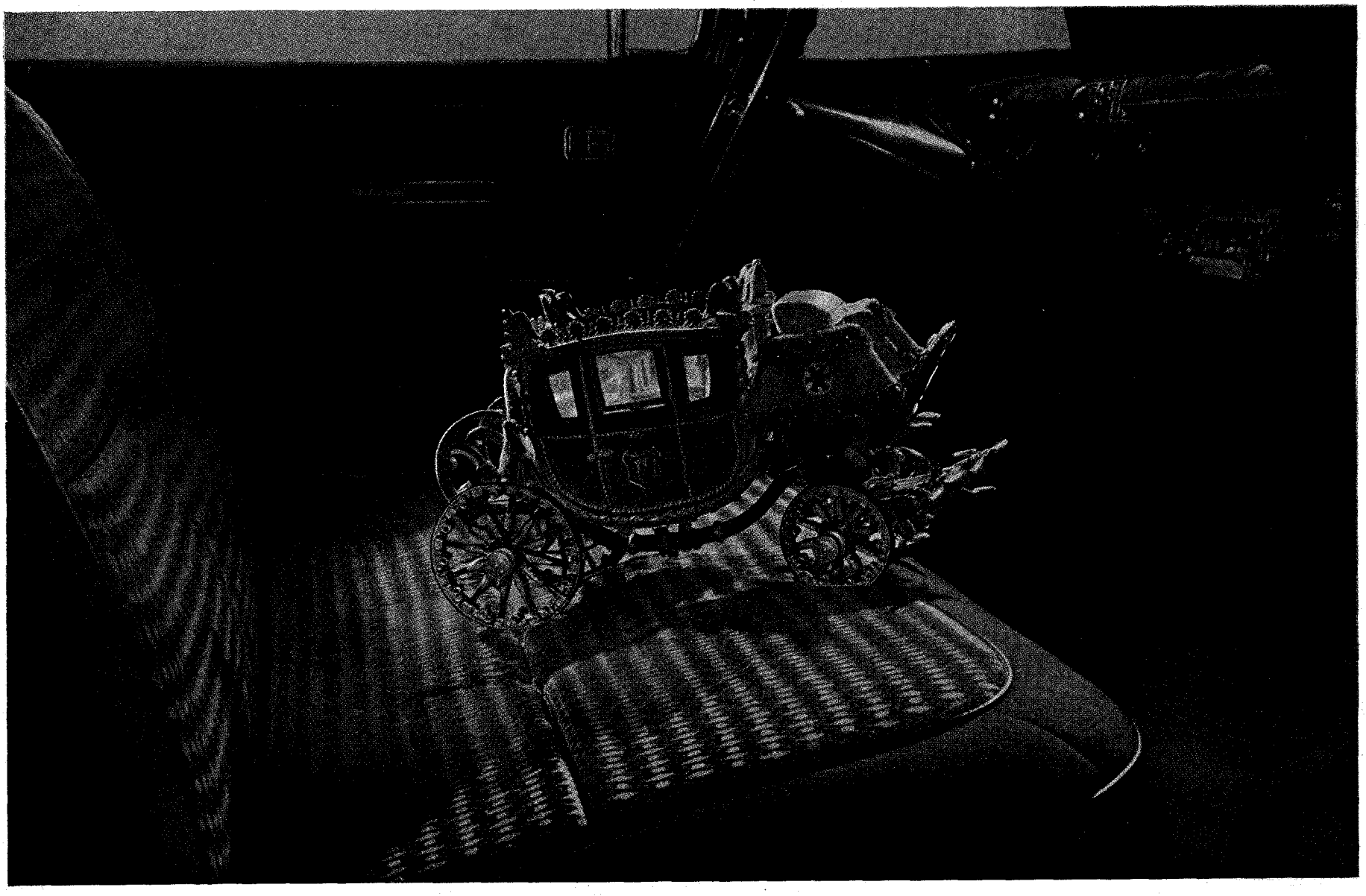

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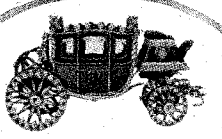

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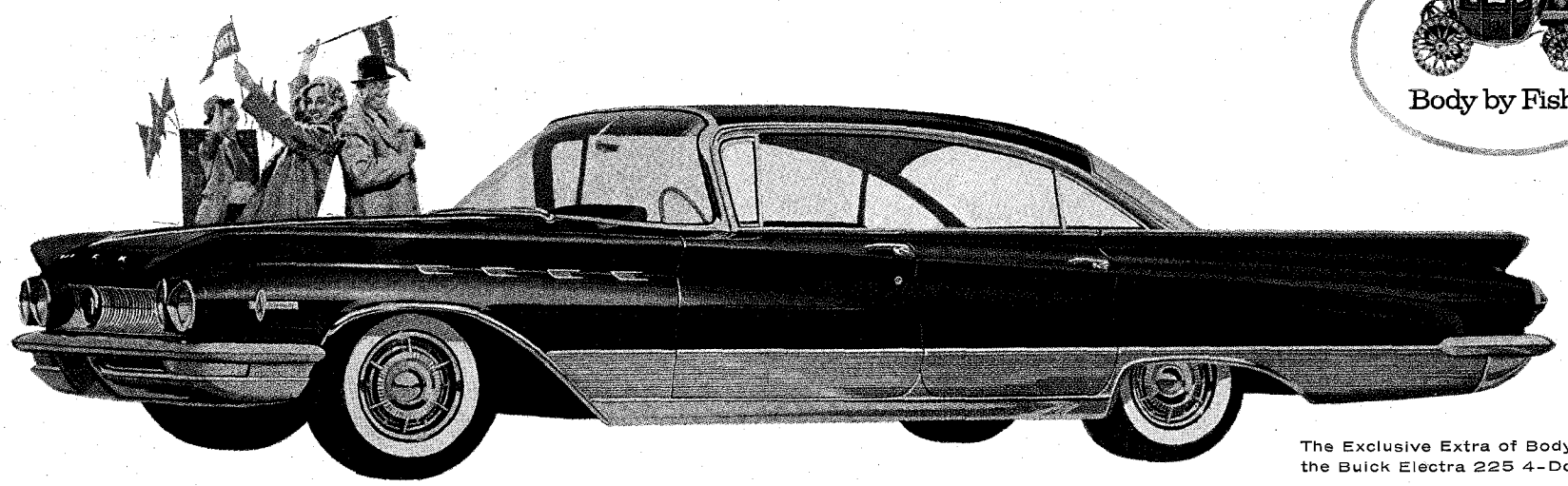

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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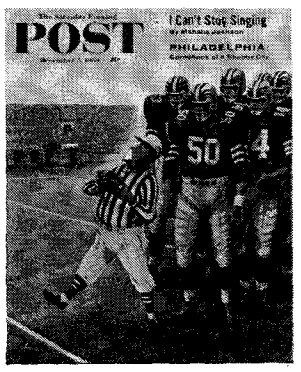

THE COVER

Artist Constantin Alajálov depicts one of those gridiron moments when all eyes turn away from the looming gladiators, and the little geezer in the zebra shirt enjoys his flash of glory. Let us assume that the score of this tense contest is 33 to 33, with three minutes left to play. Those red-shirted colossi were conveying the ball irresistibly toward a touchdown when—oh, no! But oh, yes!—in the last melee one of them committed an illegal indiscretion, whereas if he had merely knocked the other guy for a loop in a legal way, it would have been a good deed. So the arbiter conveys the ball back whence it came, while countless onlookers rejoice and countless others don't. Colossus No. 50 is not going to give the ref a good, swift kick—he's just toying with the lovely idea.

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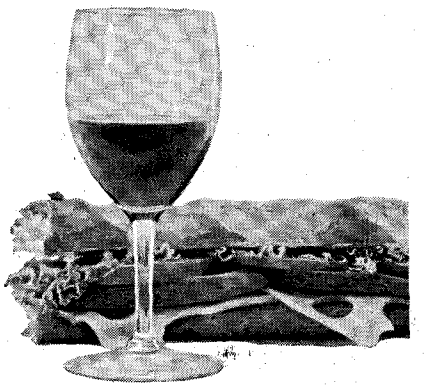

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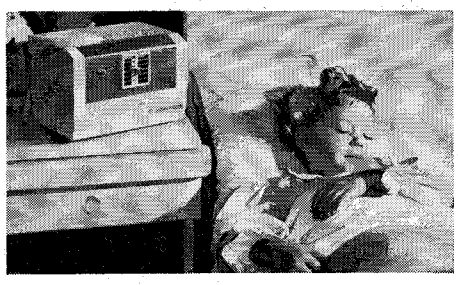

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Letters

Good Old Rugby

Dear Sirs:

Corey Ford's article, FOOTBALL FOR FUN, in your Oct. 17 issue, was both well written and accurately descriptive of the status of Rugby football in the United States. . . .

Playing Rugger has given me more satisfaction than a host of "newer" sports, including American football. . . .

Few people realize that Rugby was popular enough . . . to be included in the Olympic Games of 1920 and 1924. And

U.S. vs. France, Paris, 1924.

even fewer people recall that an informal group of Yanks from Stanford University and the universities of Santa Clara and California went over and won the Rugby championship for the United States at these two consecutive games.

DAVID SCHOLZ
Stanford University
Stanford, Calif.

A Penny-Pincher for President?

Dear Sirs:

Peter Wyden's article on Governor Docking [THE GOVERNOR LEAVES THEM GASPING, Oct. 31] was excellent reading. He was correct in inferring that Kansas wants him for an unprecedented third term as governor.

JOSEPH H. MCDOWELL
State Senator (4th District)
Wyandotte County, Kans.

● *Wyden said, "The wisest tipsters speculate that he will run for an unprecedented third term." Reader McDowell did the "inferring."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Only in Kansas could such an odd situation exist—a penny-pinching Democrat has all us Republicans in the unenviable position of appearing as the big spenders—witness the one-half per cent increase in the sales tax passed over the governor's veto.

The governor's cutback of funds for the University of Kansas can only be construed as an attempt to keep us in an intellectual limbo.

EDYTHE C. MCNALLY
Pittsburg, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

Someone should start a boom for Governor Docking for President. . . . As a Republican who believes in common-sense economy, I would join with millions of others to support any man on any ticket who would eliminate senseless waste and restore a sane, honest government.

GEORGE ALT
Faith, S.D.

A Grave Situation

Dear Sirs:

We read with interest the article by Dr. Alan E. Nourse [THE CHANGING ROLE OF THE FAMILY DOCTOR] in the Oct. 17 issue of your excellent journal. We recognize his literary ability, but feel he is only repeating an old cliché that crops up about every six months lamenting the passing of the Family Doctor.

But Family Doctors remain a lively corpse, even after many interments!

Please transmit to Doctor Nourse our invitation to meet with representatives of the fastest growing medical society in the world (already second to the A.M.A.) when we arrive in the City of Brotherly Love in March, 1960. The American Academy of General Practice will welcome him as a guest or, if he will keep up with our standards, as a member, and as a Family Doctor.

FOUNT RICHARDSON, M.D., *President*
American Academy of General Practice
Kansas City, Mo.

Keeping Posted

Dear Sirs:

Once upon a time, Pelham Grenville Wodehouse invented a wonderful character named Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge. We met him, of course, in the pages of *The Post*.

I have a very imaginative brother-in-law, so much like this sterling character that his nickname has been "Featherstone" ever since.

"Fanshaw," 1925.

We feel that you have let us down. In your story DUEL IN THE DUSK [by Gerald Kersh] Oct. 10, you *finally* tell us that "Featherstonhaugh" is pronounced "Fanshaw." Us country bumpkins really thought that our favorite *Post* would keep us better posted on things like that.

ARTHUR W. GOSLING
Akron, Ohio

Vive Post!

Dear Sirs:

You have "Post Scripts" and "Keeping Posted," so why not call your "Letters" section "Post Mortems"?

FRANCES M. MACE
Apsley, Ontario

● *Please go away.* —ED.

Hollywood Hood?

Dear Sirs:

Re: THE BOY CALLED SAL [by Dean Jennings], Oct. 31: Might not author Jennings have better titled it "Hood Makes Good"?

SONIA S. MARTIN
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

I feel that this article is so slanted as to cause an even greater adulation of the mobster by millions of immature and

(Continued on Page 6)

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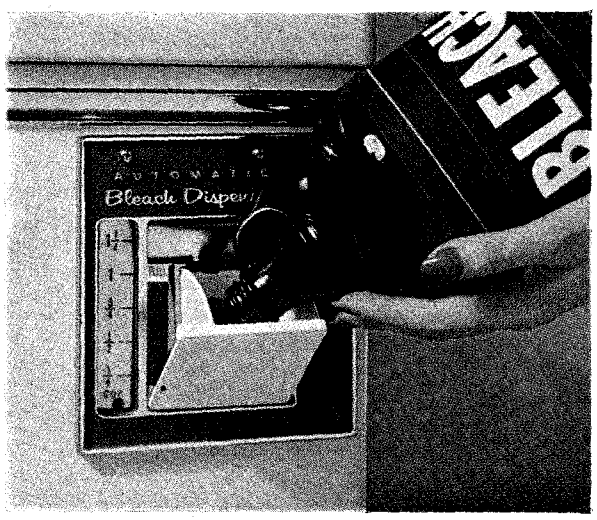
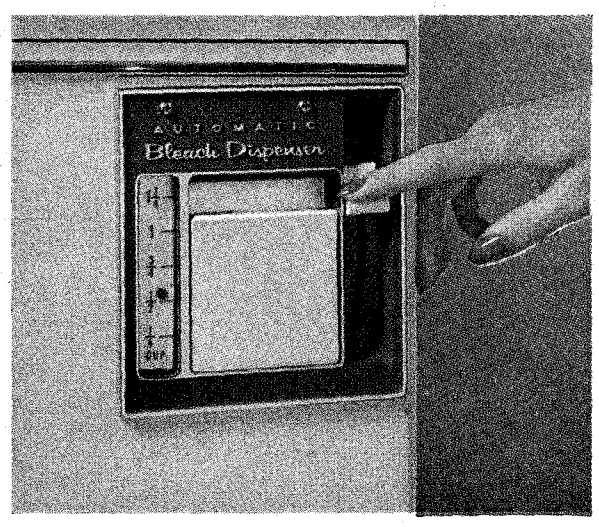


Only the 1960 General Electric Washer stores a month's supply of bleach. Just tip the economy-size bottle into the convenient spout; the dispenser stores 3 full quarts. Fill the dispenser only once a month—after that your bleaching is fully automatic.

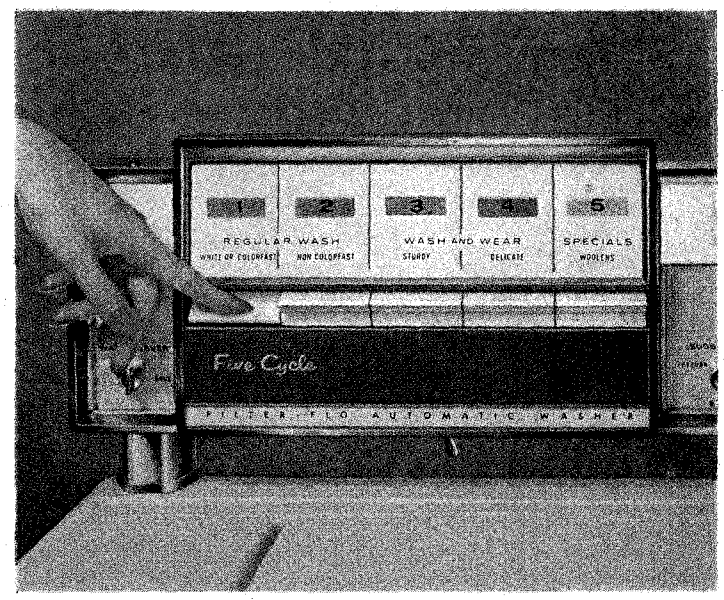


Measures, adds, dilutes the bleach automatically. Just press the fingertip pump to measure the bleach you need. Then, even before it's added to the wash-load, it is diluted to safe solution to give you perfect bleaching results every time—with no work for you.

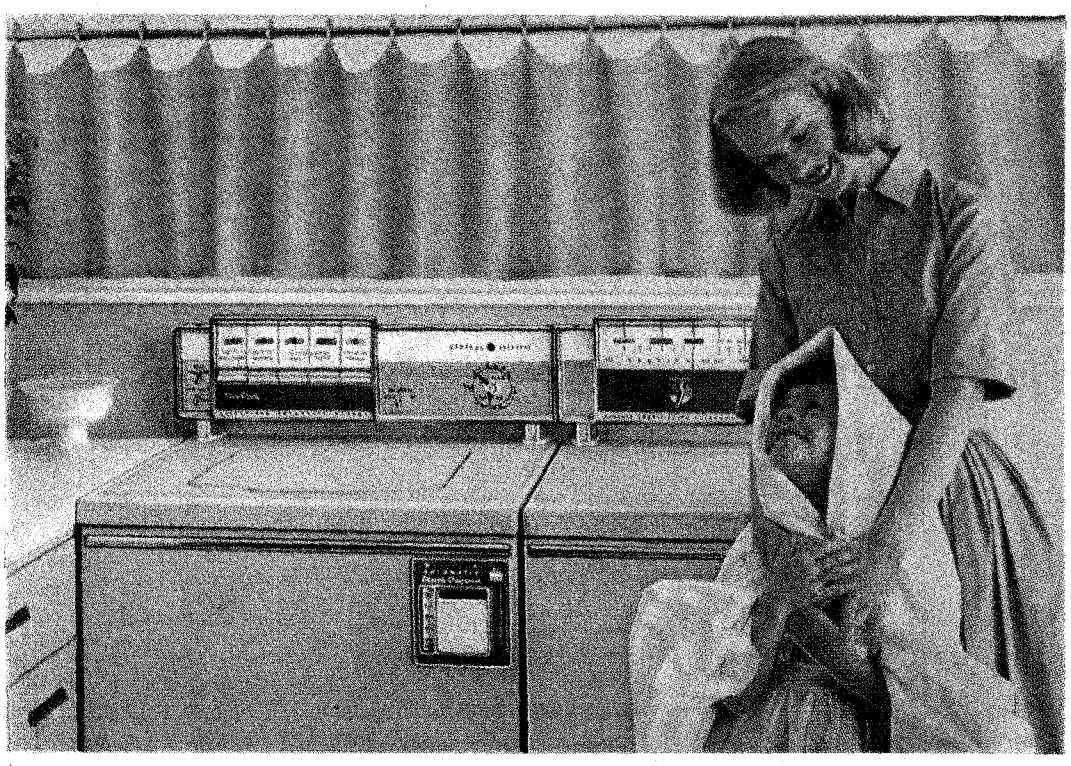
Ends risk of bleach damage. Improperly diluted bleach can't get to your clothes to cause results like this. With automatic bleaching, you get every benefit of bleach—spotlessly clean, white clothes—without danger of fabric damage.

Now... bleaching problems solved automatically! Only General Electric's 1960 Filter-Flo® Washer...

Safely stores a month's supply—3 full quarts
Measures, dilutes and adds bleach automatically
Ends messy hand-bleaching drudgery for you
Saves time—no waiting around for washer to fill

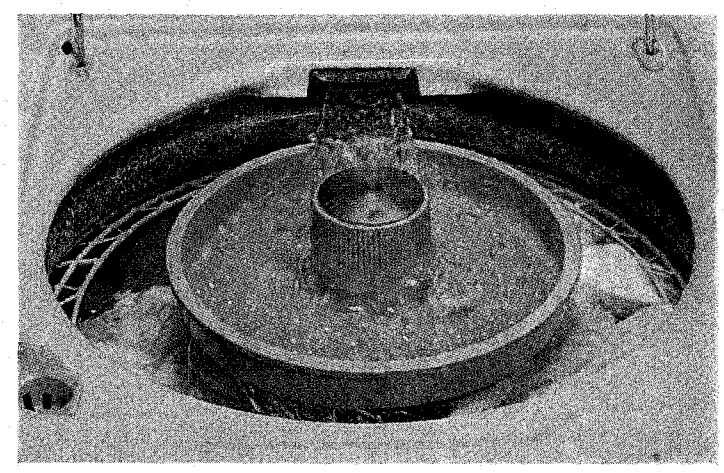


5 automatic cycles bring "hand laundry" care to all your washables. Just touch a key, turn a dial to get correct wash speeds and rinse water temperatures, correct wash and spin for any washable fabric. Even wrinkle-free handling for wash 'n wear, special treatment for woolens.



For white, bright washes every time, get the new General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, with the Automatic Bleach Dispenser! Matching High-Speed Dryer with automatic control gives you just-right drying for every washable fabric.

Only $3.30 weekly, for the washer, after a small down payment. See your dealer for prices and for liberal terms. Most models available in Canada. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



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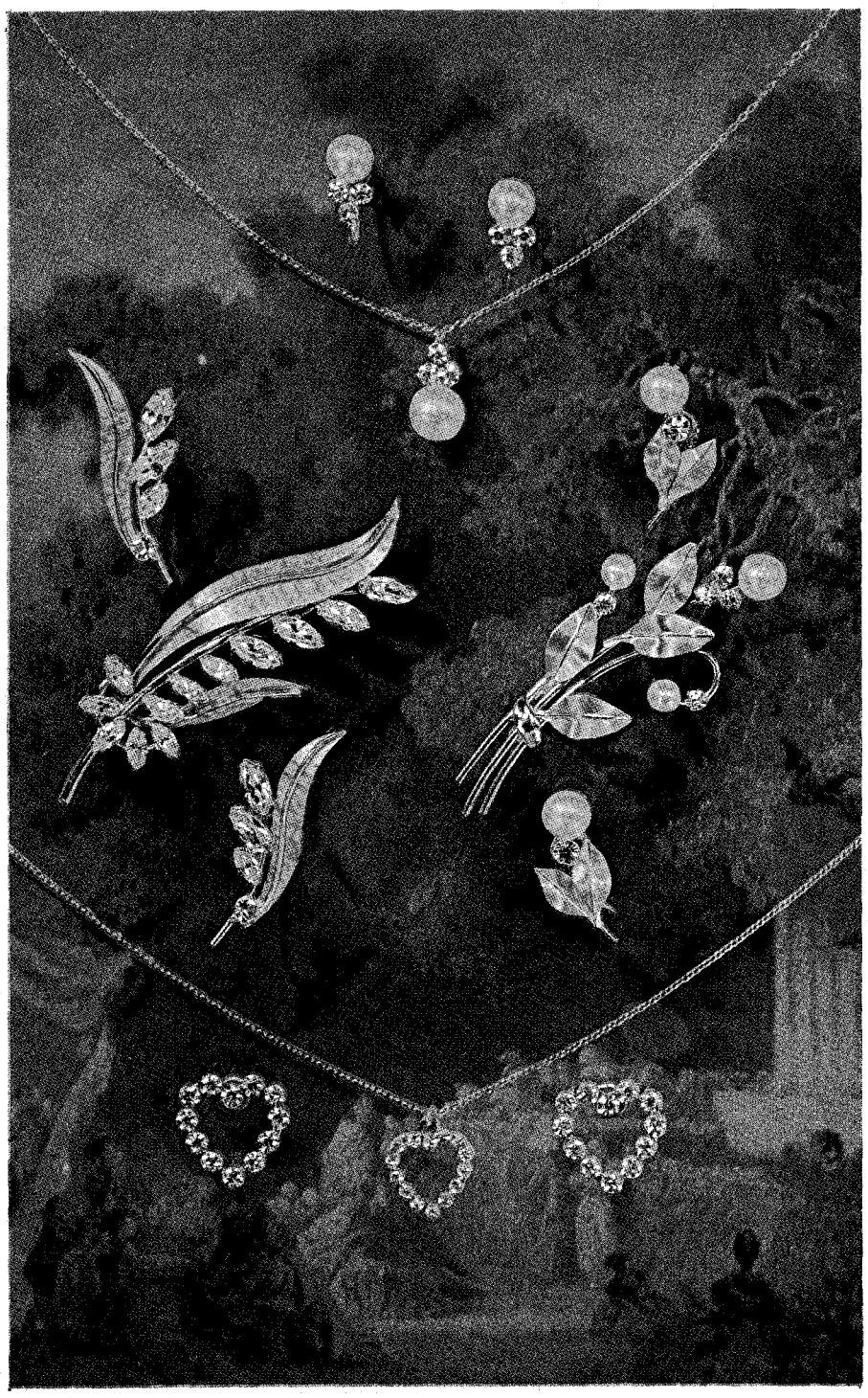

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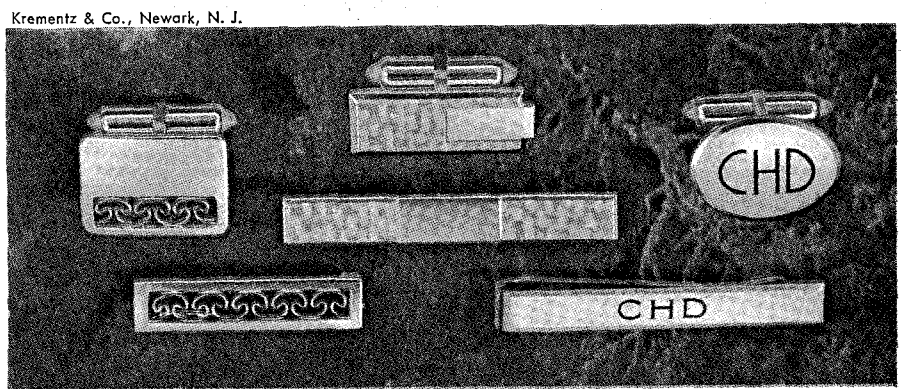

From left to right: Cuff links $10.00 $10.00 $7.50 Tie Holders $6.00 $5.00 $5.00 (prices plus tax)

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

defective minds whose false sense of values causes them to emulate all that Benjamin Franklin abhorred. In my opinion your writer could have given the same message by stating: "Don't feel inferior, callow and effeminate youth, for you . . . can be 'real big' with a knife or a gun for an equalizer."

FRED W. LAMKE
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

If you are trying to turn *The Post* into a magazine which would appeal to my sub-teen daughter, if I had one, please be advised that such procedure is about to cost you one adult subscriber. I cannot imagine that many of the flighty little girls who compose Sal Mineo's fan clubs are subscribers to your publication.

TOM SANFORD
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

As only one of Sal's millions of fans, I thank you sincerely for one of the most well-written and unbiased articles about the finest young star in Hollywood, Sal Mineo, that I have ever read.

ANN RICE
Parris, Texas

Dear Sirs:

You mentioned an incident where some teen-age girls stole his clothes when he was in a gym. You went on to say that "Sal has tangled with roving bands of feminine admirers who, if they were left alone with him, would grab everything but his socks." This leads the reader to believe that every teen-age girl who goes to get a look at her favorite star wants to tear him apart. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases this is not true. Last summer I was one of a group of 3000 who went to see Edd "Kookie" Byrnes when he visited Boston. I had to wait a long

time to get to him, so I had an opportunity to talk to a great many people. Not one of them wanted anything more than an autograph or just to touch him. We were treated, however, as if we were there to commit murder.

JUDITH EVANS, *age 15*
Wollaston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I was delighted by the story. . . . However I would like to clear up one or two misconceptions which trouble me and my family. . . .

All of my activity with the switchblade has been confined to my theatrical roles. I never had need of a switchblade in my personal life. . . . As for being ejected from school . . . I had to leave because my theatrical career became so involved at an early age that it was necessary for me to get private schooling.

SAL MINEO
New York, N.Y.

● *The "misconceptions" about Sal Mineo stem from his own statements to author Dean Jennings—before Mineo's New York press agents entered the picture. For example, in describing a fight he participated in, Mineo said: "This guy jumps. He thought I was going for my knife so he beats me to it." He also said: "I was a troublemaker. . . . I had to leave school because I was causing so many fights."* —ED.

In Trouble in Africa

Dear Sirs:

In an article entitled CAN WE KEEP AFRICA FREE? appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post* issue for 26th September, Mr. Alfred Friendly, the author, makes a point of emphasizing sensational contrasts between the ancient and the modern in Africa. . . .

In illustrating his point, he cites the following instance from Ghana:

"I tried to forget the fact that the last time [Nkrumah] left for such a meeting in London, an enraptured admirer decapitated a child and, in accordance with ancient tradition, buried its head on the beach, facing seaward, to ensure the beloved leader's safe return. Nkrumah's government had the job of finding the patriot and hanging him". . . .

The police records . . . on this particular case show that, whilst such a murder did take place on 17th July, 1957 (the prime minister was away in England from 5th June till 22nd July), it followed the sexual assault of the girl by a man who had escaped from a mental hospital and who was subsequently arrested and, following examination by the psychiatrist specialist, was recertified. There was no hanging, there is no evidence whatever to suggest the symbolism that Mr. Friendly claims, and there is no record of the insane person having ever been hailed as a "patriot."

B. YEBOAH AFARI
Embassy of Ghana
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

As a former member of the teaching staff of University College, Ibadan, Nigeria (professor of mathematics, 1948–1955), permit me to call attention to an error on p. 112, namely that "the university has yet to graduate its first African student."

This is entirely wrong. Students have been graduating regularly since 1953.

F. V. ATKINSON
Canberra University College
Canberra City, Australia

● *Reader Atkinson is correct.—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–United Press International. • 19–Don Hunstein from Columbia Records. • 20–Wide World; Ollie Atkins; Guy Gillette from Columbia Records; Ollie Atkins. • 21–Vern Smith from Columbia Records. • 22, 23–Coby Whitmore. • 24–Dick Stone. • 25–George Burns; map by Peter F. Petraglia. • 26, 27–Genaro Hurtado. • 28, 29–Arthur Lidov. 30–Wide World; United Press International. • 31–Robert Jones. • 32, 33, 34, 35–Larry Keighley. • 36, 37–Fred Otnes. • 38, 39–Farrell Grehan. • 41–Philippe Halsman. 45–Edwin Georgi. • 108–Earle J. Taylor; W. H. Phillips; anonymous; Mrs. R. J. Taylor; Irving Mittleman; Frank Ross.

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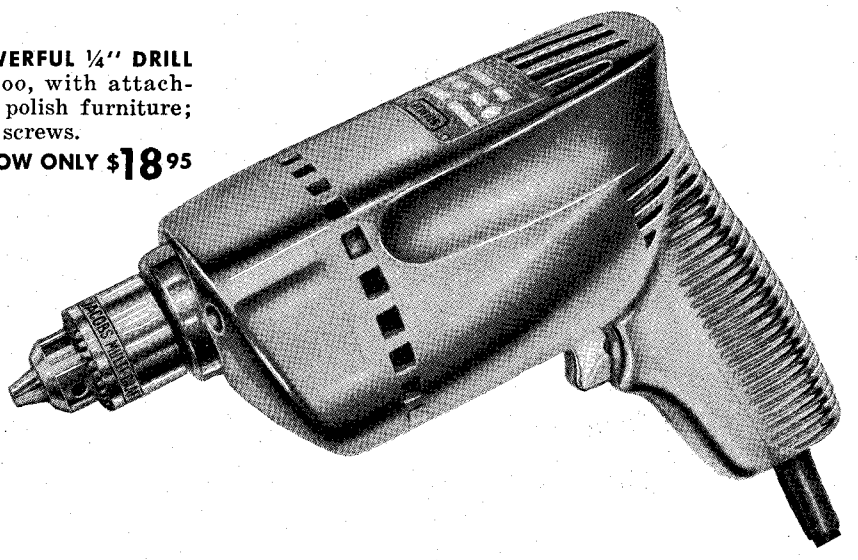

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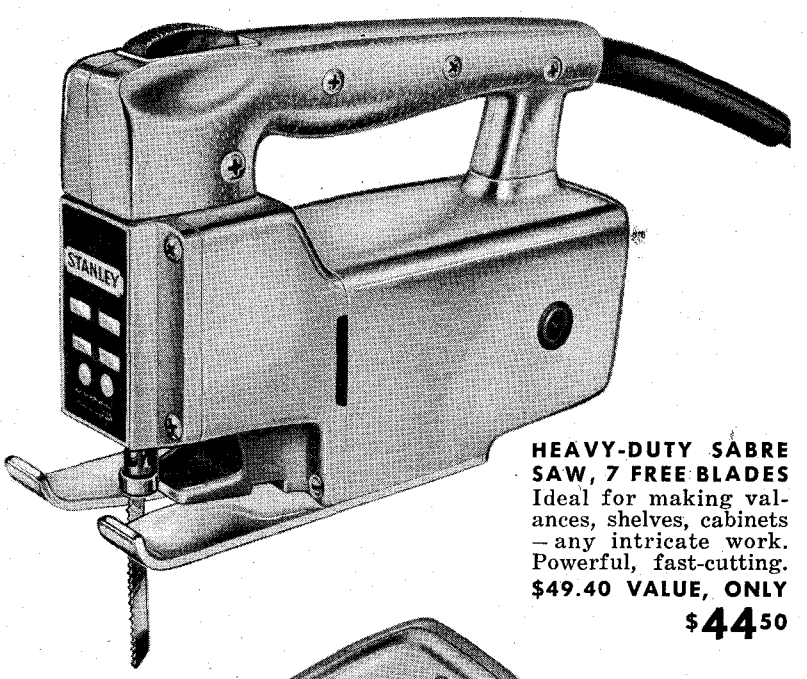

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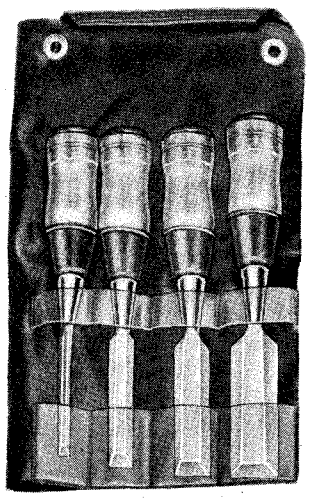

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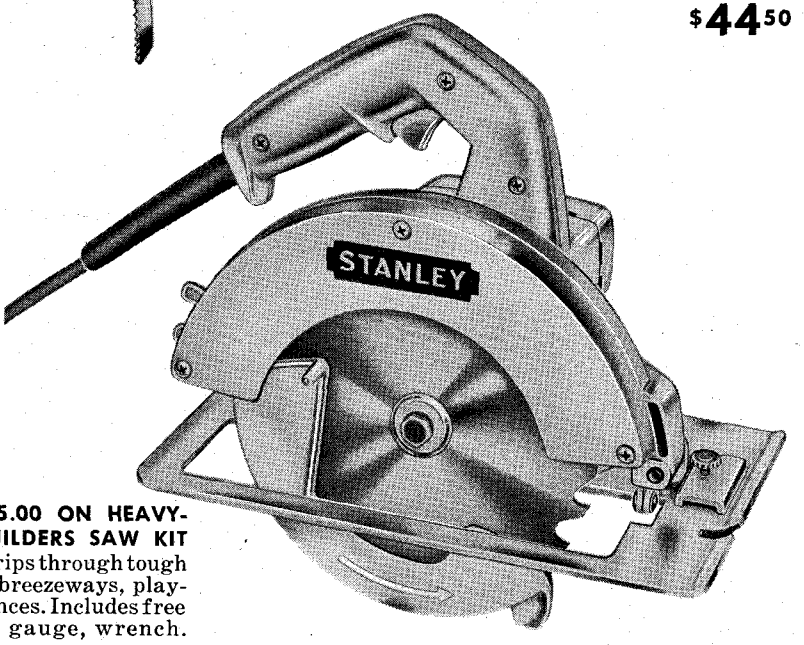

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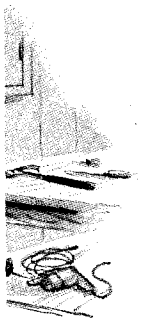

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Editorials

Can Our War Veterans Hasten the Soviet Thaw?

Thousands of Americans with the price of a ticket and a visa are flocking to the Soviet Union, and will leave behind some sort of impression.

Of course, hundreds of tourists visit Russia and come away loaded with just what the Soviet propagandists order. Several of the American governors who toured the Soviet Empire last summer confidently reported that they found everybody content with the regime, as if they expected a Soviet citizen to confide to a casual stranger any doubts he might have on the infallibility of Marx and Lenin. The fact that the Communists maintain an enormous secret-police system to encourage Russians to keep their gripes to themselves seems not to be understood by many Americans, even governors.

One group of Americans who understand the roadblocks, but in spite of them expect something important to come of human contacts between Americans and Russians, is Arms of Friendship. This is an organization of American war veterans of all ranks, unaffiliated with the big veterans' organizations, who have been visiting Russia in small groups with the intention of meeting Russian war veterans. Arms of Friendship attempts to contact American veterans who plan to visit Russia and urge them to make an effort to meet and talk with Russian veterans.

If there is any truly international fraternity, it must consist of men who have endured the physical and spiritual rigors of war. Those who have already made the trip discovered that, once official guides had been bypassed, it was possible to set up friendly relations with individual Russian veterans. Of course, during the current peace offensive there are risks that some of the visitors will be "had" by Soviet agents, who are certain to be on the job. However, the Arms of Friendship program does not encourage the sentimental, left-wing eager beavers who have flocked to Russia in the past, eager to swallow even the most preposterous propaganda. Instead, these war veterans, while earnestly desiring peace and eager to understand opposing viewpoints, are capable of defending the policies of their own country.

Lewis K. Gough, a past commander of the American Legion and co-chairman of the veterans' division of the President's People-to-People Program, reports that "when an American talks with a Russian in Moscow in a park or in the evening in front of his hotel, a crowd of fifty or so soon gathers. Some questioners honestly seek reassurance and information from us. Others want to debate, and they are superbly indoctrinated and grounded in detail on subjects under discussion. . . . At no time was any questioner discourteous, and the crowd apologized at times if the questions seemed to be 'baiting.' I overheard other Americans, who were caught in the wringer, and cringed at some of the answers. One teen-age young lady gave the population of the United States at about ten million and average take-home pay at twelve thousand dollars annually!" Ah, social studies!

Mr. Gough found, despite the ecstatic reports of Soviet progress by some American tourists, that "outside of Moscow and off the main streets Russian civilization is medieval, in lack of paving, housing with thatch or metal roofs, and lack of sanitation. Dust is everywhere and comes up through the floorboards of your car when you close the windows." Nevertheless, Russians are proud, and quick to deny these privations. One traveler offered a Russian veteran a few cakes of soap. He refused, saying, "We have plenty of good soap here."

The eagerness of Soviet citizens to meet Americans is attested to by two Pittsburgh travelers not connected with the Arms of Friendship movement. W. J. D. Bell and W. C. Masseth toured the Soviet Union last summer and managed to talk with Russian families in their cramped living quarters. "Everywhere we went we got a spontaneous friendly reaction," said Mr. Bell in an interview published by the Pittsburgh Press. In the streets the two men were continually surrounded by groups of as many as fifty people, all anxious to know where they could get an American magazine or eager to warn the travelers of various propaganda pitfalls.

Personal contacts like these give greater promise of peace than more conspicuous official missions. One of the employees at the American Exhibition last summer was asked what features of the exposition appeared to interest the Russian visitors most. His reply was, "Us." The Iron Curtain has been pulled back just a little, and it is doubtful that the Soviet dictators can ever close it again altogether. Thus is created the opportunity for "Us"—that is, Americans living and working in freedom and willing to make friends with people everywhere, to contribute to the erosion and eventual collapse of Red dictatorship.

Economics Finally Caught Up With Keynes, But the True Believers Remain Unabashed

By NEIL CAROTHERS

If anything will shake the confidence which so many modern economists repose in the theories of the late Lord John Maynard Keynes, it may turn out to be a new book by Henry Hazlitt, entitled, *The Failure of the New Economics* (Van Nostrand).

In 1936 Keynes published his *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. Not since Karl Marx has any work so stirred the minds of economic theorists. A majority of American economists became worshipful disciples.

Some of Keynes' young converts said that no economist over thirty-five was capable of understanding him. To do so required an arduous exercise of the "will to believe." But to a world which had for five years suffered the mass misery of a tragic depression, Keynes appeared to many to offer a scientific explanation of the causes of depressions and a sure and easy cure. He found the causes to be insufficient investment by capital and insufficient spending by consumers. The cure was to be found in government spending, reduced interest rates, a more nearly equal distribution of personal incomes and consumer spending.

Since early 1933 the New Deal had been struggling with the depression. It had adopted deficit spending, reduction of interest rates and soak-the-rich taxation. In 1934 Keynes visited President Roosevelt. Later Keynes said that Roosevelt did not know much about economics, and the President said that Keynes had bewildered him with "a rigmarole of figures." But Keynes urged more deficit spending. By 1939 the results were a large increase in the permanent debt, a dilution of the value of life insurance and fixed investments, with no decrease in the 9,000,000 unemployed.

The failure in practice of the Keynes theories has not disturbed his idolators. They still spread the doctrine of perpetual prosperity by squandering. "Increase of consumer power" has been imbedded in the thinking of Americans. It is today the defense of deficit spending, pork-barrel legislation and unearned wage increases obtained by force. At a recent meeting a famous English economist said that forced wage increases do no harm because "the workers spend the money."

Reputable economists have criticized Keynes from the beginning, but they have been generally ignored. Now Henry Hazlitt has made an exhaustive analysis of Keynes, and demolished his theories by analysis of the facts on which they are assumed to be based. It will take time for this book to undo the damage that Keynes has done, in college teaching and governmental policy. But Hazlitt has planted a time bomb under the imposing edifice of Keynesian assumptions.

Doctor Carothers is Dean emeritus of the College of Business Administration at Lehigh University. He has held various official positions and is the author of two books and numerous articles on economic subjects. —THE EDITORS

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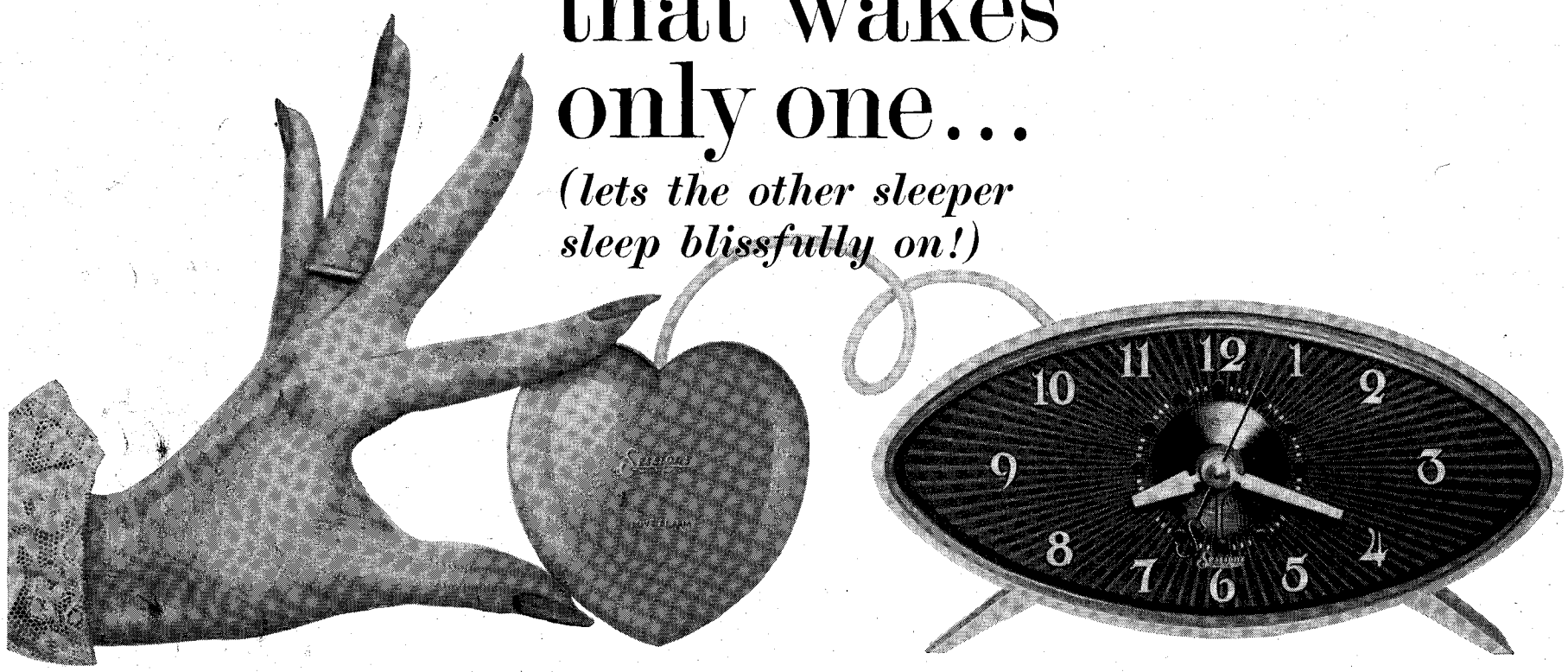
(lets the other sleeper sleep blissfully on!)



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HERE'S HOW IT WORKS: 1. Place LOVE-ALARM under the early riser's pillow. 2. Set the desired time. 3. The early riser is coddled awake by the whispering LOVE-ALARM. 4. He (or she) sets the standard alarm for the late riser. 5. Late riser sleeps undisturbed until the standard alarm rings.

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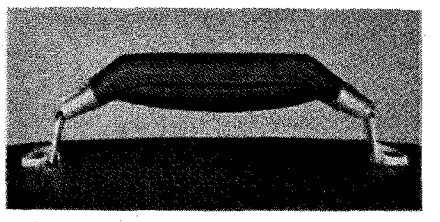
So perfection has been improved, and once again, Triumphant Tri-Taper widens its leadership feature for feature.



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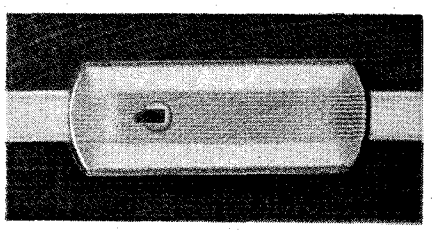

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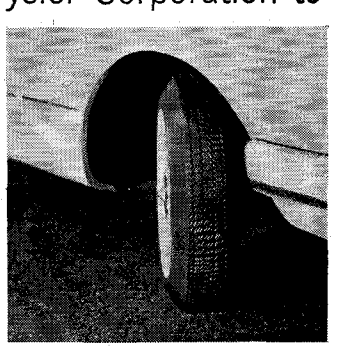

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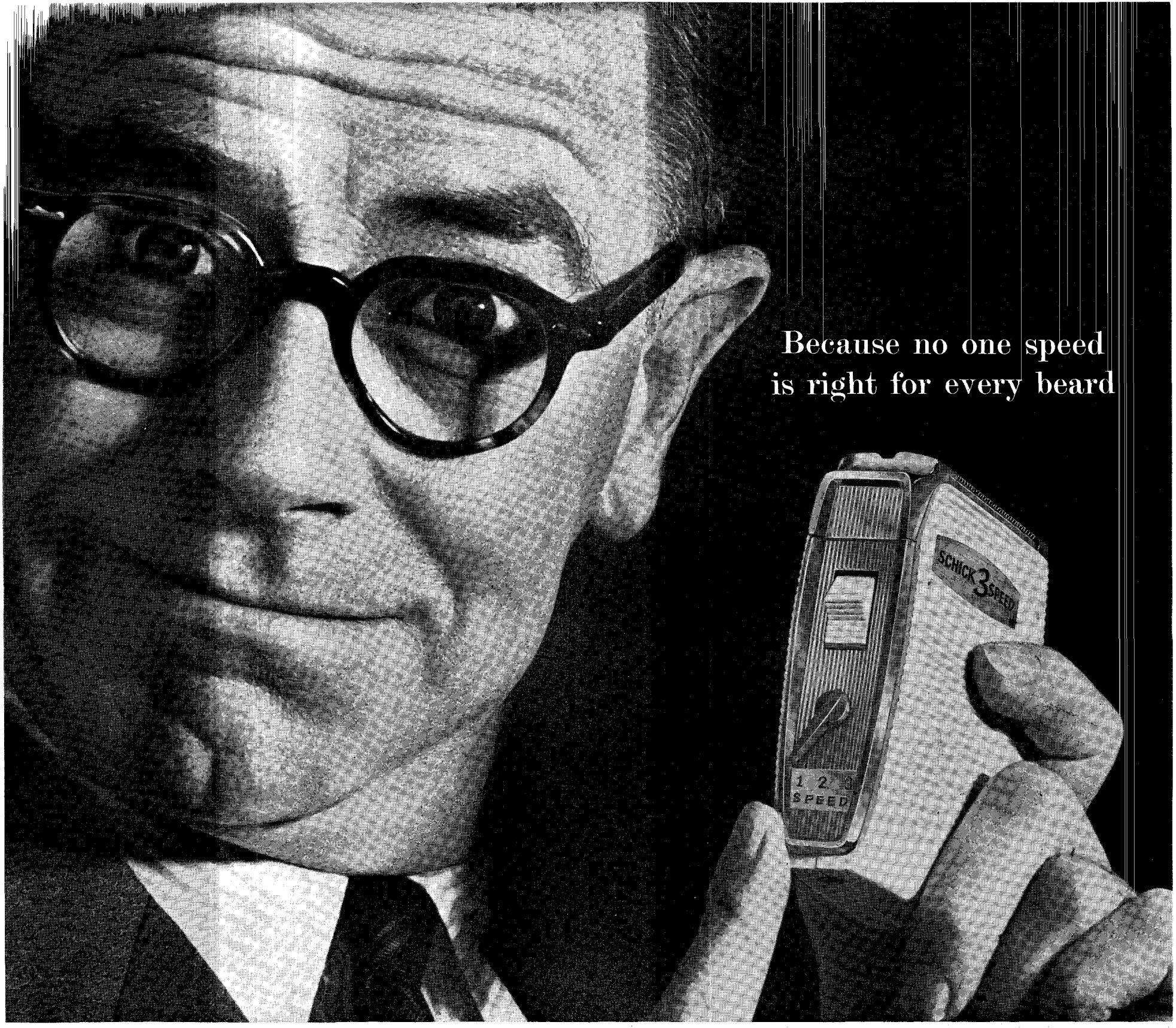

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First and only electric razor that lets you shift the speed and adjust the shaving head to shave as close and as fast as you like!

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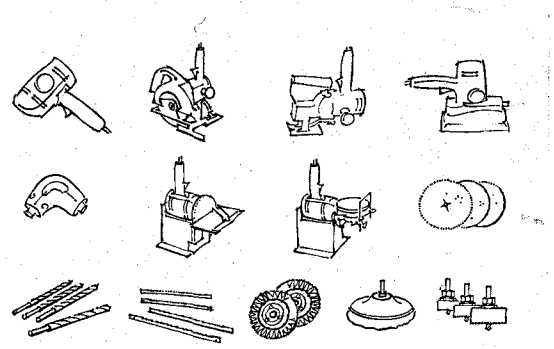
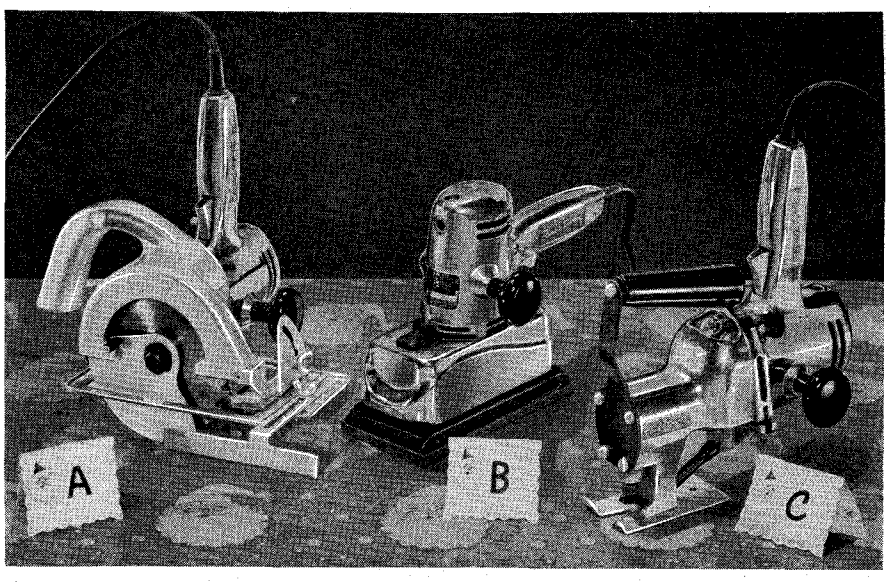
This craftsman's dream embodies Black & Decker's reputation for quality. Whether you choose the Power Driver Tool Chest or a single B&D Attachment, your gift will get a welcome reception because it bears the Black & Decker signature . . . *the name that makes the gift mean more.*



POWER DRIVER TOOL CHEST contains Power Driver—Saw, Finish Sanding, Jig Saw Attachments—Right Angle Drilling, Disc Sanding Table, Roto-Hone Attachments—wire brushes, hole saw, polishing pad and bonnet, cotton buff, grinding wheel—wood, metal, masonry bits—abrasive discs, sheets, bands, rolls—paint mixer, saw blades, horizontal stand, many others.



POWERS AN ENTIRE HOME WORKSHOP—Famous Power Driver (left) features powerful, B&D-built motor for continuous, demanding service. Drives 24 B&D Attachments, each engineered to work as unit with Power Driver. *Specially priced for Christmas*, $26.95 (Reg. $29.95 after Dec. 25). NOTE: *new low prices* on three most popular B&D Attachments! Saw, Finish Sanding Attachments, Jig Saw (A, B, C, above) . . . now only $14.95 each.

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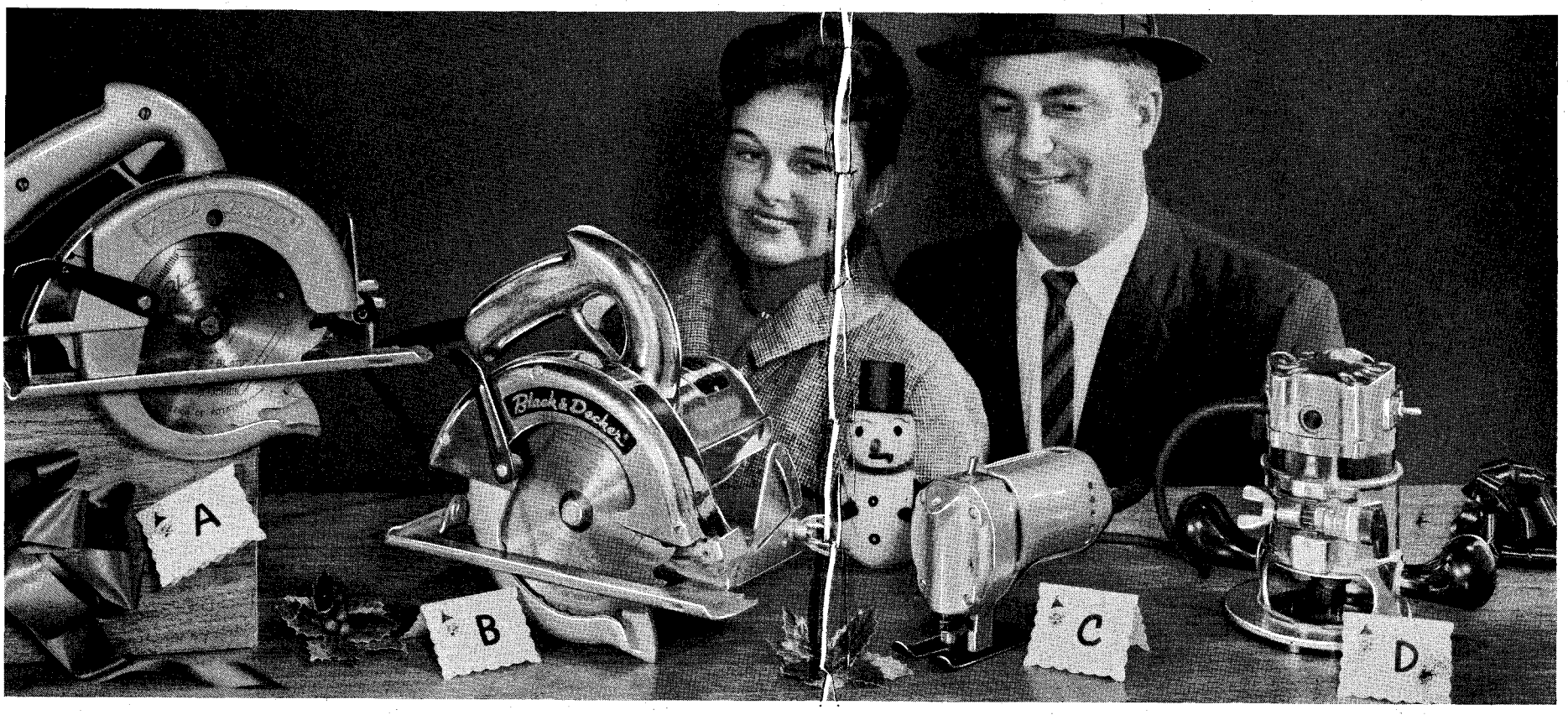

**SAVE $4 ON NEW 6½" UTILITY SAW**—If he's just discovering power tools or looking for an "occasional use" saw, the new 6½" Utility gives him all the power he needs. New sawdust ejector, calibrated depth adjustment, many other features. Cuts to 2$\frac{3}{32}$" at 90°, to 1$\frac{13}{16}$" at 45°. *Specially priced for Christmas*, $45.95 (Reg. $49.95 after Dec. 25). (A, above).

6½" HEAVY-DUTY SAW—The perfect gift for professionals and craftsmen! If he needs a saw for demanding, day-in-day-out use, you can give this model with complete confidence. Top quality in a lightweight saw . . . power to spare for any sawing job. Races through a 2 x 4 at 45°. (B, above).

NEW UTILITY JIG SAW—Whether he *is* an expert or just wants to perform *like* an expert, this tool is the solution! Cuts almost any material in straight, curved or intricate patterns. Fast-moving power. Easy to use. (C, above).

¾ HP HEAVY-DUTY ROUTER—Light, compact, easy to use! Performs finest joinery and beautiful cabinet work, leaves very smooth surface. Specially designed handles give accurate control. Micrometer-type depth adjustment, flat top for fast bit changing or adjusting. (D, above). Also available, Router Kit, Plane Attachment, Router-Plane Kit.

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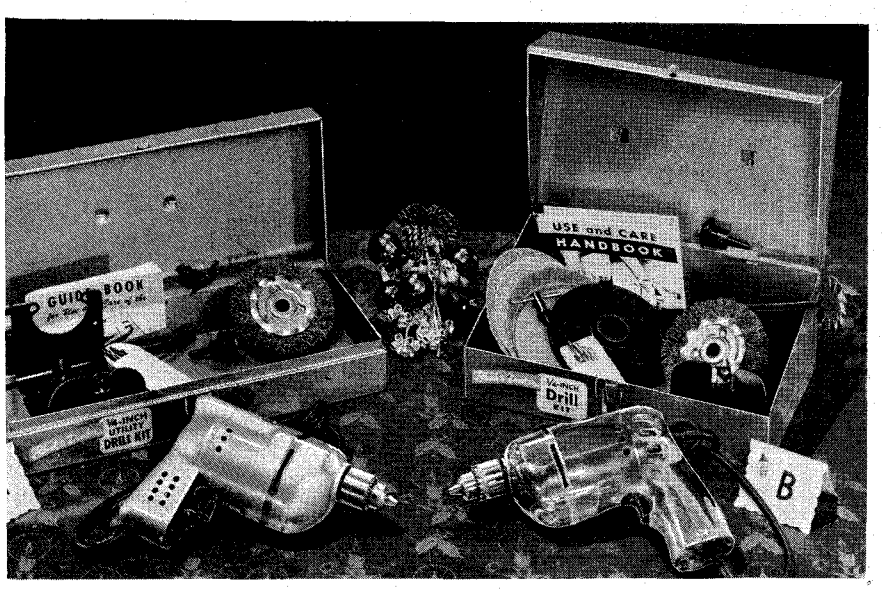
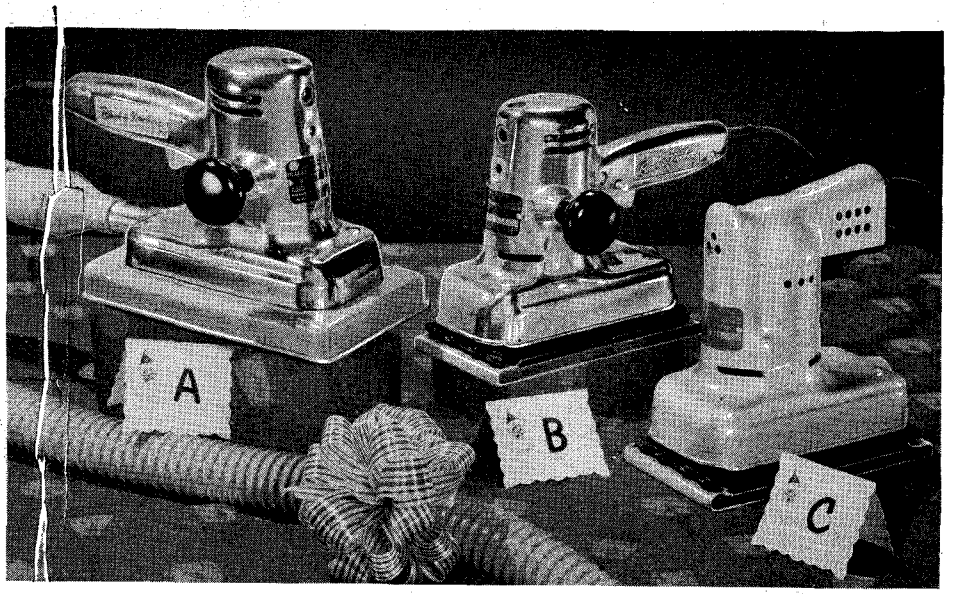


¼" DRILLS AND KITS FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE—Choose between the new ¼" Utility Drill for the beginner or occasional home repairer, and the ¼" Deluxe Utility Drill, with above-average power, for the advanced craftsman. Black & Decker Drill Kits, in handy steel box, range from ¼" starter set (A, above) to professional ¼" (B) and ⅜" kits.



CHOOSE FROM THREE FINISHING SANDERS—New Dust-Less Finishing Sander (A, above) gives satin-smooth, professional finish without dust or dirt! Attaches to any vacuum cleaner to keep air clean for healthier, dustless operation. Deluxe Finishing Sander (B) for continuous operation; new Utility Finishing Sander (C) for occasional use.

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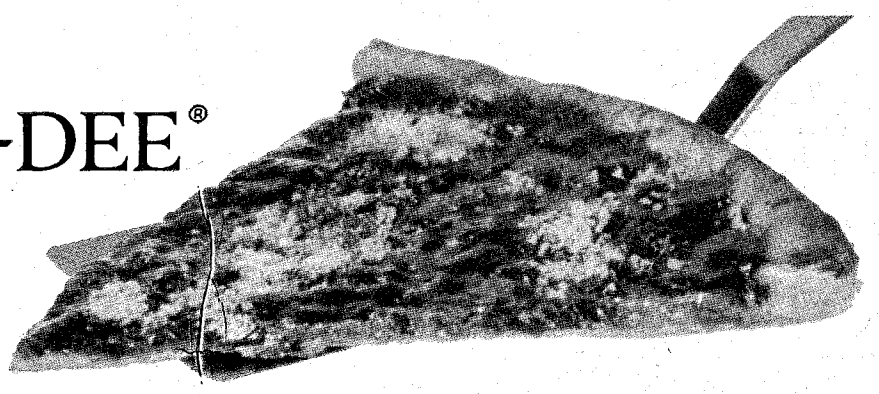
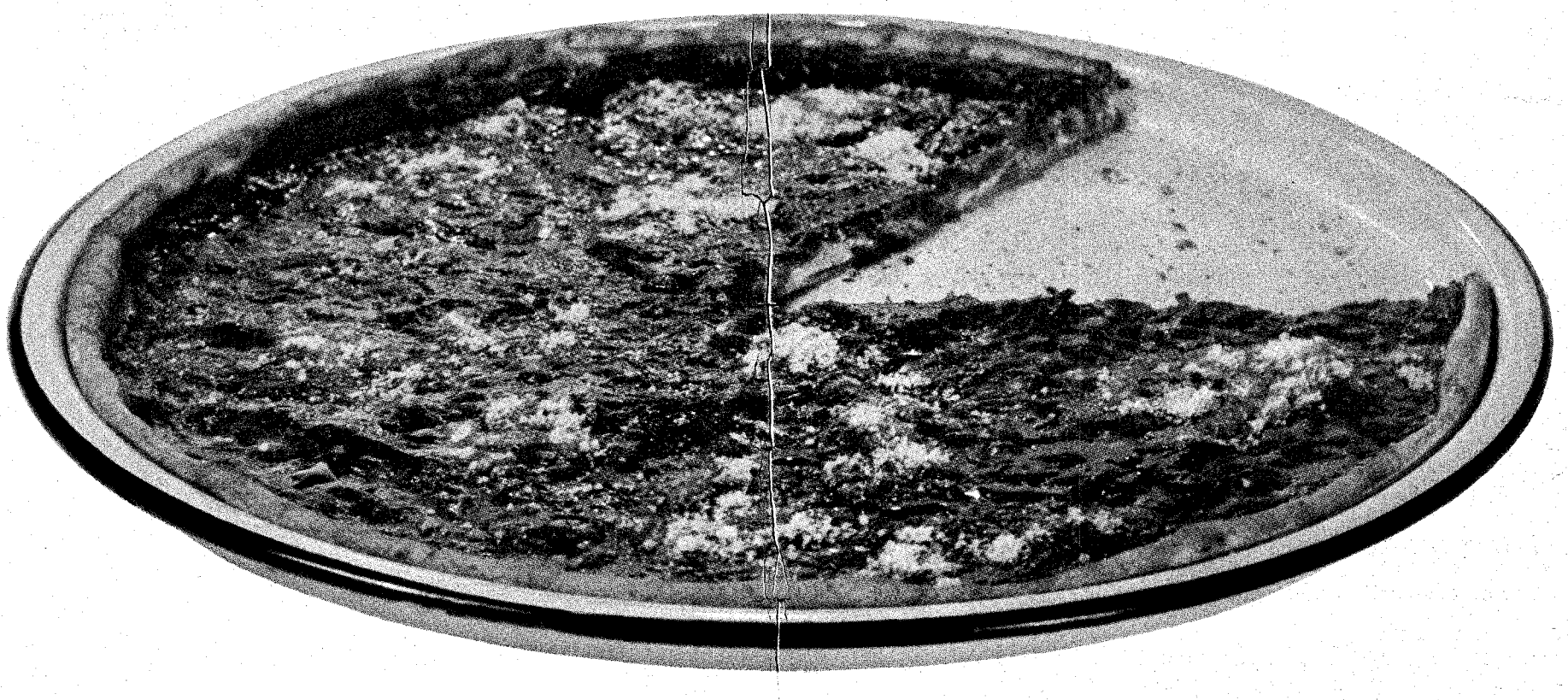
This is a CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Pizza.



It comes complete in one box—including the cheese. Nothing else to buy. It's 15 minutes faster than other brands... bigger, too. One package makes one 13-inch or three 9-inch pizzas. It's also the most delicious.



You get all the fixings: flaky crust, tasty pizza sauce, lots of grated Italian-style cheese. (Most brands give too little or none at all.) All this for pennies a serving. Why buy anything else? Enjoy CHEF BOY-AR-DEE Pizza.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

By MAHALIA JACKSON
as told to Evan McLeod Wylie

I Can't Stop Singing

Mahalia Jackson's unusual talent has baffled musicologists, but her inspired gospel singing stirs millions both here and abroad. This is her own extraordinary story.

Ever since I got to singing in the big concert halls people have been trying to teach me to be grand, but I just can't do it. Some folks get so grand that you can't hand them a letter from home, but I just don't know how they can act that way.

When I go to New York City and sing at the Madison Square Garden and at Carnegie Hall I feel like a peacock with all my feathers spread out; but when I get back to 63rd Street in Chicago and look down at my feet, all those feathers drop. I remember that I've been singing now for almost forty years and most of the time I've been singing for my supper as well as for the Lord.

I never had a music lesson and I still can't read music. I don't know anything about chord structures; I just sing it. I never sing the same song the same way twice. I have to get my own little way in there somehow. During rehearsal when the conductor says, "Mahalia, let's go back three bars," I have to ask, "What do you mean, three bars? Let's go back to the verse about the prophets—is that what you mean?"

I say this out of my heart: A song must do something for me as well as for the audience that hears it. If a song doesn't have a message for me in it, I can't make myself get the sense of it.

"I was born to sing gospel music," says Mahalia (left). "I want my hands, my feet, my whole body to say all that is in me."

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Chicago, 1956: After the Democrats picked Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver (both at far left) as their candidates, Mahalia brought the convention to a close by singing *The Lord's Prayer*.

Mahalia performed for President Eisenhower at the annual White House Correspondents Association dinner in Washington last October, then presented him with an album of her records.

Since 1934 her records have sold more than 8,000,000 copies. Listening to a playback of *A Rusty Old Halo* (1954) is Columbia Records producer Mitch Miller.

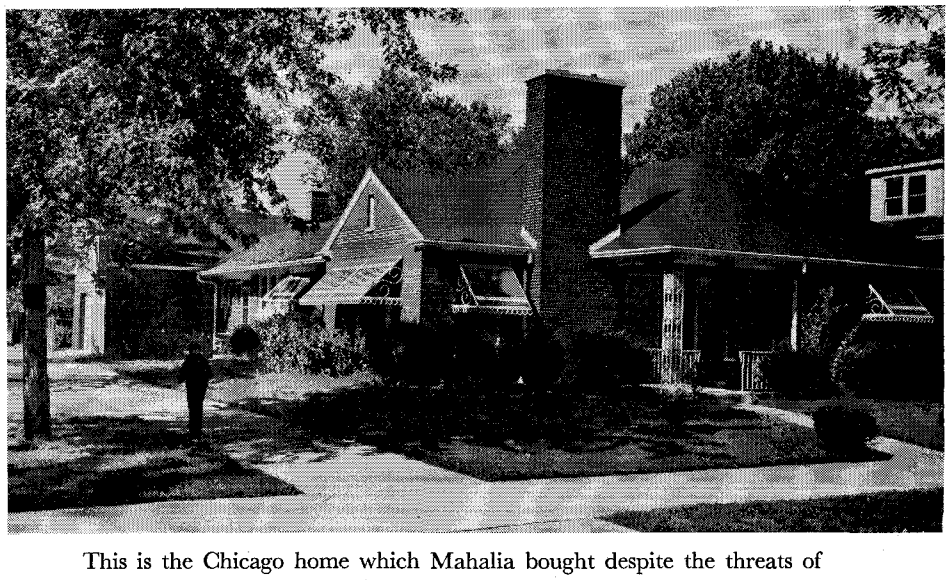
It's been that way for me ever since I started singing, and from what my folks told me I guess I was singing almost as soon as I was out of the cradle. I always had a big voice and I loved to use it. New Orleans was full of music—ragtime and jazz and the blues—when I was born there in 1911. They had all the famous brass bands that rode around town in the advertising wagons and played at funerals and picnics and fish fries and lodge parties. There was music on the showboats on the Mississippi and in all the cabarets and cafés where musicians like Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver were playing. Louis Armstrong was an eleven-year-old trumpet player in the New Orleans Waifs' Home Band. Everybody was buying phonographs—the kind you wound up by hand—and everybody had records of all the Negro blues singers, Bessie Smith, Ma Rainey, all the rest.

The famous white singers like Caruso you might hear when you went by white folks' houses, but you heard blues in a colored neighborhood. You couldn't help but hear blues—all through the thin partitions of the houses, through the open windows, up and down the street. I don't sing the blues myself—and I don't sing in night clubs or places where blues are played—but you've got to know what the blues meant to all of us then. The Negroes all over the South kept these blues playing to take our minds off our burdens.

My folks lived on Water Street in New Orleans—between the railroad tracks and the levee. The men in the neighborhood worked around the river on the steamboats and the banana boats. It was a mixed-up neighborhood—Negro, French, Creole, Italian. My folks were Baptists all along—and strict ones. My papa himself preached in church on Sundays. During the week he stevedored around the river docks and barbered people at night to make a little extra money.

I had two younger sisters and an older brother. We lived in a little old shack where the railroad ran so close it shook the bedrooms. It rained about as much in our house as it did outside, and we were always putting down the pots and pans to catch the water. We had to take baths in a tin tub and never had a rug on the floor—but those floors were scrubbed clean.

The levee nearby was high and grassy and it was our playground. We used to sit out there and sing songs with old ukuleles and bake sweet potatoes in fires made from driftwood



This is the Chicago home which Mahalia bought despite the threats of racial extremists, who fired bullets through her windows after she moved in. The neighborhood, all white at that time, is now occupied mostly by Negroes.

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Mahalia putting on a show at Music Inn, Lenox, Mass., last July. It was here, at a symposium of musicologists in 1950, that she received the critical acclaim which propelled her into the big time.

and catch buckets of fish and crabs and shrimp to carry home for supper.

In New Orleans the river was a part of you. We children weren't afraid of swamps, blue runner snakes or quicksand. The Mississippi makes New Orleans a magic city. There are times when I can think back on New Orleans, and the memories move me so much I could cry.

When I was just a little girl, two cousins of mine who were in show business—they had a sort of Butterbean and Susie comedy act—noticed my big voice and wanted to take me traveling with them in a big tent show. But my mother turned them down flat. She didn't have a dime either. It's easy to be independent when you've got money, but to be independent when you haven't got a thing, that's the Lord's test. So I stayed home and grew up among people who were very serious about religion. In our house we shut everything down from Friday night through Sunday. You either were a Christian and acted like it or you were put out of the church.

I know now that another great influence in my life was the Sanctified, or Holiness, churches the Negroes had in the South. Right next door to our house there was a Sanctified church, and everybody in there sang and clapped and stomped their feet. They gave their songs a real powerful beat, a rhythm that came from way back in slavery times and probably before that from Africa. We Baptists sang real sweet and we did beautiful things with our hymns and anthems; but when those Sanctified people lit into *I'm So Glad Jesus Lifted Me* they sang out with a real jubilant expression. I believe the blues and that rock-and-roll stuff, all of them got their beat from the Sanctified-church people.

I loved to sing in the congregation of our church. All around me I could hear the feet tapping, and the hands clapping. That gave me bounce. Like the psalmist said in the Bible, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord"—that's me!

I went as far as the eighth grade at McDonogh School No. 24 and then I hired out as a laundress. I worked ten hours a day and I got to be real good. I could iron a man's shirt in three minutes.

When I was growing up, some of the colored people began going up from New Orleans to Chicago. My aunt's husband went to Chicago and worked as a bricklayer. When he came back he told us how a colored person could go shopping in white people's stores, ride on a streetcar, mix with white people.

We children used to sit and listen to him tell those stories. We could hardly believe that colored people could live that way. Finally I began to have this longing desire to go up to Chicago and see for myself. The last thing at night before I went to sleep I would whisper to my pillow that someday the sun was going to shine down on me in Chicago.

In December of 1928 I finally went up to Chicago—the first ride I ever had on a train—to study to become a nurse. My Aunt Hannah took me with her on "Big No. 4," the express train that ran straight through up North. Before we left, we cooked up some food and took it along in a big basket. We sat up in our seats for two nights and a day and ate it. I never dreamed then that trains had beds or dining cars.

When we got to Chicago the wind was blowing snow around, and it was so cold my bones were shaking. I started walking down the street, but my Aunt hustled me right into a taxi that a white man was driving. Down in New Orleans you'd never go near a white taxi, but Aunt Hannah said this was Chicago and the man wouldn't mind driving us. Sure enough, he never said a word about it.

We drove to an apartment on the south side of the city where another aunt, my aunt Alice, lived with her children. It was a big, clean apartment, and they found a bed for me in one of the rooms with my young cousins. The neighborhood was not far from the stockyards. Lots of colored people worked there and in the Gary steel mills.

At first I was afraid of Chicago. I couldn't get used to the noise and the cold and those big buildings that made me feel like I was in a prison. But whatever I am today I owe to Chicago, because there a Negro found the open door. There were all kinds of organizations and social clubs. The people were church people, but they were talking about different things than we did down South—like getting educated. On the South Side there were lots of Negroes in business. If a man had a business—even if it was no more than a ham-hock joint or a beauty parlor—it was his. It gave me inspiration to see these things. I thought about someday having a business of my own.

Soon I met a family named Johnson, who had founded the Greater Salem Baptist Church and were very popular. I joined their choir. There were fifty people in it, but at the first rehearsal that voice of mine got going over all the rest. When the leader stopped us all short I was ready to die—I was so sure he was going to put me out. Instead, he asked me to try a solo. I picked out *Hand Me Down My Silver Trumpet, Gabriel*. I prayed hard I'd just get through it, but everybody liked the way I sang. I was a soloist from then on.

Before I could get started with my nursing studies, my Aunt Hannah came down with heart trouble. There wasn't any money for school, and I had to go back to washtubs and ironing boards and to doing maid's work in hotels. I earned $7.50 a week this way. At night I sang in churches for what was raised when they passed the collection plate.

The depression had come to Chicago, and things were so hard for people it would break your heart to think about it. If you earned a dollar you felt guilty about spending it on yourself. I remember one day I earned $1.75, and on the way home I had to pass the people standing in a bread line. I fished the money out of my pocket (Continued on Page 98)

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LOVE ISN'T LOGICAL

For some things in life there just aren't any rules.

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

The letter was in their mailbox when Marian Seymour got home from work. She climbed the three flights of stairs to the apartment, sank into a chair and kicked off her shoes. She was accustomed to the summer heat of New York City, but this day had been unusually humid and exhausting. She closed her eyes and tried to close her mind to the problems of the hours behind her.

The door opened, and Diana came in. She was like a cool breeze from the harbor, thought her mother, her navy blue linen dress as crisp as it had been at eight o'clock that morning. Even her lips felt cool as she kissed Marian's cheek. "Tired, darling?" she asked.

"A little," Marian admitted. "I had a rugged day."

"I had a wonderful day," said Diana.

Marian Seymour smiled. A tragicomic vignette from fifteen years before had flashed upward from the dark depths of memory. She had been twenty-six then and Diana five, and Tony Seymour had been dead less than a week. She was crying. "You hurt yourself?" Diana had inquired. "Baby, mother's so unhappy!" Marian had answered, from the anguish of her loss. She could still see the steady, unclouded blue eyes regarding her. "I'm happy as a yark," said Diana.

A lark, thought Marian now, listening to her daughter's cool voice. It was as though the climate of Diana's mind was unrelievedly sunny. It was, her thoughts continued, as though four good fairies at her christening had wished her beauty, intelligence, grace, contentment, and the fifth, a wicked one, had said, "She shall feel nothing deeply."

"Who's your letter from?" Diana asked.

"I haven't opened it." She turned to the signature. "It's from Mrs. Henderson," she said, and read it aloud. She had never met Rolf Henderson's mother, though Rolf had become a frequent visitor to their apartment.

The letter was an invitation for them to spend the coming weekend at the Henderson place in Connecticut. "I had expected to have the pleasure of meeting you before we left New York," Rolf's mother wrote, "but I hope very much that you will overlook that lapse and come with Diana on Friday. Rolf is flying to Chicago Thursday, but will return Saturday morning, which will give us an evening together to get acquainted."

"That's nice," Diana murmured.

Marian laughed. "I suppose you realize ——" she began, and stopped helplessly, looking at her daughter's serene face. "Darling, are you going to marry Rolf?" she asked.

"Should I?" inquired Diana.

"It's hardly a question of *should*," her mother retorted. "Are you in love with him?"

"How do you know when you're in love?" asked Diana. "I like Rolf. He's fun to be with. And he's frightfully rich."

"Good heavens!" said Marian. "What has that to do with it?"

"It would be nice for you," Diana answered placidly. "Rolf says that if I marry him, you're to give up your job and live in comfort and security."

Marian's eyes flashed. "You sound like a parrot!" she said. "What makes Rolf think that I want to live in ——" She checked her resentment. "That's very generous of him," she added dryly.

"He says," continued Diana, "that it's small repayment to you for having produced me."

Marian got to her feet. "I'd better start dinner," she said. Opening the refrigerator door, she wondered whether any emotion had ever made Diana's heart accelerate as hers was now. Tony used to tease her for her swift responses. *How do you know when you're in love?* How did you know anything else? she thought.

When they stepped off their train at the Connecticut station on Friday, a tall, tanned young man wearing khaki shorts and a slim boy in a striped jersey and white ducks both looked at Diana. The young man came toward them. "Mrs. Seymour?" he addressed Marian, in an unexpectedly deep and attractive voice. "Mrs. Henderson sent us to meet you. I'm Peter Alcott and this is Nicky—Nicky Henderson."

He picked up their bags, and they followed him to a station wagon. Marian sat in front with Peter Alcott, and Diana and Nicky sat on the middle seat. Diana was directly behind Peter, and she stared at the back of his head. His brown hair was cut short, it looked soft, like a child's, and she had a crazy, inexplicable urge to reach out and touch it. His close-set ears were slightly pointed. She had never given much thought to ears, but his, she decided, were beautiful. He wore a T shirt, so that no collar hid the back of his neck, which was smooth, straight like a column, with faint blond fuzz paler than his brown skin.

Beside her, Rolf's young brother was talking. "Rolf said we'd know you because you'd be the prettiest girl on the train," he said. "And was he ever right! Mother's so glad you could come. We're having lobster thermidor for dinner. Do you like lobster?"

"Yes," said Diana breathlessly. Peter had just put out his hand to signal a turn. His arm was lean and muscular, the hand long-fingered with nicely shaped nails.

"Are you really going to marry Rolf?" Nicky was asking.

Diana blushed.

"Hey, Nick!" Peter protested. "Mind your manners." He added, "Inhibitions are not one of Nick's problems."

Marian had turned toward Peter. She glanced, smiling, over her shoulder at her daughter, and stared. Diana's blush had not receded. Her upper lip glistened with perspiration, and her eyes, meeting her mother's startled gaze, were unreadable.

The Henderson house was on a point overlooking the sound, at the end of a long, wooded driveway. Mrs. Henderson came down the curved stone steps. She kissed Diana, shook hands with Marian.

"I'm going to get a swim," Nicky said. "Did you bring a bathing suit, Diana?"

Diana's face was still pinker than normal, her mother noted. "I'd like to swim," she said. "The train was quite hot."

Marian Seymour blinked. The train had been air-conditioned, and she had particularly observed her daughter's exquisite coolness.

"I'll meet you by that door over there," Nicky told her. "Pete took your bags."

"Show Diana her room, darling," said his mother.

"Pete's up there," said Nicky. . . . "Hey, Pete! Show Diana her room, hey?"

Diana walked up the stairs. The upper hall was carpeted in soft blue, and she felt as though she were floating toward the doorway where Peter stood, waiting.

"Mrs. Henderson thought the other room would be better for your mother," he said. "The bath is here."

She was a fairly tall girl, a trifle taller than Rolf Henderson, but she had to look up to see Peter Alcott's

(Continued on Page 58)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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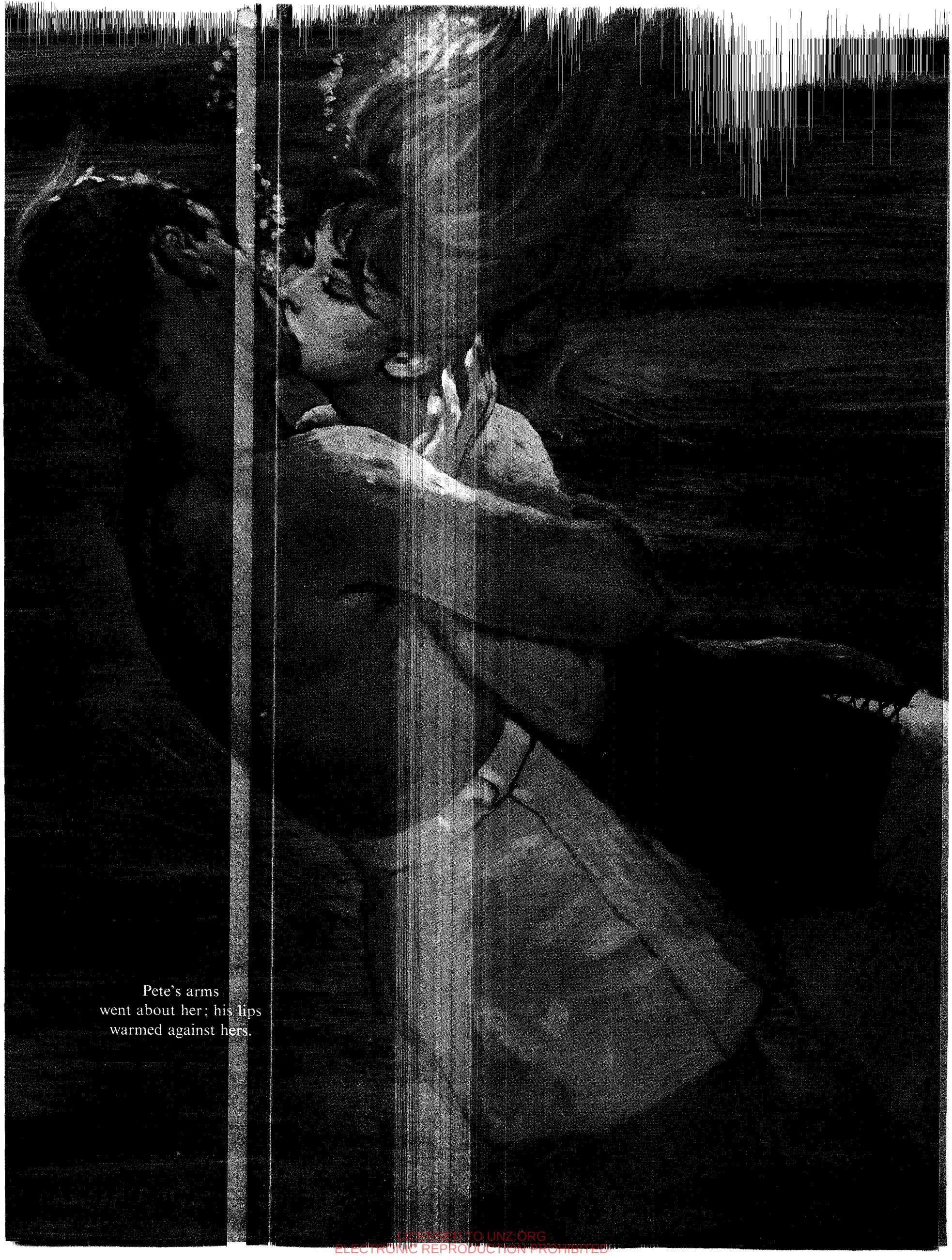

Pete's arms
went about her; his lips
warmed against hers.

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THE FLYING JEEP

No one expected the Army's new aerial weapon to perform so spectacularly.

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

This Monday in August started out about the same as any other Monday. Poorly. First Sgt. Jughead Simpson blew his whistle and Headquarters Company, 2nd Battle Group, straggled out of barracks for reveille, men clearing their throats with hawking sounds as they blinked unhappily in the early light.

Pvt. Opie McCall was last, as usual. He sprinted across the gravel, putting on his clothes as he came and wearing carpet slippers in place of boots.

First Sergeant Simpson, a craggy and long-suffering man, noted that with a sour eye, but withheld comment until later. He fell the company in, verified that all were present or accounted for and then took a folded-up sheet of paper from the pocket of his khaki shirt and unfolded it.

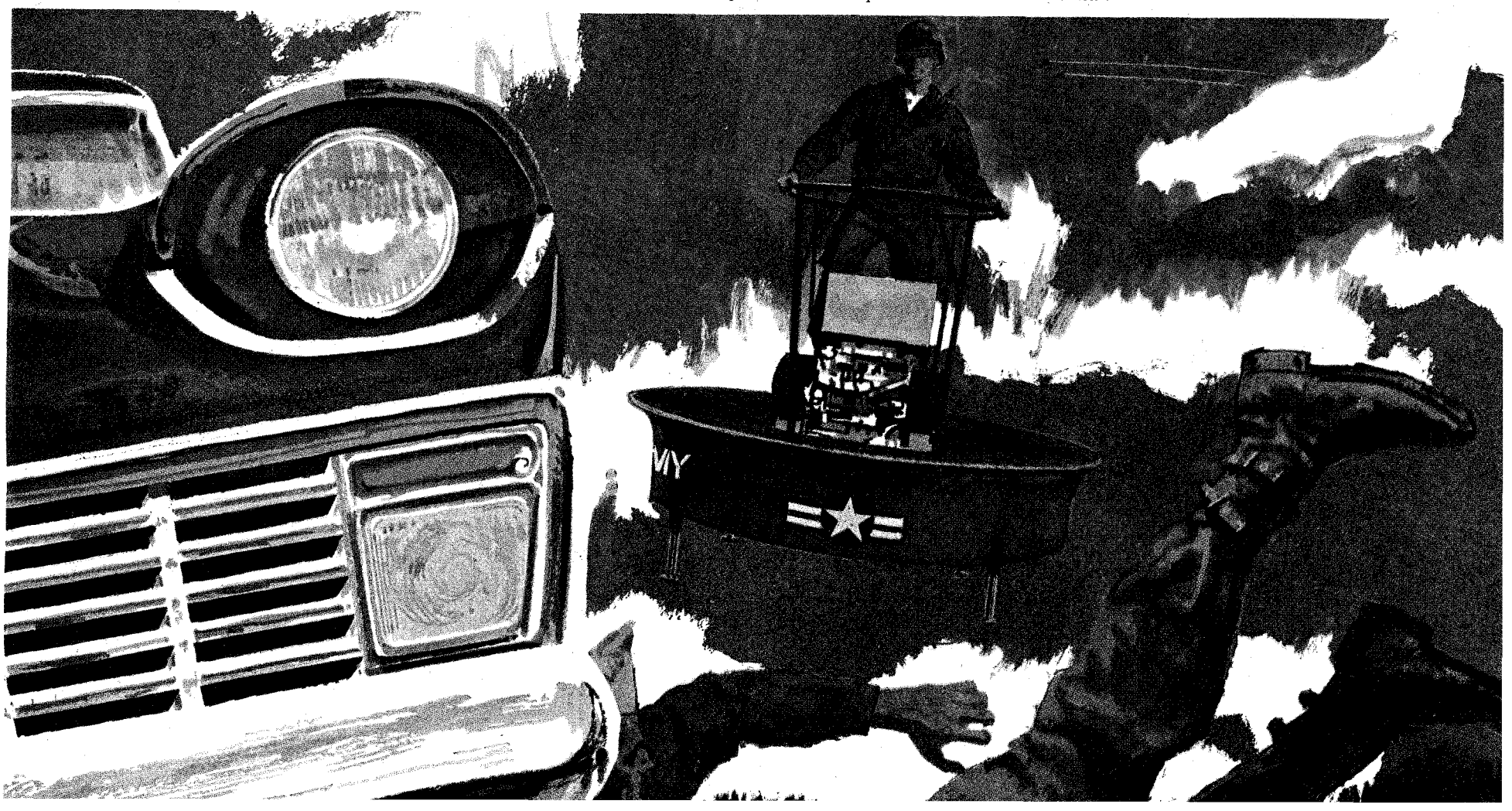
"This company will furnish three volunteers for hazardous duty during Operation Hayride," he announced, squinting at the paper. "Said hazardous duty havin' to do with flyin' saucers, so far as I can make out. Volunteers one pace forward—march!"

Headquarters Company responded as one man—it stood fast. Jughead glowered. Back in the rear rank Opie was beginning to get his eyes open now. He was towheaded and had the cherubic cheerfulness of an altar boy, and trouble was attracted to him like filings to a magnet. Not that that bothered Opie, to speak of.

"It figures," he said *sotto voce* to the man beside him.

(Continued on Page 66)

At the last moment Opie saw Colonel Spiller dive beneath his staff car.



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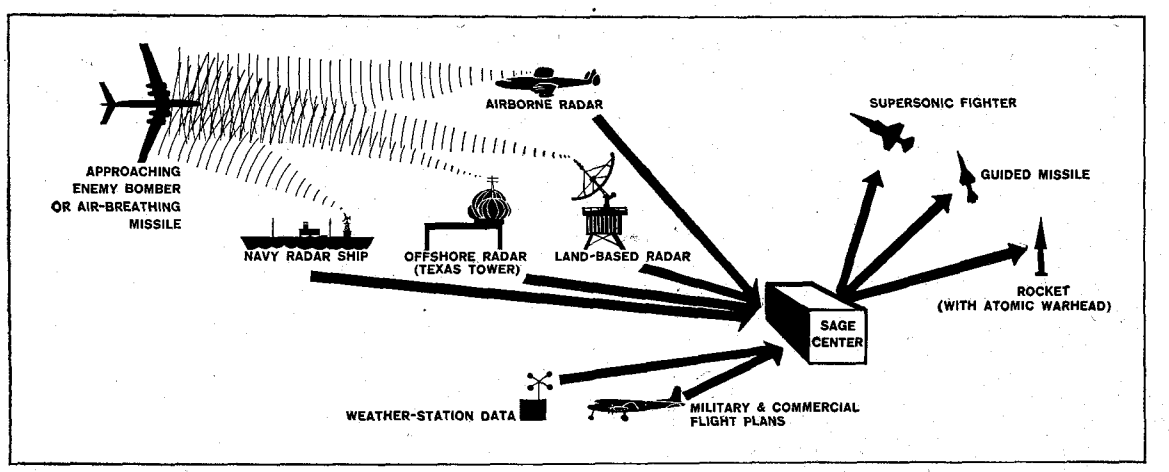
The SAGE Direction Center at Stewart Air Force Base, Newburgh, N. Y., one of twenty-seven such centers in the nation.

If an Attack Comes...

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

To protect this country from a sneak attack by Russian planes and missiles, U. S. military men and scientists are devising an incredibly complex electronic warning system called SAGE.



This diagram indicates how air-, land- and sea-based radar units would transmit data on an approaching enemy to a SAGE computer center. The system then guides intercepting planes or missiles to the target.

A frog, the biologists say, has an almost perfect set of reflexes. If a flying object which he can eat comes into view, his tongue flicks out faster than the eye can follow, and the intruder is consumed. If, on the other hand, something which can eat him appears, he makes a sudden leap to safety. Both actions are instantaneous and automatic, and by possessing the power to react with such rapidity, the frog has managed to survive, croaking throatily, while other creatures with slower reactions have gone to join the dinosaur in the boneyard of history.

By 1965 United States scientists and military men will have spent some $61,000,000,000 developing what is, in effect, an electronic nervous system which will enable this country to react to the threat of Soviet air attack with the alacrity of a frog catching a dragonfly.

Already one great area of the country, from Maine to northern Virginia and westward as far as Iowa—where more than half of our population lives and nearly two thirds of our industry is located—has come under its protection. In the Deep South, a huge control center will be buried beneath the ancient battlefield of Kennesaw Mountain, near Atlanta. Within a few years—the Lord, Congress and Mr. Khrushchev willing—all the continental United States and the more densely populated areas of Canada will be linked together in the defensive net.

The name of this far-flung warning system is Semi-Automatic Ground Environment—called SAGE, for short. Its eyes are radars which see the enemy when he is still far away. The ganglia that carry its warning messages are millions of miles of telephone wires and radio circuits. Its nerve centers are mammoth computers, working in millionths of a second to present in visual images the whole picture of the airspace over the United States and Canada. Its weapons are supersonic fighter planes, guided missiles and rockets with atomic warheads, which it can launch and guide to a point in the sky where the intruding bomber or air-breathing missile can be intercepted and destroyed.

It is semiautomatic, rather than fully so, only in the sense that there is one big decision it is not allowed to make. Studying the information it presents on its display consoles, an old-fashioned but efficient servomechanism called a man decides when to shoot and with what weapons.

The whole great system, which costs some $5,000,000,000 a year to operate, has but two main functions. First, it must give us warning. It must detect and identify an enemy attack force at the earliest possible moment, so that our bombers and missiles can get off the ground and on their way to Soviet targets in sufficient strength to destroy Russia. Second, it must intercept and knock down the invaders before they can reach their targets and destroy us.

No one claims that even so fast and effective a defensive system as SAGE could afford us complete protection. In any mass attack a few bombers or cruising missiles would surely get in—and a few bombs exploding on their targets would cost us millions of lives. No one claims either that the SAGE system in its present state would protect us against ICBM's coming at us over the roof of the world or from missiles (Continued on Page 79)

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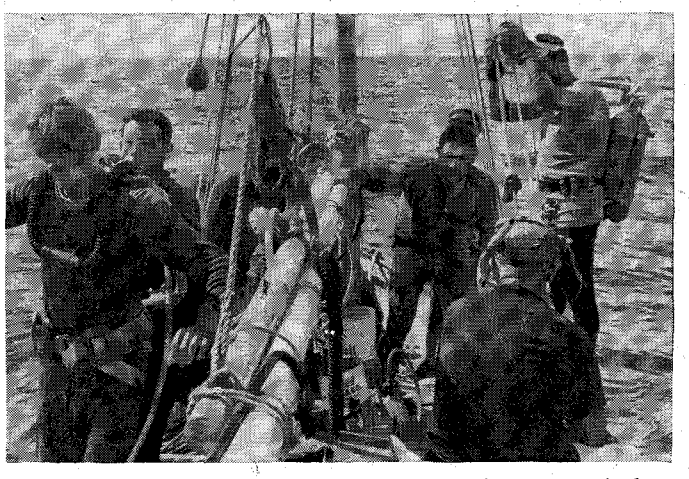
Acumal Cove, on the Yucatán Peninsula, served as base of operations for the joint Mexican-American venture. At left is the expedition's thatched sleeping hut.



Aboard the Aguilucho: Immediately upon arrival at the wreck's position, the divers tackled their underwater work. Author Blair grips the boom at right.

The divers found that a thick layer of living coral covered the cargo chests and other remains of the sunken vessel. Everything had to be dug out by hand.

Photographs by Genaro Hurtado

The treasure hunters and their trove. From le
"Pete" Garcia-Robles, Reggie and Al Arnol
Pablo Bush Romero, who organiz
the expedition, Bob Marx and author Bla

By CLAY BLAIR Jr.

We Dived for the Mystery Treasure

A *Post* editor relates the outcome of a massive new attempt to penetrate the riddle of an unidentified ship that went down off the coast of Yucatán more than two centuries ago.

Not long ago I returned to dive on the remains of a mysterious sunken "galleon" lying along a bleak reef on the eastern coast of Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula. With me were 150 United States and Mexican skin divers, comprising the largest amateur wreck-exploration effort yet to be staged in this hemisphere. My hope was to find an object that would clear up, once and for all, the vexing mystery of the ship.

We didn't learn everything, but among the 10,000 items we brought up were many that told us a great deal. Moreover, from a scientific standpoint, our haul of loot turned out to be the richest in the brief history of American marine archaeology.

The wreck may be familiar to *Saturday Evening Post* readers. It was first described twenty-one months ago in these pages shortly after my diving companion, Bob Marx, and I explored its coral-encrusted bones. Our initial attempt to recover its unsalvaged cargo had been thwarted by a storm. A second expedition, described here thirteen months ago, was interrupted on the verge of success when Mexican customs officials, believing we had discovered an enormous treasure, ordered us to leave the wreck.

We had found no treasure, but we had penetrated the upper layer of cargo, and our diving boat was loaded with "goodies"—pewter buckles, plates, brass crucifixes, medallions, spoons and the like. The customs officials confiscated some of our goodies. However, we buried the bulk of them on the coast near a lonely palm tree, vowing that someday we would return to the site, quietly and alone.

This proved impossible. My reports in *The Post* had transformed our lonely wreck into a famous, intriguing underwater objective for archaeologists and adventurers. The Mexican Government was swamped with requests for official permission to dive on the wreck. After months of indecision the government awarded the bitterly contested permission to a Mexican skin-diving organization, Club de Exploraciones y Deportes Acuáticos de Mexico (CEDAM). The club in turn invited Marx and me, and any other willing Americans, to join their expedition. Since our official request for permission to dive, the first to be filed, was clearly doomed,

(Continued on Page 82)

AN AUTHORITY EVALUATES THE FIND

Recently I examined the complete collection of objects from the Matanceros wreck. That examination convinced me that this is the richest sunken merchant ship ever discovered in the Western Hemisphere. While the ship contained little treasure in the classical sense of the word, it yielded an invaluable "capsule of history." Here was an unopened package containing a typical cargo carried by European merchants to the Americas during the eighteenth century. Every object in the cargo takes on added importance when considered in relation to other objects carried in the ship. While the ship was probably British, we know that its cargo came from Germany, France, Great Britain and possibly from Italy. The labels and seals confirm the first three sources, while the workmanship of the crosses and medals indicates Italian origin.

We can assume on the basis of the location of the wreck, that it was coming from Jamaica to Mexico or Cuba for purposes of trade. The ship evidently sank with much, if not all, of her cargo intact, indicating an uncompleted trading mission.

According to present evidence, the ship went down about 1740. All of the objects in her cargo are related to this date. Thus the Matanceros collection becomes a valuable reference by which historians may accurately date similar objects found on land sites. The Matanceros find is indeed a rich slice of eighteenth-century commercial history which enhances our knowledge of that important period.

MENDEL PETERSON
Head Curator, Department of Armed Forces History, Smithsonian Institution.

At left is the gold watch, made in London about 1737, which has provided some potentially important clues to the identity of the ship

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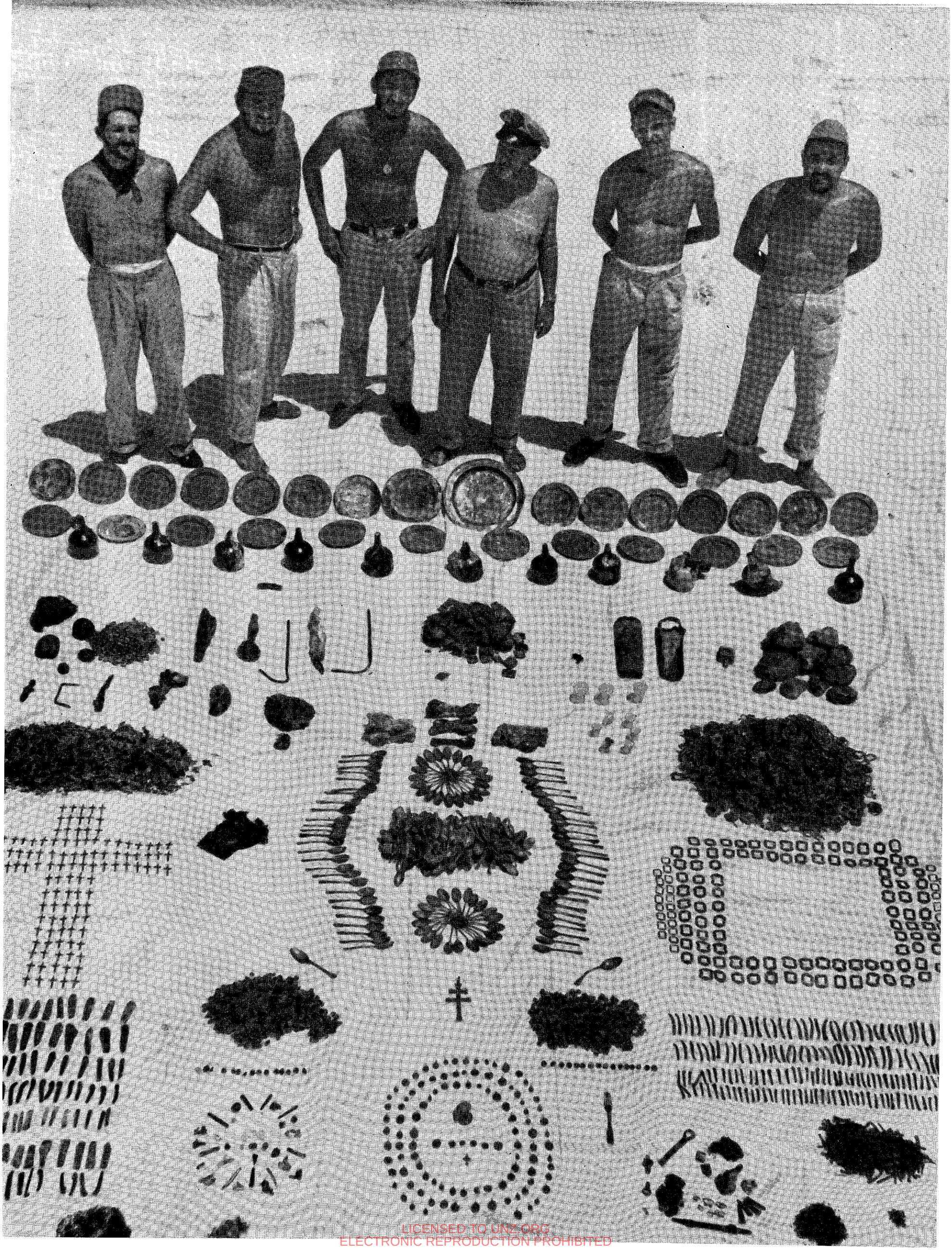

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ESCAPE ARTIST

By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

If his ingenious plan worked, he would be out of the law's clutches forever.

Dear Boss: Here, very late, is the full and exclusive story of Halevin Peters' escape. I have put it in the form of a personal letter to you, for I couldn't cable it, and it's too hot for anyone else to handle. Use what you like. I can guarantee that Peters won't sue the paper for libel.

He admits that he was guilty. A pleasant change from all these chaps who claim to have escaped from jail to prove their innocence. They never do and they never are.

Halevin Peters did poison Grobe. He did use the Death Angel fungus. And the prosecution was correct in alleging that he was in love with Silvia Grobe.

Grobe, you will remember, fancied himself as a cook. When there were guests at the cottage he used to preside at the stove and serve dinner straight onto the kitchen table. That night he set a fine, luscious pot of bacon and mushrooms in front of his wife and Halevin Peters and told them to help themselves. Then he served out pastry patties to soak up the juice.

Peters was instinctively suspicious. He cannot say why. That, of course, is the weak point of his story. He claims that he was startled by something in Grobe's hand or eye. He felt a fool, but there it was. He had a couple of seconds while Silvia drew her husband's attention to a gray squirrel in the garden, and he quite silently exchanged their plates.

Forty-eight hours later Grobe died in considerable pain. He said nothing and accused no one. He couldn't make out what had gone wrong. It was Silvia who should be dying.

Peters thinks that Grobe was prepared to be suspected of poisoning her, but reckoned that he could never be charged. He had a motive—Silvia's money. As against that, they were known to be a loving couple. And how could he have managed it when all three had eaten from the same pot? It could not be proved—even if it occurred to his guest or to the police at all—that the bottom of her patty had been soaked in concentrated juice of the Death Angel mushroom, *Amanita phalloides*.

So justice would have to assume—though it mightn't like it—that Peters, who picked the mushrooms, had gathered one or two *Amanita phalloides* by mistake, and that she alone had had the bad luck to swallow them.

But when Grobe died instead of Silvia, the case against Peters was overwhelming. He was in love with Silvia. He was a farmer's son who couldn't possibly mistake *Amanita phalloides* for the common mushroom. The fact that all three had eaten from the same pot became irrelevant. There could be no doubt that he had slipped Death Angels onto Grobe's plate. How? Well, there was that moment when Grobe and his wife had been squirrel watching.

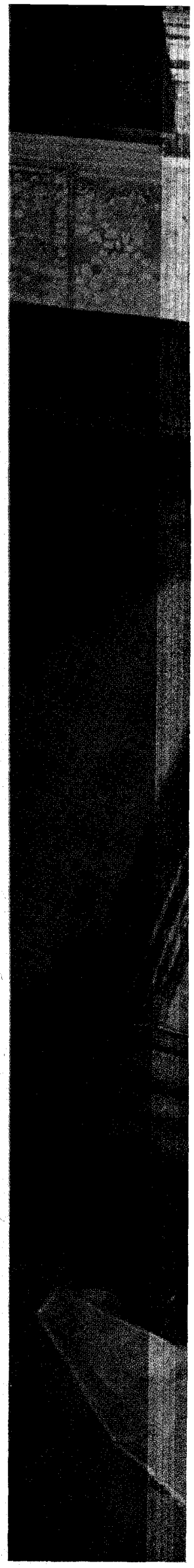
Peters, in any case, felt as guilty as hell. He could have spilled plate and patty on the floor. He could have done a hundred different things. It was quite unnecessary to poison Grobe. His story of impulse would never stand up to cross-examination. And even if the prosecution just failed to prove its case, he would be a marked man all his life.

What weighed with him most was Silvia. He loved her desperately and unselfishly. She knew it, of course, like any other woman. Grobe knew it too. He could afford to be kind, for he was quite confident. The position amused him. It was clear proof of the triumph of vice over virtue, of the actor over the altruist.

Since Peters' duty to himself was pretty hopeless, he concentrated on his duty to Silvia. The murder of her husband by her adoring friend would be anguish that would pass. But she was a woman to be shattered for good and all by the knowledge that the husband whom she loved and trusted had tried to poison her. Halevin Peters would have died rather than disclose that Grobe had married her for money and that all the rest was blasphemous pretense.

He was sure, however, that he would not be hanged, that the court was bound to feel that some relevant fact had never been revealed. He was perfectly right. You

(Continued on Page 56)



Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

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Peters made his getaway through the skylight of the prison library.

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The Jerry Giesler Story PART FOUR

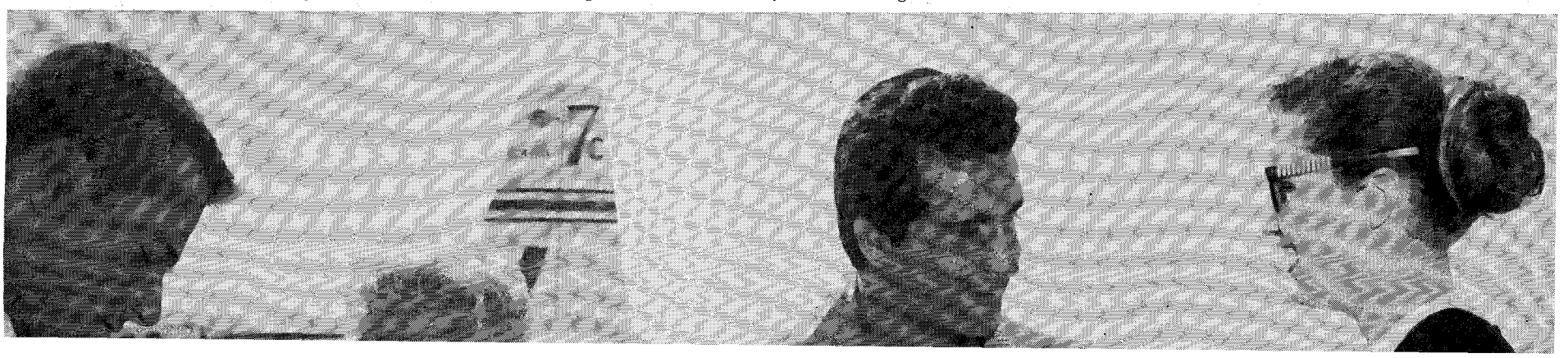
By JERRY GIESLER as told to Pete Martin

The Lana Turner Case

Hollywood's celebrated defense lawyer tells of his part in the Lana Turner–Johnny Stompanato case. He also describes his boyhood and reveals that clients occasionally try to murder their lawyers.

April, 1958: Giesler with actress Lana Turner after her daughter, Cheryl Crane, was booked for killing Johnny Stompanato. "I am convinced," says Giesler, "that Stompanato's death happened just as Cheryl described it."

Below: A month before the slaying, fourteen-year-old Cheryl (right) greeted Lana and Stompanato, "her mother's brutal friend," upon their return from a vacation together in Mexico. Cheryl is now in her grandmother's care.



In 1944 a crime reporter in Los Angeles worked out a batting average for me. It was based on the 1500 trials in which I had been involved up to that time. I have no idea where he obtained his information—he didn't get it from me—but his figures showed that at that point I had defended between sixty-five and seventy "important homicide cases and had never lost one." Unless he meant I've never lost one to the gas chamber, he was a little off. I *have* defended men accused of murder who were convicted and served time, even life imprisonment.

Sometimes when I think of the violent personalities I have defended and the fact that I lost some of their cases in court, I begin to wonder how I have escaped their vengeance. I have always done the best I could for these people, giving them the defense to which they were entitled. But it is not unusual for a convicted criminal to blame his own lawyer for his misfortunes. (Continued on Page 102)

THE ETHICAL QUESTION

In telling his story, Jerry Giesler has withheld nothing except those "privileged communications"—from client to attorney—which a lawyer is bound to hold confidential. The basic facts of these case histories have appeared in public records—but without the colorful and lively details which Mr. Giesler has supplied here.

—THE EDITORS

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"Just what is my picture doing here?" Honey Horton demanded.

THE MAN WHO INVENTED A GIRL

He devised a foolproof scheme to discourage marriage-minded females. But one day it blew up in his face.

By STEVE McNEIL

Marcia Lane peered at the thirteen cards in her hand. She said, "One spade." Then she put her cards face down on the table and said, "It's sinful, that's all it is, sinful."

On Marcia's left Jennifer Putnam said, "Pass. If you ask me, he's just selfish and egotistical. I'm not sure that I'd want him."

Doris Steele raised her eyebrows. "Sour grapes, darling. If I were five years younger and weren't married to George, I could put up with egotism and selfishness."

Esther Marshall sighed. "A hundred and twenty acres in grapes, that beautiful home, that lean and wicked look, thirty-one years old and still running around single. What's the matter with the girls these days?"

"I've been doing my best," Marcia said. "I've had him to three dinner parties and two cocktail parties. I trotted out my entire stable of fillies—two blondes, three brunettes. He was absolutely charming to all of them. And he didn't give one of them a call—the rat."

"I brought Betty Lou Parsons all the way up from Los Angeles," Doris said. "I gave a swimming party, and she paid forty dollars for a suit guaranteed to give the blind staggers to any man within fifty yards. He spent the afternoon playing chess with George."

"He's just a menace, that's what he is," Jennifer said. "Giving those weekly poker parties for the men, and I'm even noticing a change in Pete for a few days afterward."

(Continued on Page 86)

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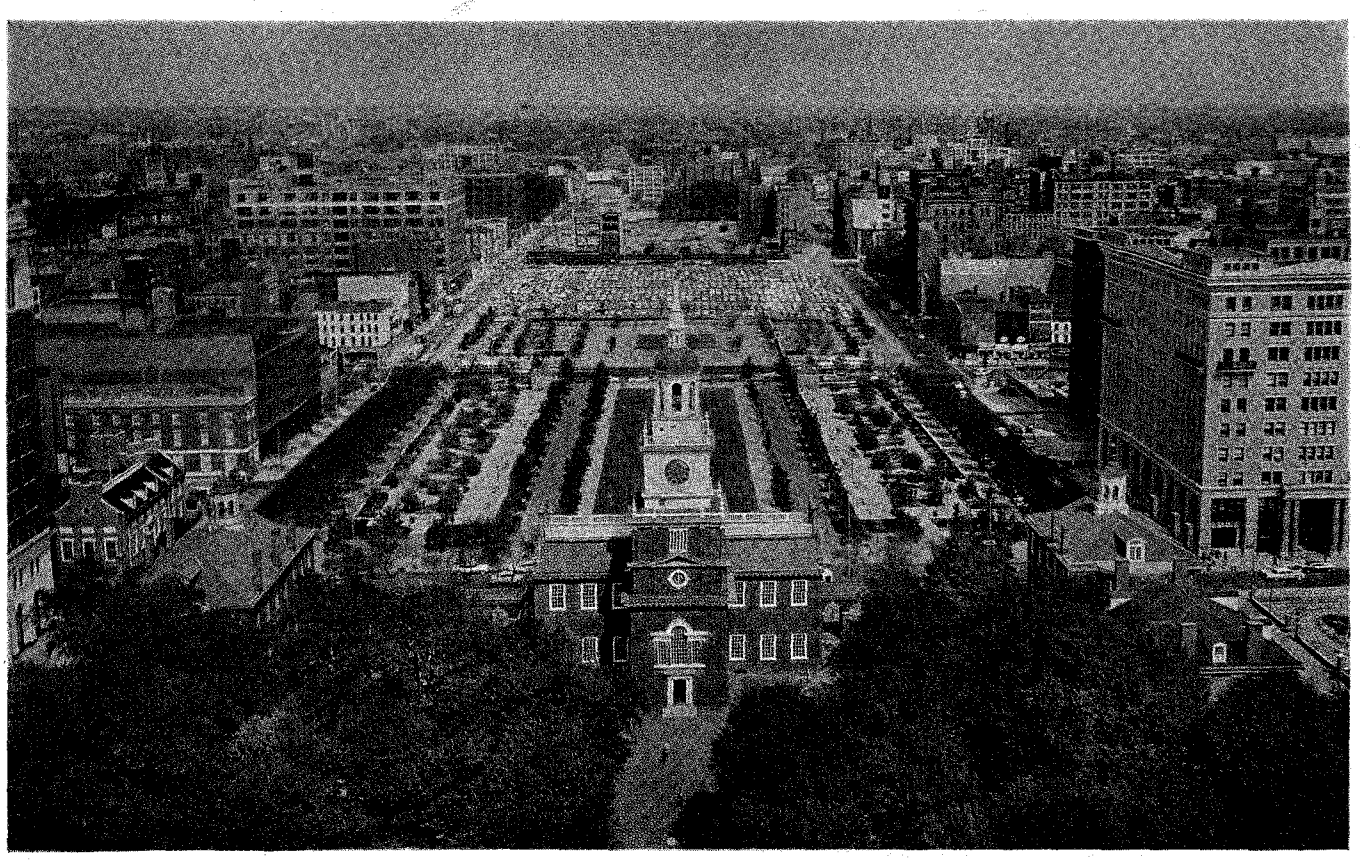
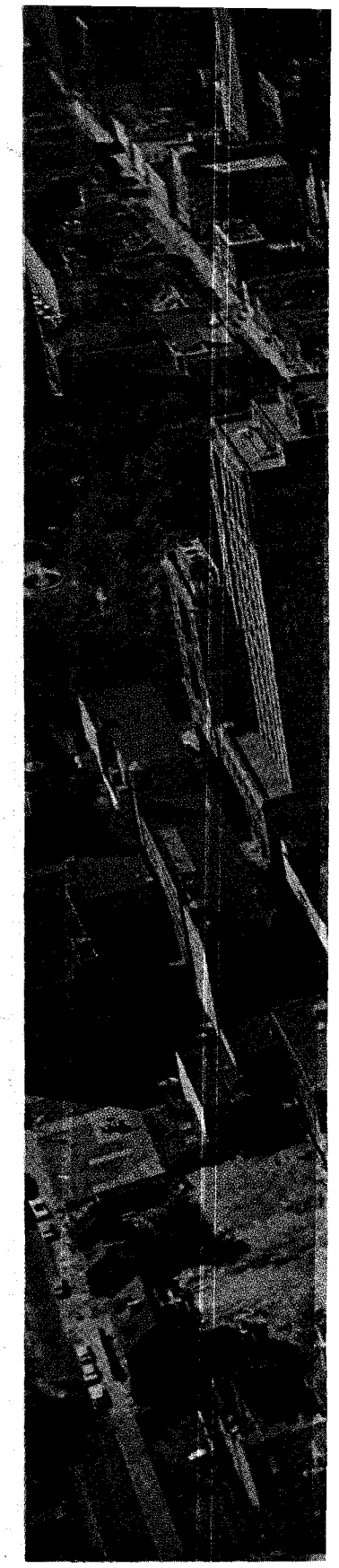


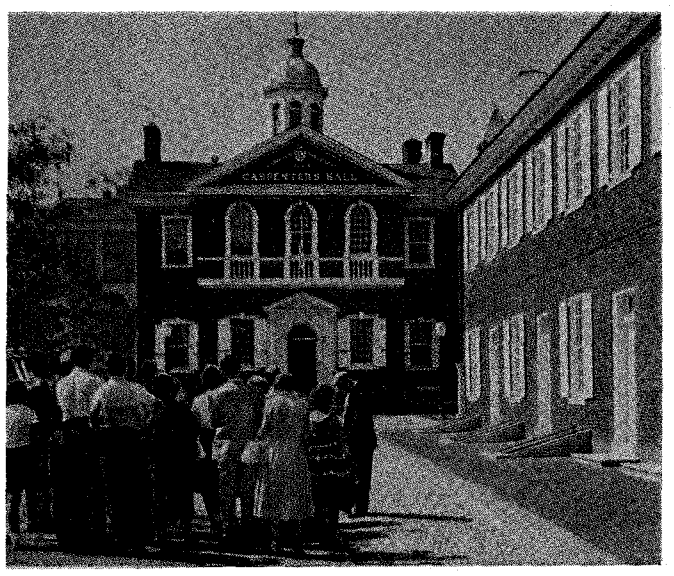
Independence Hall and its new setting. To bring the Birthplace of Liberty out of the shadows, hundreds of buildings were torn down and an imposing mall created. The resulting view of the Hall is better than it was in colonial days.



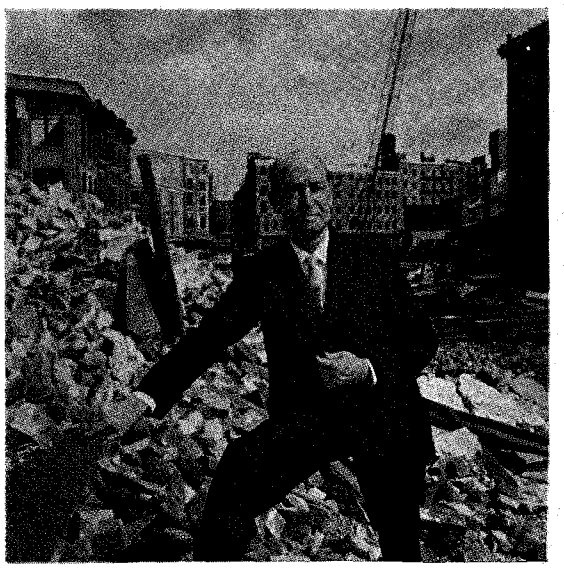
Comeback of a Shabby City

By ROUL TUNLEY

Old Philadelphia has been on a ten-year, $2,000,000,000 binge—restoring, rebuilding and generally recapturing the spirit of its elegant and dynamic youth.



Carpenters' Hall, meeting place of the First Continental Congress. Until a few years ago it was hidden among old warehouses and factories.



Harry Batten, a prime mover in the renewal program. Behind him are the city's old markets, now being demolished for new construction.

A dozen years ago, as William Penn looked down his thirteen-inch bronze nose at Philadelphia from his perch atop City Hall, he had—let's be blunt—a good deal to look down his nose about.

The "green countrie towne" he'd created in 1682 for his band of Quakers was something of a mess. "Well on the way toward becoming a mass ghetto" was the way one native son described its vast slums. Except for a few islands here and there, the engulfing waves of blight had swamped large sections of the city. They were even lapping close to the shores of America's most sacred shrine—Independence Hall. Industry was deserting the city, its rivers were clogged with silt and sewage, and its politics smelled higher than a twenty-year-old kipper. Most of the elite, as well as the middle class, had long since escaped to the suburbs.

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The heart of "America's most historic square mile." At center, Independence Hall. In the middle of the newly cleared area (lower right) is Carpenters' Hall.

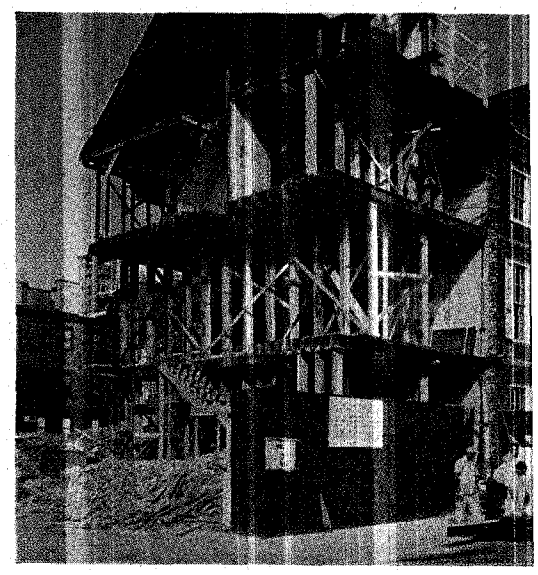
They had no truck with downtown Philadelphia except during working hours, when they had to come to the center of the city to make a living.

Perhaps the state of urban decrepitude might best be illustrated by a single example—the city's method of getting rid of its trash. It was removed in horse-drawn, open wagons which snaked nauseously through the streets. The refuse was then dumped within the city limits in the south end of town and burned. The dumps were afire day and night, as the nose of anybody living in the south end could tell you. When urged to modernize its trash-disposal system, the city fathers took a curious step: they put rubber tires on the wheels of the wagons!

The astonishing thing about all this was that nobody—nobody who "mattered," that is—seemed to do anything about it. "Corrupt and contented" was the way Lincoln Steffens once described Philadelphia. Others called it "a hotbed of inertia."

There was one dubious bonus in all this. Philadelphia provided the nation with a yeasty source of jokes. They all revolved around the drabness of the city and they never failed to get a laugh—even from Philadelphians. One of these concerned a national quiz program that allegedly offered as first prize a week in Philadelphia. Second prize: two weeks in Philadelphia!

Tourism—that measure of any city's magnetism—was strictly on a starvation diet in Philadelphia. To anybody coldly adding up the city's assets this made no sense. After all, it still had Independence Hall, where the United States was born, and 600,000 people



Town houses being restored in the Society Hill section. Planners hope that this area will lure many suburbanites back into the city.

Photographs by Larry Keighley

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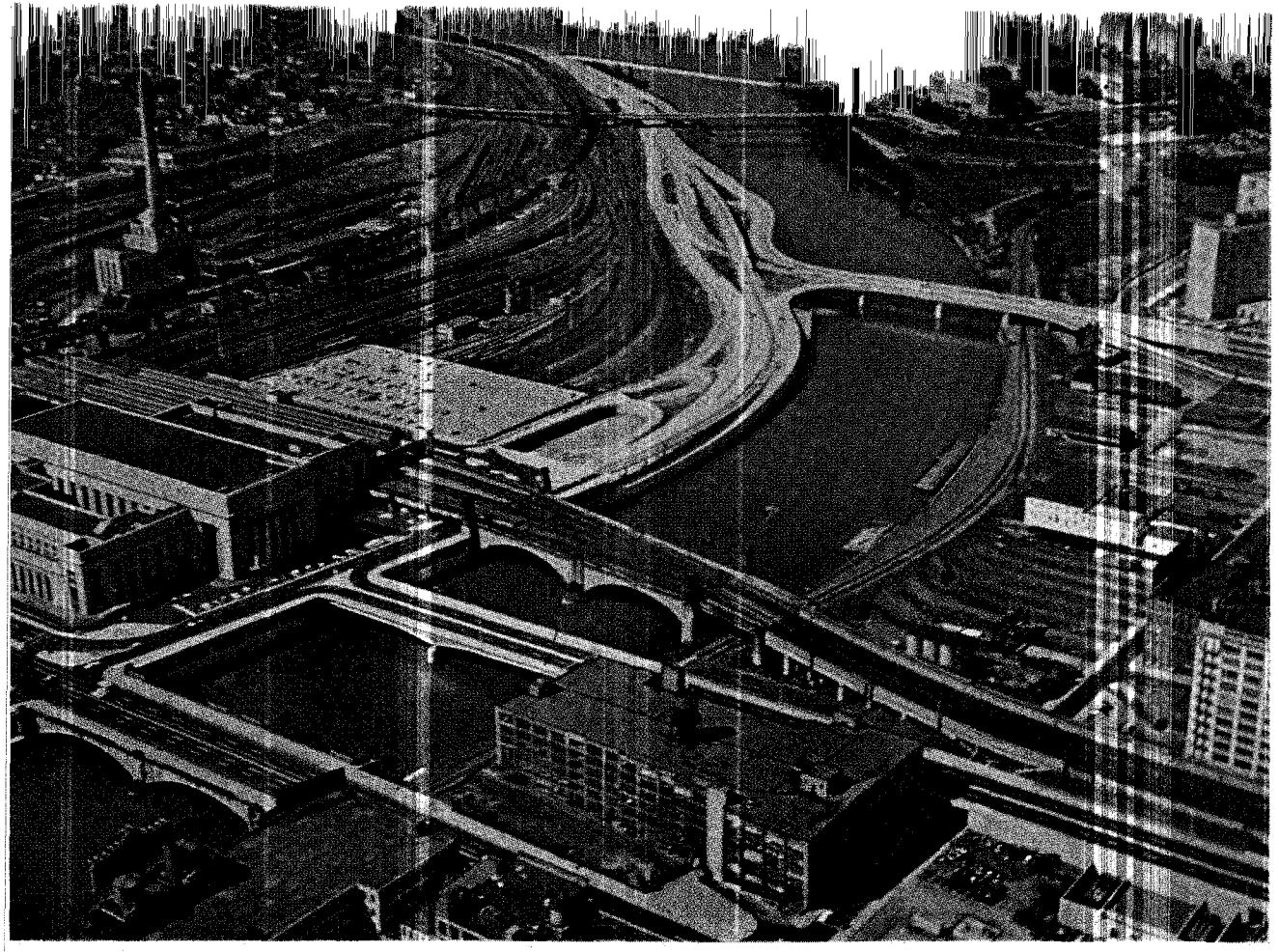
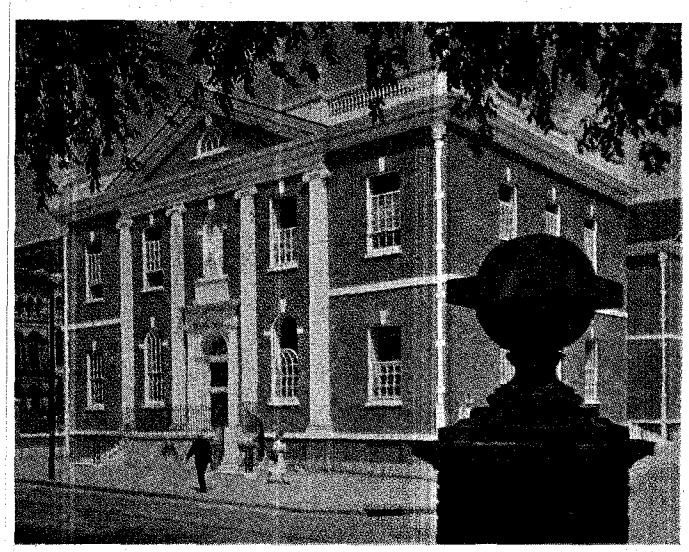
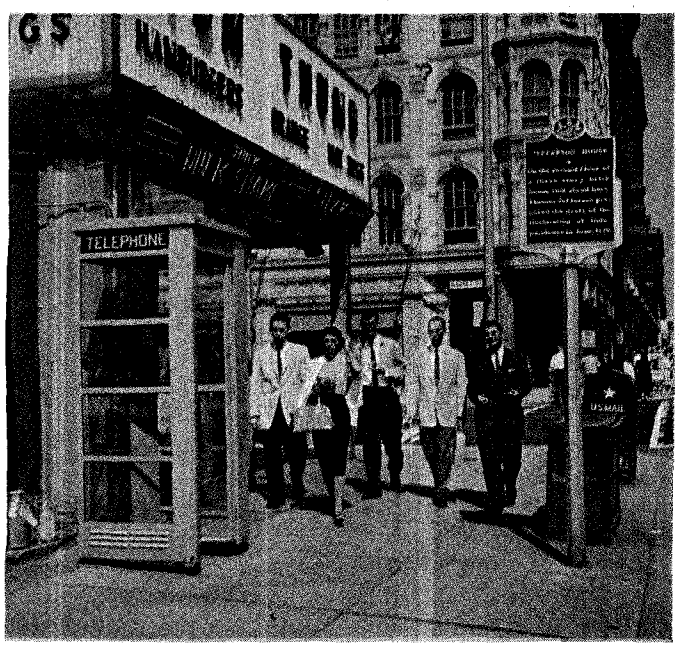


A boon to motorists is the city's vast highway program. Shown above is the new Schuylkill Expressway as it follows the river's west bank from the Pennsylvania's 30th Street Station (left).



This replica of Library Hall, original home of Ben Franklin's Library Company, will house the books of the American Philosophical Society.



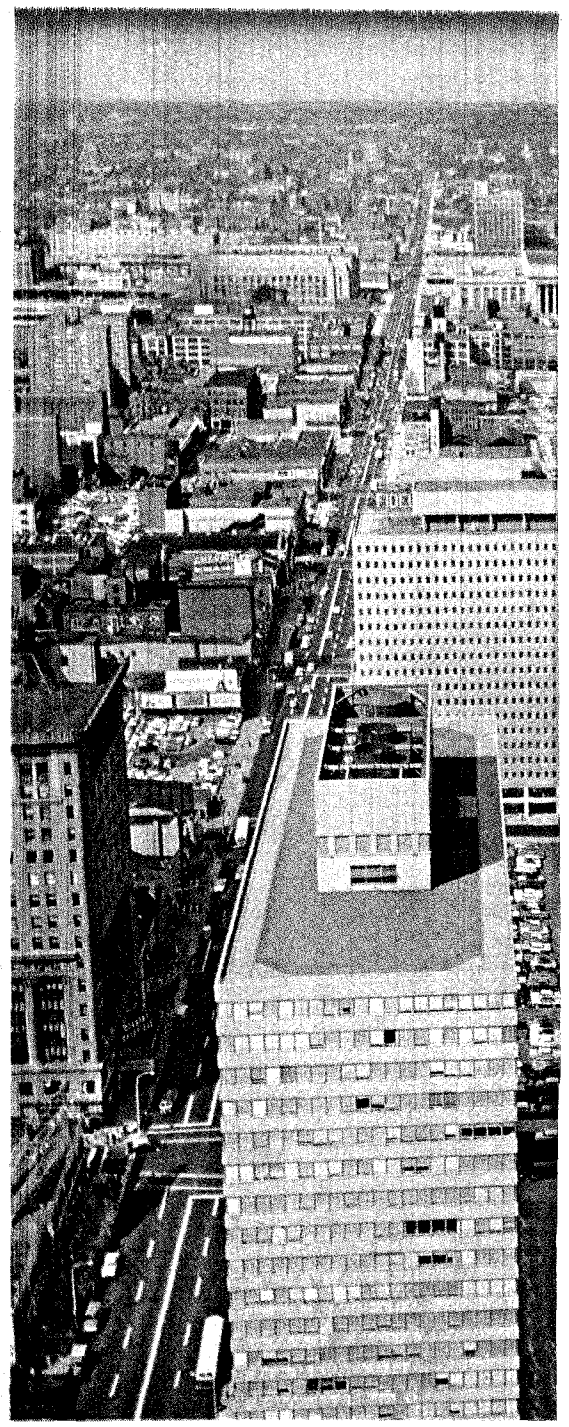
Above is virtually the only historic spot still neglected—the site of the house where Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence.

a year still continued to visit it. But in the words of a Chamber of Commerce official: "People pulled into the city around noon, spent an hour around the Hall, and by the middle of the afternoon they were well on their way to Atlantic City, New York or Washington."

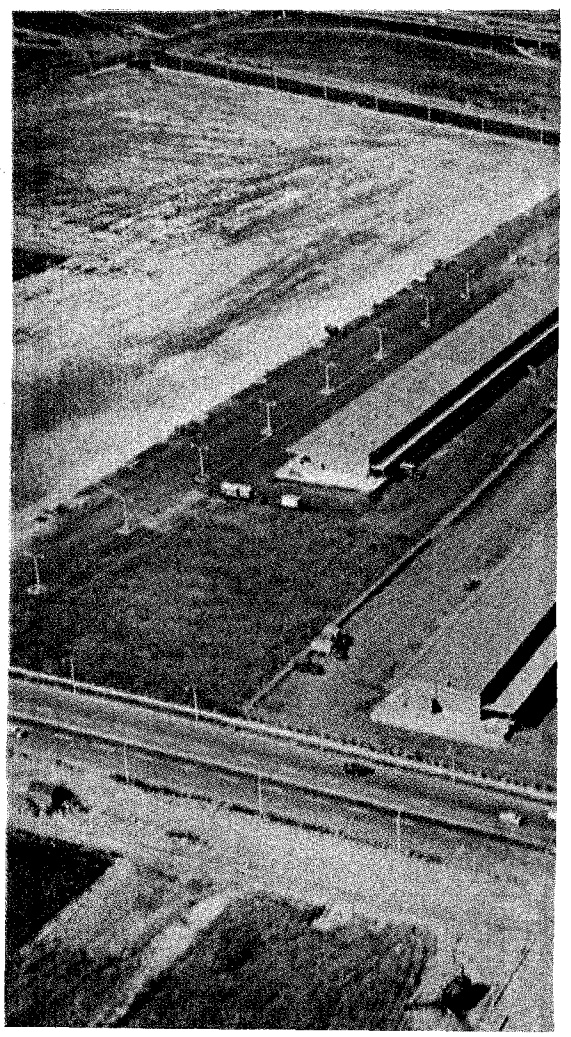
There was little to make them linger. It was shocking to a Republican city like Philadelphia that more people visited Franklin D. Roosevelt's grave at Hyde Park every year than visited Independence Hall. Or that tourists left $200,000,000 a year in an upstart like Washington, D.C., and dropped a mere $20,000,000 in Philadelphia.

It was hard to believe, for example, that in the mid-eighteenth century this was not only the second-largest city in the whole English-speaking world but one of the most elegant and dynamic places on earth. Here, ideas about the rights of man—ideas so revolutionary they took people's breath away—were put into operation with the result that the world was never quite the same afterward. Here the Declaration of Independence was written and adopted. Here the Constitution was conceived and signed. Here the capital of the United States was established, Betsy Ross made her flag, and Washington lived during most of his Presidency.

By the twentieth century, however, it was hard even for Philadelphians to remember that all these things had taken place in their city. To begin with, the city didn't *look* like it. A number of years ago, for example, George Nitsche, then bursar of the University of Pennsylvania, was taking a group of students on a tour of the city. At the spot where a handsome house once stood in which Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, there was a nondescript bank building. While pointing out to his students the site and its once-great function, the bursar was interrupted by a suspicious policeman, who ordered the group



Above: The ambitious Penn Center project in downtown Philadelphia. Until six years ago a dingy railroad terminal and tracks stood here.



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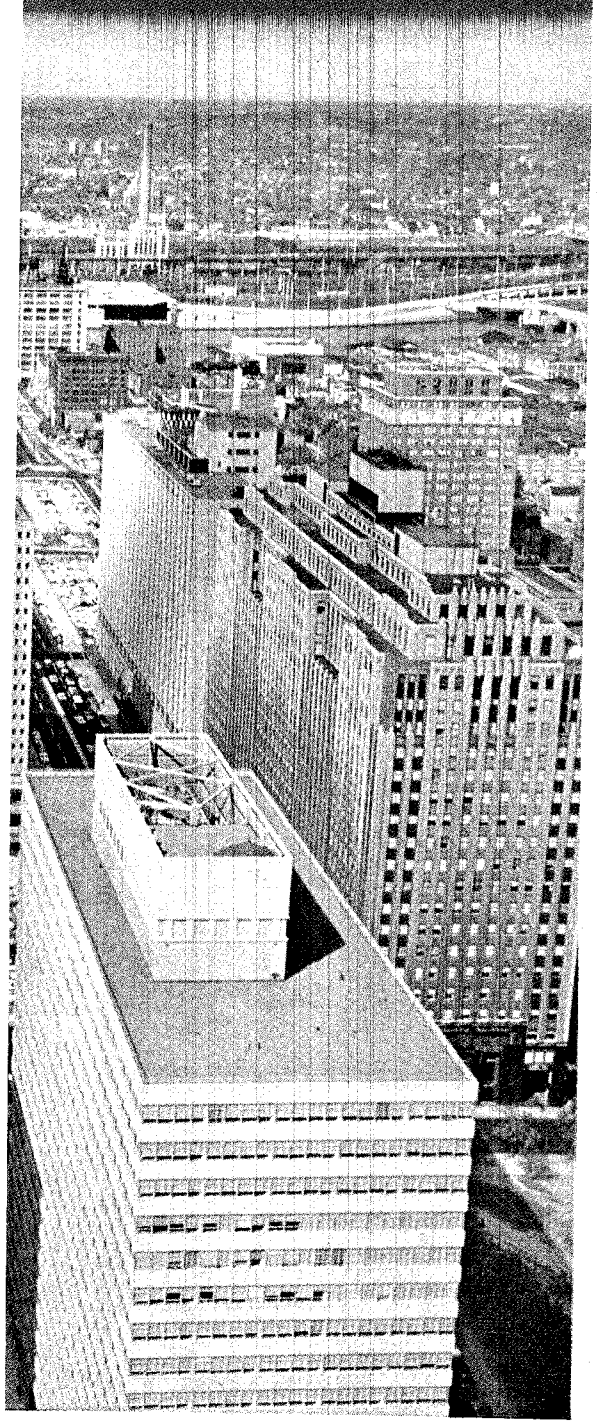
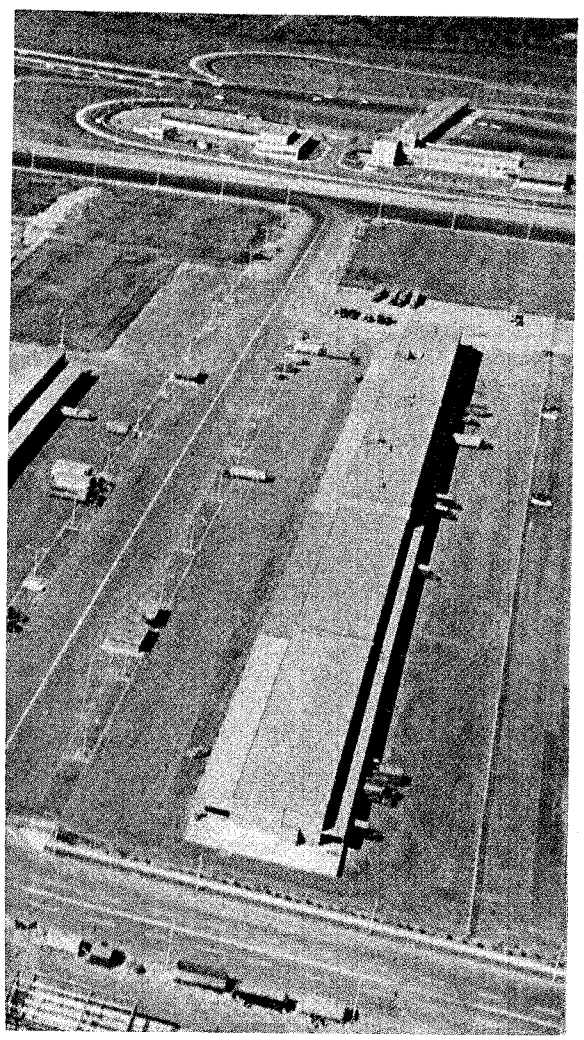
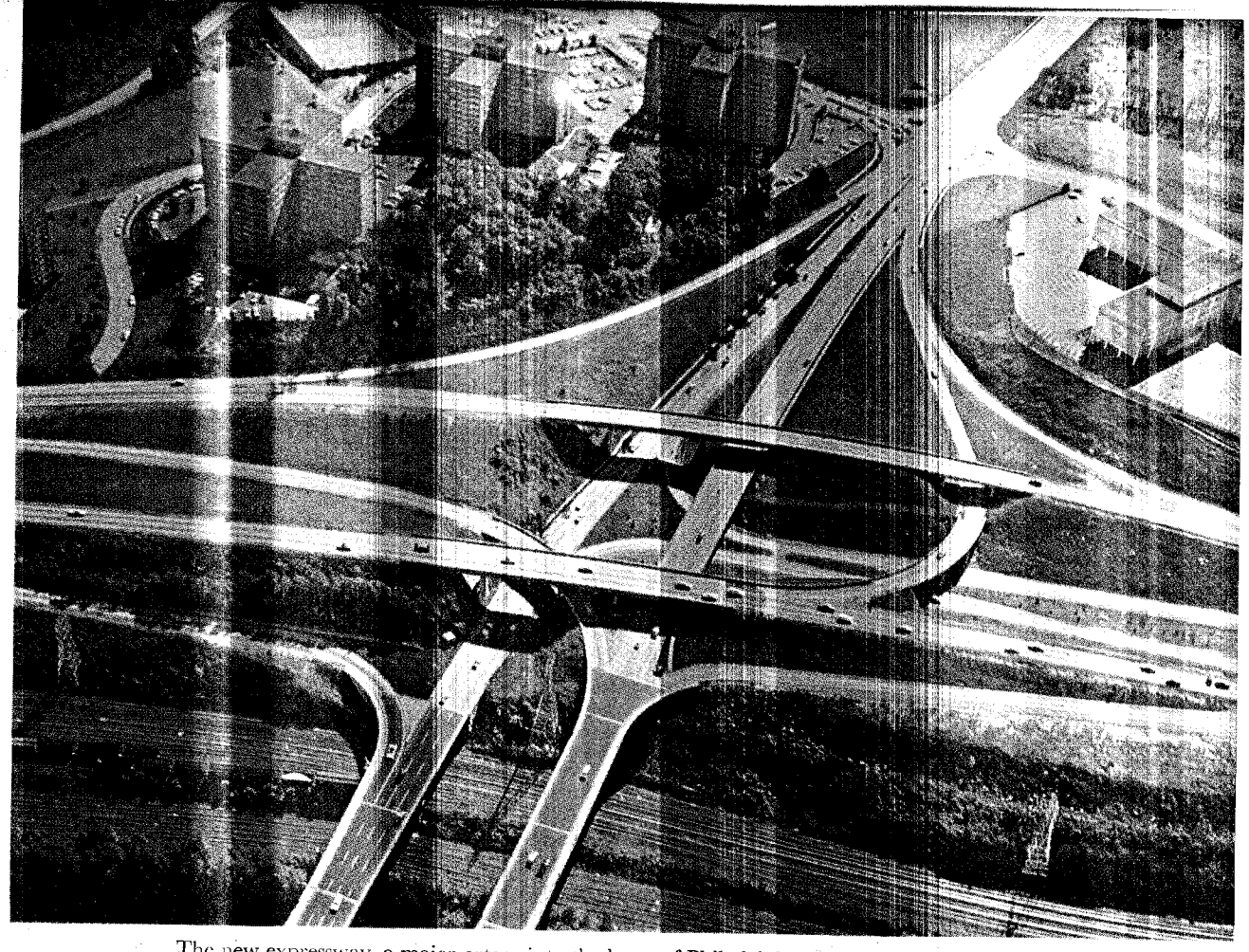


Below: This immense $100,000,000 food center now sprawls where smoking dumps once made life unpleasant for a whole section of the city.





The new expressway, a major artery into the heart of Philadelphia, crosses the U.S. Route 1 bypass at the city's western boundary. Above the intersection is a new apartment development.

to move on. Nitsche told him why they were there. "The hell you say," the policeman said angrily. "The Declaration was written in Independence Hall." He thereupon arrested the educator on the spot for "giving misleading information" and carted him off to the station house in the paddy wagon. The man was eventually released, but not until he had passed some uncomfortable moments wondering if, as Keats insisted, truth is indeed beauty, and beauty truth.

Happily the site—now occupied by a hot-dog stand—takes on new importance today in a curious way. Its significance lies in the fact that it's just about the only historic spot in Philadelphia that has been left untouched these past few years.

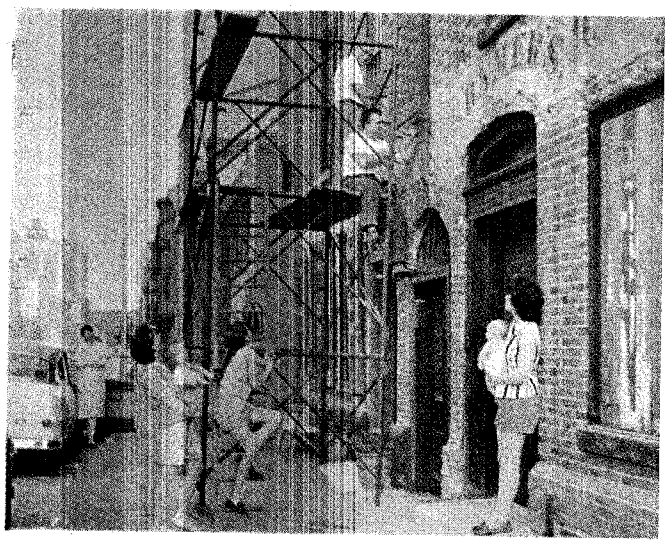
To put it another way, staid old Philly has been on a ten-year, $2,000,000,000 binge—building, tearing down, planting, uprooting, restoring, bulldozing, dredging, filling in, and generally recapturing the spirit of its precocious youth. Today a visitor to Philadelphia would hardly know the place.

A Denver editor, Leverett Chapin, summed it all up when he visited the city last year and then went home to address the following words to his fellow Coloradans in the Sunday *Post:*

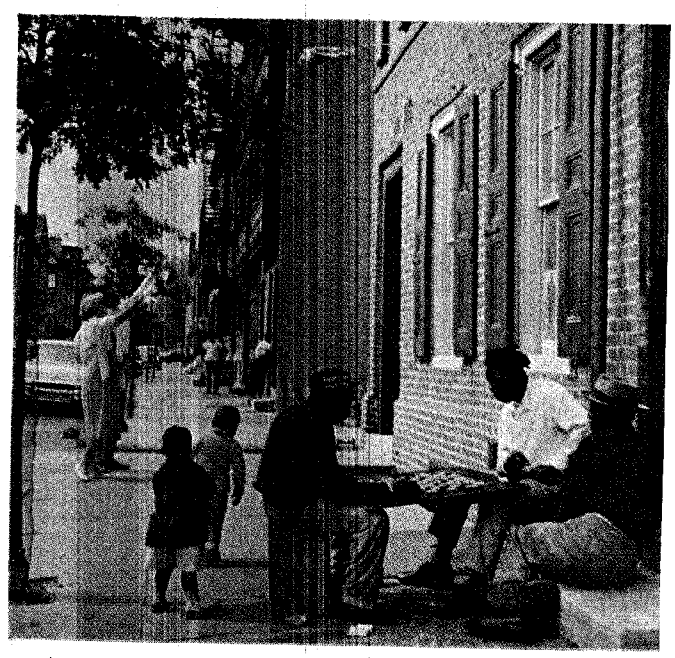
> A beautiful new American city of two million people is being born on the Delaware River in Pennsylvania. Its name is Philadelphia. If the name sounds familiar, don't be fooled. You're probably thinking of the old Philadelphia. The old and the new Philadelphia should not be confused. They're as different as night and day.

This man, incidentally, was one of a group of editorial writers who last year chose Philadelphia as the site of their national convention. One of the most cynical and hard-to-impress groups in the world, they held their meeting in Philadelphia for just one reason: to learn how to do at home the kind of job that Philly has been doing for the past decade.

(Continued on Page 75)



Frank Gogolski and his son (above) at work on the restoration of their home. Underneath a false front they discovered a handsome brick façade.



A renovated house on Delancey Street, formerly the core of a slum. Nearby tenements will be emptied as redevelopment progresses.

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"Every one was hamstrung, so we shot them," said Snow, pointing to the pile of frozen carcasses.

Violence on the Plains

Who was behind this cruel maiming of her cattle?

By CHARLES O. LOCKE

"Watch out where you go," Tom Turner warned Amelia Rankin. "There's riff-raff here who might take a shot at you."

The lawyer, who loved Amelia, had good reason to be concerned for her. As head of a Texas cattle ranch inherited from her husband, Amelia had made enemies. The other cattlemen, led by crusty Hurd Patchem, were enraged with her policy of giving grazing land to farmers. And the farmers were bitter because she refused to let them lynch Red Johnson for killing the father of young Johnny Blaine. Johnson was Amelia's assistant foreman and she wanted him to get a fair trial.

But Amelia's deepest worry was over her daughter, Mary. The girl was regarded with interest by every male in the region—including the Patchem brothers, Willy and Lester—but Mary seemed to favor hot-headed, troublemaking Johnny Blaine.

III

Amelia was surprised at the change in Lester since she had seen him last. He seemed to have grown taller as well as wider, but the eyes behind the studious spectacles were the same. She thought he came into the room a little timidly as Mary lifted her hand in a mock farewell to him and went up the stairs.

"I heard you were home from the law school, Lester."

"Yes," he said and sat opposite her at the table with caution, wiping his forehead. "Father wanted me home this year."

"Mary said it was warm in here. It is. Why don't you take off your coat, Lester, and have some of Etta's doughnuts and coffee and make yourself at home."

"I believe I will."

He took off the dove-colored coat which had been admired for its spruce buttoned-up look of citified correctness. He saw the tear then in the sleeve of his cambric shirt and apologized for it as he sat down. She had already gone for her sewing basket. With the calm smile she remembered of him even as a small boy, he said he was willing to take orders from her. He took off his shirt and put on his coat again over his balbriggan undershirt, and she began sewing as he drank his coffee.

"You think Mary should go back to the Blaines, Lester?"

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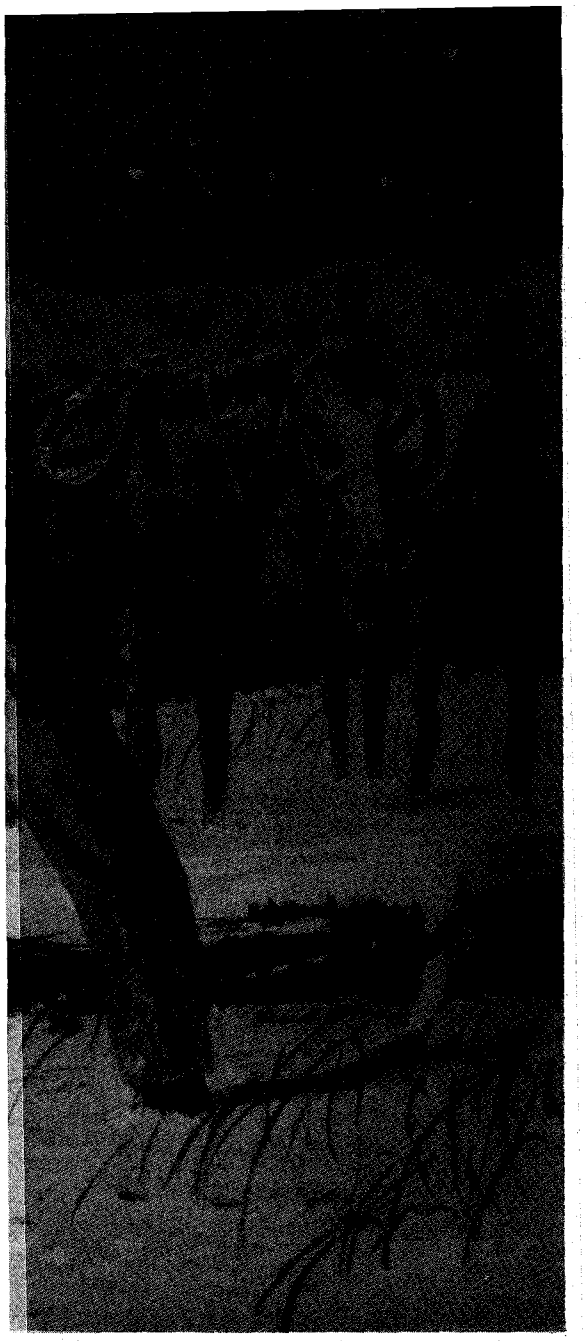

"If she wants to."

"What do you know about Johnny, Lester?"

"Kind of a mixed-up boy. Got a reputation as a fighter." Lester laughed. "I guess my interest in that's because I took a few boxing lessons in college."

She looked up involuntarily at the intent eyes behind the thick spectacles. She was feeling his quiet charm, utterly different from Willy's. "He was with the men who rode over last night—at first, that is—then he left. But don't tell Mary. I think it was the third time I'd seen him in my life since he was very small. I suppose you know about the visit we had."

"Yes, I heard. Johnny's a farmer at heart, I guess. Started being one when his father shifted from cattle to farming. Farmers sort of look up to him."

"They do?" She stopped talking for a few stitches. She hesitated. "Lester, I think you should know, if you don't, that your father was here. It wasn't pleasant, and it's not the end of it. Seems strange, considering the families, yours and ours, used to be so close."

"Yes," said Lester, "I know a good deal about it. Things are bad in the cow business most ways right now. I think that's why my father wanted me back here with him—stay out of school for a year. We had an argument, but he won." Lester smiled. "He usually does."

"And please understand, Lester, I like to have you with Mary. You used to see a lot of her. But it may be you shouldn't come here too often. Will you tell Willy tactfully? I want to keep the peace. I don't want your father to feel ——"

"I understand, Mrs. Rankin," Lester said gently. "You don't want my being here to throw back on you."

She stood up with the shirt. "Now it's done."

He was talking as he put on the coat. "Just want to say one thing, Mrs. Rankin. I happen to know about these farmers you put on your land. Maybe I understand better than average, because my experience back East broadened me out. I know a lot of the people you've befriended are hard-luck people ——"

She felt she had to say quickly, "That's not why they're here. I don't want to be put on as a public benefactor."

"Just the same, I think you are." He buttoned his coat to the top, then unbuttoned it, remembering the room's heat.

"You think we're going to have trouble in these parts, Lester?"

"Possibly, the way the farmers are taking over more and more. A hundred and sixty-three farmers have moved in here in the last fourteen months. And the cattle business is falling off. There's been trouble before."

"Not on my ranch, and I hope they'll let us alone."

Lester looked at her levelly after picking up his coffee cup and getting ready to finish it. "If there's trouble, my father will make it."

She was stunned by Lester's frankness. His eyes had shifted a little in embarrassment. "You don't know him any more, Mrs. Rankin. He's a sick man. Willy's been telling everybody that he keeps himself alive with whisky because of his bad heart. He just thinks so. That's his excuse. But that doesn't apply to Hurd."

It seemed strange to Amelia to hear Lester use his father's first name.

"He really needs it. He sure drinks a lot of it. And he's death on farmers."

"So Tom says."

"Tom Turner?"

"Yes. You like Tom?"

"I think he's a great man," said Lester. "Just one more thing, Mrs. Rankin. I'll tell my brother, but he won't stay away."

She nodded and stood thoughtfully as Mary came in and put down her small satchel.

"Mother," said Mary, "I think Willy's still here and Lester wants to see him, and I want to show them Sally's foal."

"Yes," said Amelia. She said quietly, "You'll stay to supper, Lester?"

"Oh, yes, and drive back right after."

"That's what I thought. I'm going to have Shep and Jess ride up with you. You can understand, Lester. Just to be on the safe side. Jess'll stay for the funeral, Conklin will come back. Etta's fixing some baked goods to go up to help out the Blaines, and I want to send some flowers if I can manage. When are you planning to get back, Mary?"

"I'll stay on a while after the funeral."

"Do that only if you want to, if it seems best in your judgment."

She watched them as they crossed the yard. Etta came in to clear away.

"Lester liked your doughnuts."

"Little done. Not enough grease in 'em this mawnin'."

"I wish Mary would pay a little more attention to Lester and less to Johnny Blaine. If she should decide to marry ——"

"Johnny Blaine." Etta laughed and her voice squeaked contempt. "She ain' gonna marry Johnny Blaine. Think she marry him with them two Patchem devils hangin' around?"

"How do you know?" Amelia was irritated.

"Marry Johnny Blaine, with that sour-talk family of his'n tryin' to raise cawn in a scratch patch?"

"Trouble is Lester's away and Willy ——"

"Willy Patchem, all man. All man. Willy Patchem got the eye of a woman-deviler. But don't be afraid; she not going to marry Willy Patchem either. 'Cause he won't marry her. But he crazy for somebody. He say to me right theah in the kitchen one day, 'Doggone, Etta, I ain' got the right to hang my sick self to a woman.' He hate himself too well."

"You said somebody," Amelia said hesitantly.

Etta smiled like the cat that lapped the cream.

A thought crossed Amelia's mind again, as it had in the bunkhouse that morning—a meetinghouse on the place. The possibility became too strong to resist. If she was going to act on it, she'd better decide quickly before Snow and the rest got around to pulling the old bunkhouse down.

She put on her sheepskin coat and walked to the bunkhouse. She thought she saw a sharp difference in the attitude of her men when the group at the corral became silent and motionless as she passed them. Conversation that had been going strong was gradually silenced as she walked from her door up the slight rise—but one word, "witnesses," came to her faintly before the gathering stopped talking. As she passed on up the hill, not one of the men acknowledged her passing or looked after her.

As she came close to the building a new thought entered her mind: Might as well talk to Johnson now, if she could—take a look at the old ruin at the same time. She thought, *I've got to talk to Johnson.*

McQueen and Johnson were playing some kind of two-handed card game as she opened the door. McQueen's quick mind knew her purpose, and it shoved him from his seat at the rickety table to the outside, leaving her alone with Red.

She walked to the empty chair and stood looking at Johnson. His eyes were first bold and hostile, but then they turned away nervously. A red stain on his chin made her say, "I'm sorry about Tom. You meant no insult."

His eyes came back to hers. He smiled, gave her the ghost of a nod.

"What's your side of the shooting, Red?"

"Self-defense."

"Not very original. Bailey Omstead saw it and went right to Hurd."

"Sure."

"How about his brother, Vic?"

"Not sure he saw it—all of it."

"Self-defense?"

He turned a little sullen at the tone she used. "Trial will show—if I get one."

"Think your friends'll try to prevent it?"

He picked up some fallen cards from under the table. "You bet your sweet life. They favor lynching."

She waited, but he was silent. "Yes, I think they do. Make a shut-mouth man of you." She hesitated. "Red, I'm not going to stand here and ask you a lot of questions you won't answer. I'll tell you, (Continued on Page 47)

Illustrated by Fred Otnes

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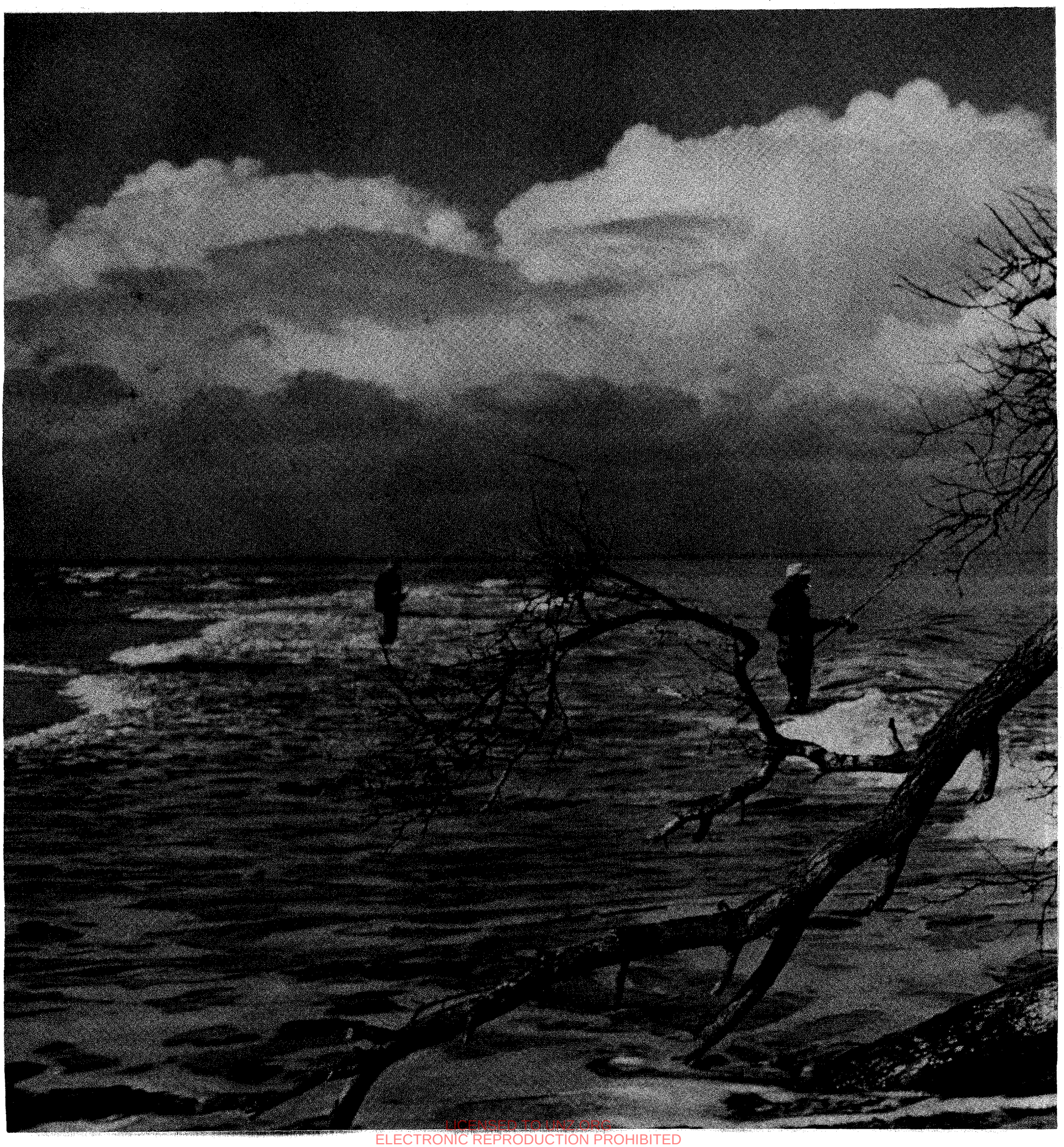
The Face of AMERICA

Carolina Coast



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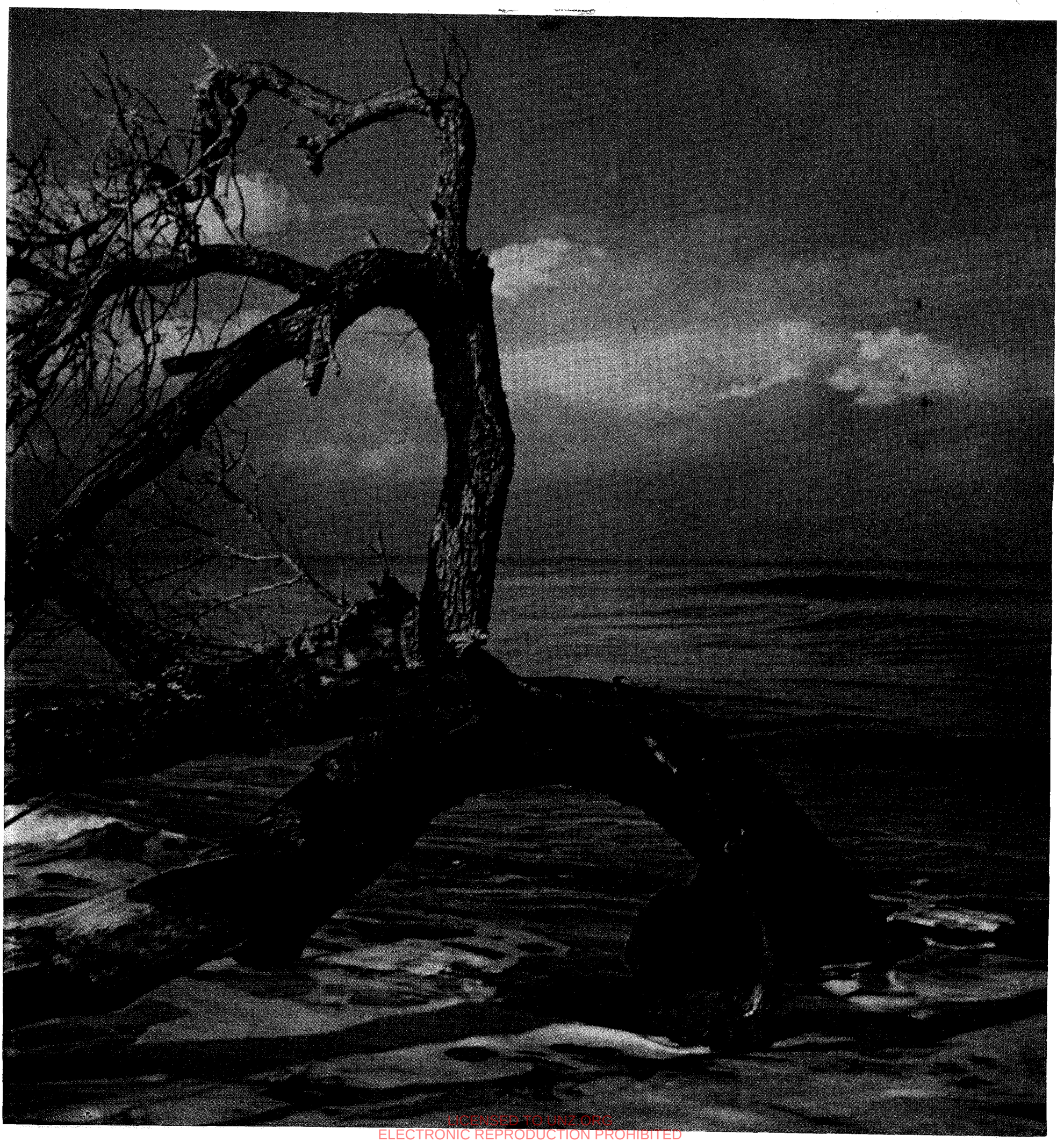
In most parts of the country, fishermen usually have plenty of company when the season opens. But these two sportsmen, who came to Bull Island, South Carolina, for the first of the fall run of channel bass, have the six-mile beach all to themselves. Wild and secluded, Bull Island is still much the same as it was in 1670, when Stephen Bull and a band of English settlers came this way and founded the city of Charles Town, twenty miles farther south. Now, as then, alligators and wild turkeys roam the interior of the island; while along the shore the swirling surf, unhampered by man-made jetties and sea walls, relentlessly wears away the land. As part of a United States Fish and Wildlife Service game refuge, Bull Island is open to the public. To get there, however, requires an adventuresome five-mile boat trip through a maze of salt-water marshes and tidal creeks. As a result relatively few tourists visit these lonely beaches, and Bull Island remains unspoiled.

• Photograph by Farrell Grehan



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The Final Answer

By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC

If I were to give a human reason for my fidelity to Christ in this evening of my life, I would call it His quieting of the radical anguish that is in me. This anguish is not to be confused with the fear spoken of by Lucretius, that gives birth to gods; for anguish is not fear. My very singular anguish, which I did not learn from anyone, tormented me from the moment I began to grow aware of the tragedy implied in the fact of being a man; that is to say, a creature condemned to death and who lives under a stay of execution for an unknown length of time. This stay grows shorter each year, and my life resembles that "sorrowful flesh" which one of Balzac's heroes contemplated with horror as it shrank to the size of a coin in his trembling hand.

Anguish is so consubstantial to the human condition that it is already cruelly manifest in childhood. I still remember, to the point of reliving them, those early torments in my unlighted bedroom; I still hear those slow and heavy footsteps on the stairway; and I still bury my head beneath the blankets. I still feel the hot tears that coursed down my cheeks when, as a boarding-school student, I watched the flickering gas flame trace vacillating shadows on the walls of the dormitory. Perhaps I was a small, timid boy who felt himself less robust than the others in the playground filled with noise and quarrels. Perhaps I was afraid of being called to the head of the room by a contemptuous teacher who was quite capable of making me appear ridiculous and idiotic before my classmates. Perhaps, too, I remember the room in my parents' home where someone had died some time before and where the shutters remained forever closed upon a horrible mystery. Each object in it seemed to have suffered death's somber magic—the glass of water, the arrested pendulum, the armchair still sagging near the fireplace where the fire would never again be lighted.

Yes, for many children anguish is a secret and permanent state. To keep from going insane, I needed the limitless love which my mother poured out on me, the touch of her hand upon my brow during those terrible nights, the comfort of her breath in my hair, and the sound of her voice softly complaining, "What's the matter, *CONTINUED ON PAGE 62*

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About the Author

François Mauriac is perhaps the greatest living Catholic writer. Novelist (*The Viper's Tangle, A Kiss for a Leper, The Frontenac Mystery*), playwright (*Asmodée, The Egoists*), and formerly chief editorialist for the renowned Paris newspaper, *Le Figaro,* he was elected one of the French Academy's "Forty Immortals" in 1933. In 1952 he won the Nobel Prize, and in 1959 an honorary membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. A jury of thirteen French novelists placed his *Thérèse Desqueyroux* among the thirteen best French novels since the turn of the century. The moving testament of faith beginning on this page forms the concluding chapter of Mauriac's most recent book, *The Son of Man,* to be issued by the World Publishing Company next January eighteenth at three dollars. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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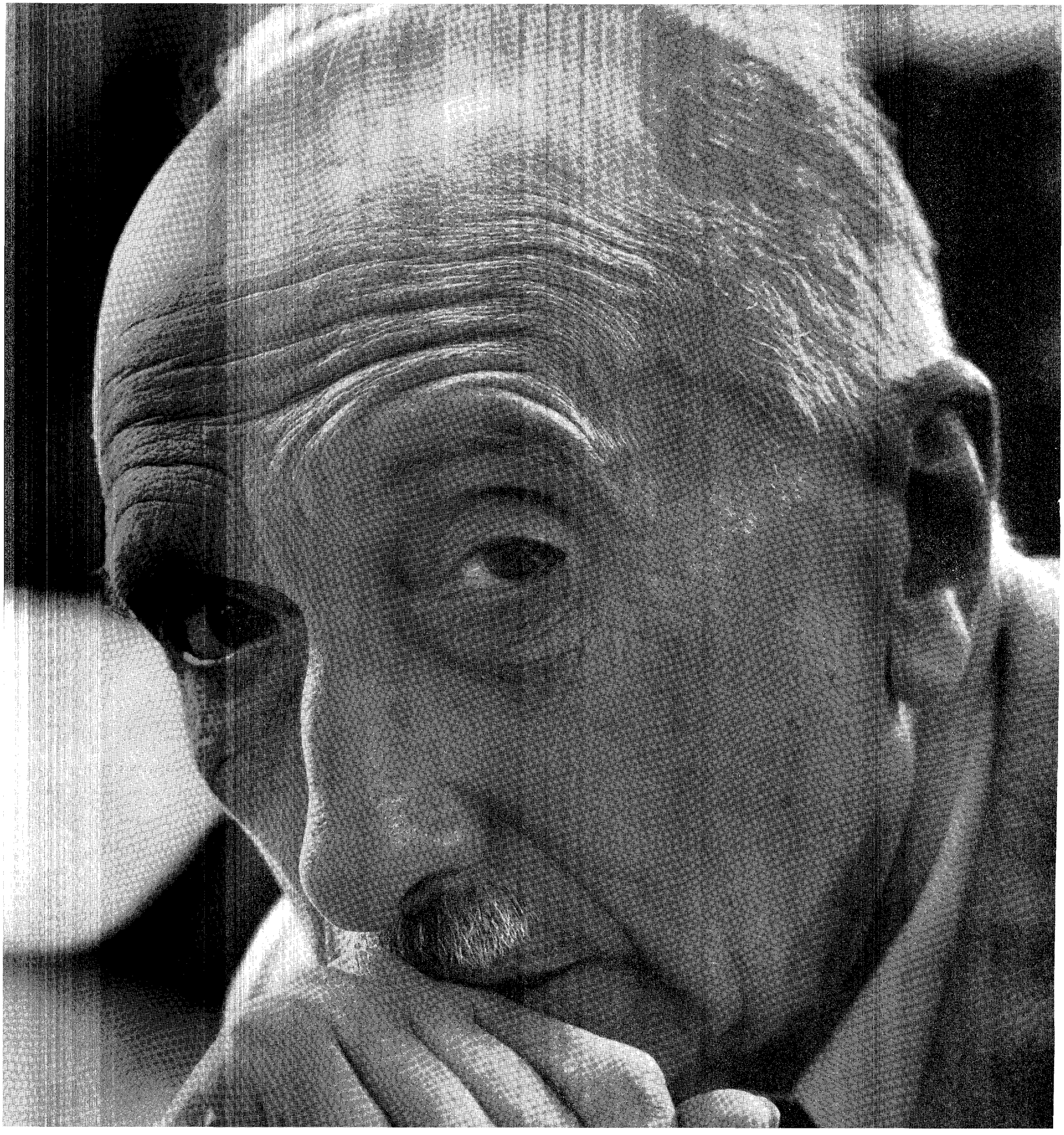

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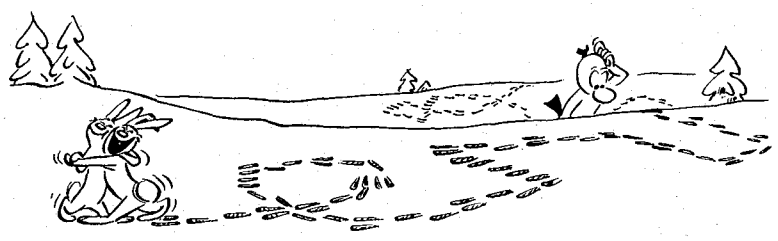
Post Scripts



I Guess I Live in a Sort of Intellectual Vacuum

"I'll tell *you* how I feel about it, Vern: to say something like that would be as foolish as to say that Stoicism didn't divide philosophy into logic, physics and ethics."

"That's the way I feel about it too. I mean, it's a cinch that to say something like that would be as silly as to say he didn't even divide it into those things."

"Or you take *Winesburg, Ohio*, for example."

"That's right. Or even Cleveland, Cincinnati or Sandusky."

"What do you think of *Doctor Zhivago?*"

"Gee, I don't know. I've never been to him."

"You know something? I was talking with Georgie Prescott the other day, and he didn't even know that surrealism is a modern movement that purports to express the subconscious mental activities by presenting them without order or sequence, as in a dream."

"Well, I'll be darned! So old Georgie didn't even know that the—I mean, as in a dream like that, eh?"

"What do you think of the aesthetic theory of the philosophy of limits?"

"Well, of course, I think there almost *has* to be an aes—— After all, it's ——"

"How about Aristotle, Descartes, Hegel, Kant, Plato and Socrates?"

"That's what I say. How *about* them!"

VERNON H. KURTZ

Giveaway

Who loves rich food and cooks it
Looks it.

HELEN CASTLE

Note to the Sitter

Mrs. Horton: Children's dinner is in oven. Serve the baby at 5:45. Billy at 6, just after *Cimarron City*, but before *Gunsmoke*. Melinda at 7, after *Restless Gun*.

The baby won't eat carrots, so give him that custard cup full of beets. Don't let Melinda see them, as she *will* eat the carrots, but not if she sees the beets first. Try Billy on carrots too. Otherwise give him those leftover peas (in blue dish).

The two chicken legs are for the baby. Billy will eat the wings and maybe the back, but—if he knows that Melinda's having the frozen Mexican dinner, he won't eat the chicken. The baked potato is to be divided between the baby and Billy, or maybe the baby will finish up the grits on the second shelf of the refrigerator.

Drinks: milk for the baby, root beer for Billy. Melinda will ask for iced tea, so give her the prune juice in the aluminum pitcher. Dilute it so it will look natural, and add a slice of lemon.

Grape ice sticks for dessert. They don't care much for this kind, but it's the one flavor they all agree on.

We'll be at Le Gourmet restaurant, MA 3-6256.

Gratefully,

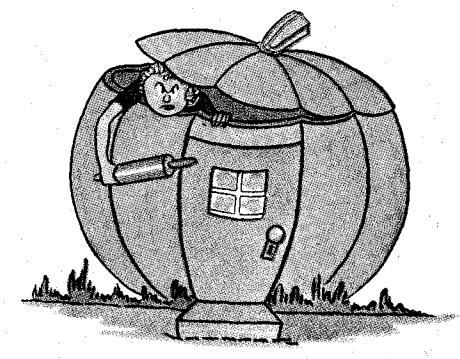
KAY NELSON

RHYMERS MEIN GROSSFADER MADE

By Dave Morrah

DER GLEAMEN

Ein reddischer gleam in der mornen,
Und sailors ben tooken der warnen.
Ein brightischer gleam in der nighten
Ben spoilen der sailor's delighten!



DER PUMPKIN UPEATER

Das donderhead Peter, der pumpkin upeater,
Ben stuffen der wifer insiden der shellen.
Ach, Himmel! Der *Frau* ben geraisen ein row,
Und flingen der fitten mit screamen und yellen!

DAS GROSSFADER CLOCK

Das grossfader clock nicht ben fitten der shelfer,
Und uptooken space on der floor.
(Mit ticken-tocken, ticken-tocken,
ticken-tocken, ach!)
Der hausenfrau soonisch ben pleasen der selfer,
Returnen das clock to der store!

DAS RAVEN

Midnighten drearisch ben uppen-geslinken,
Und Ich ben exhausten mit ponderisch
thinken;
Mein peepers ben droopen mit tooken der
nappen,
Ven Ich ben detecten ein tippen und tappen.
Ein raven ben steppen insiden mein door,
Und das raven ben croaken, "Nevermore!"

Meinself ben upsitten mit quaken und shooken,
Und sooner das raven ben perchen und looken.
Mit cocken der noggen, das schtunker ben staren,
Und Ich ben ein specialisch greeten
preparen—
Mein shooter ben bangen mit maken ein roar,
Und das raven ben croaken!

OLD MAMMA HUBBARD

Becausen der fooden nicht ben in der cupboard,
Das poocher ben samplen der Old Mamma
Hubbard!

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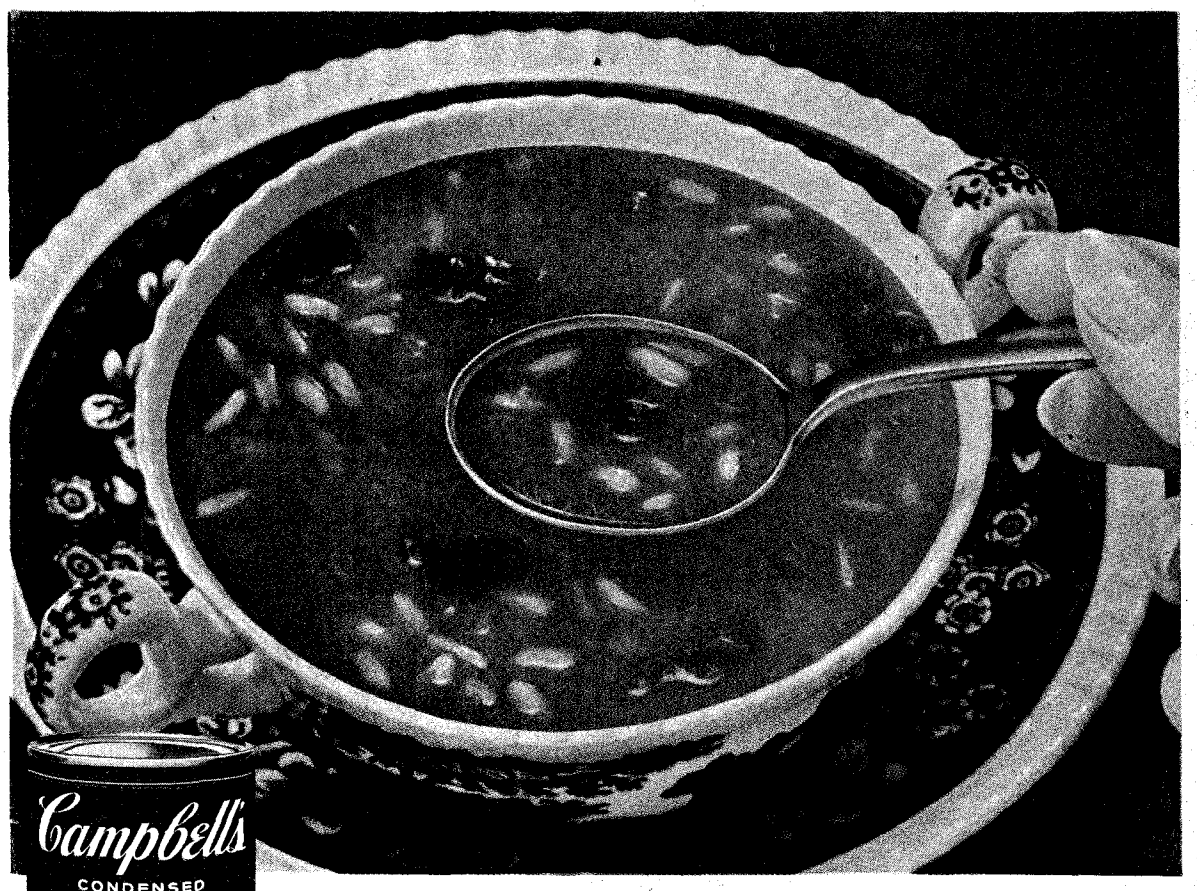
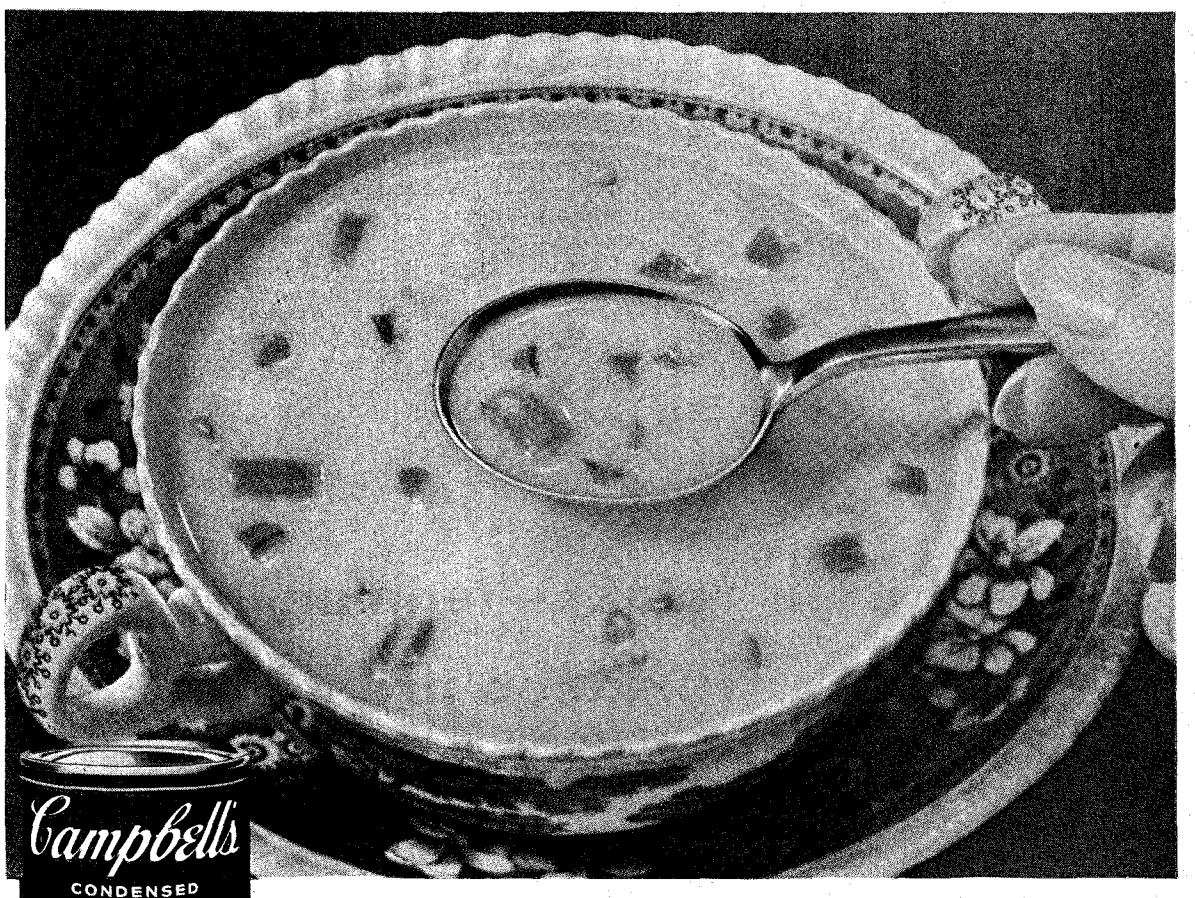


1 New! A great old-time soup

Old-fashioned TOMATO RICE

There are good *pieces* of the famous Campbell Tomato in this soup – deliciously blended with selected long-grain rice and gently seasoned with celery and other garden vegetables. You'll *like* this good hearty soup – so will everybody in your family!



2 New! A great country-garden soup

CREAM OF VEGETABLE

You'll serve this good country soup with pride. It's a creamy blend of seven vegetables – celery, carrots, corn, green beans, mushrooms, onions and tomatoes – gently seasoned and simmered to perfection. Heat up plenty. One bowlful makes you want more!

Campbell

invites you to try

2 GREAT NEW SOUPS

A great new Tomato... A great Cream of Vegetable

Brand-new from Campbell – 2 hearty, warming soups everybody will love! Old-fashioned Tomato Rice! Cream of Vegetable! You'll be proud to serve these great new Campbell's Soups. When your family says you're a great cook . . . *smile!*

Wonderful for cooking, too!

New sauces! Heat Old-fashioned Tomato Rice with ⅓ to ½ cup water (use milk with Cream of Vegetable). Season as desired. Heat and serve over fish, eggs, or meat.

New supper dishes! Heat leftover meat, fish, or poultry in either Old-fashioned Tomato Rice or Cream of Vegetable . . . thin with milk or water, and season as desired.

New soup mate! Make your own new soup from Campbell's 2 new soups. Combine Old-fashioned Tomato Rice and Cream of Vegetable with 2 soup cans water.

Buy both...at your grocer's now!

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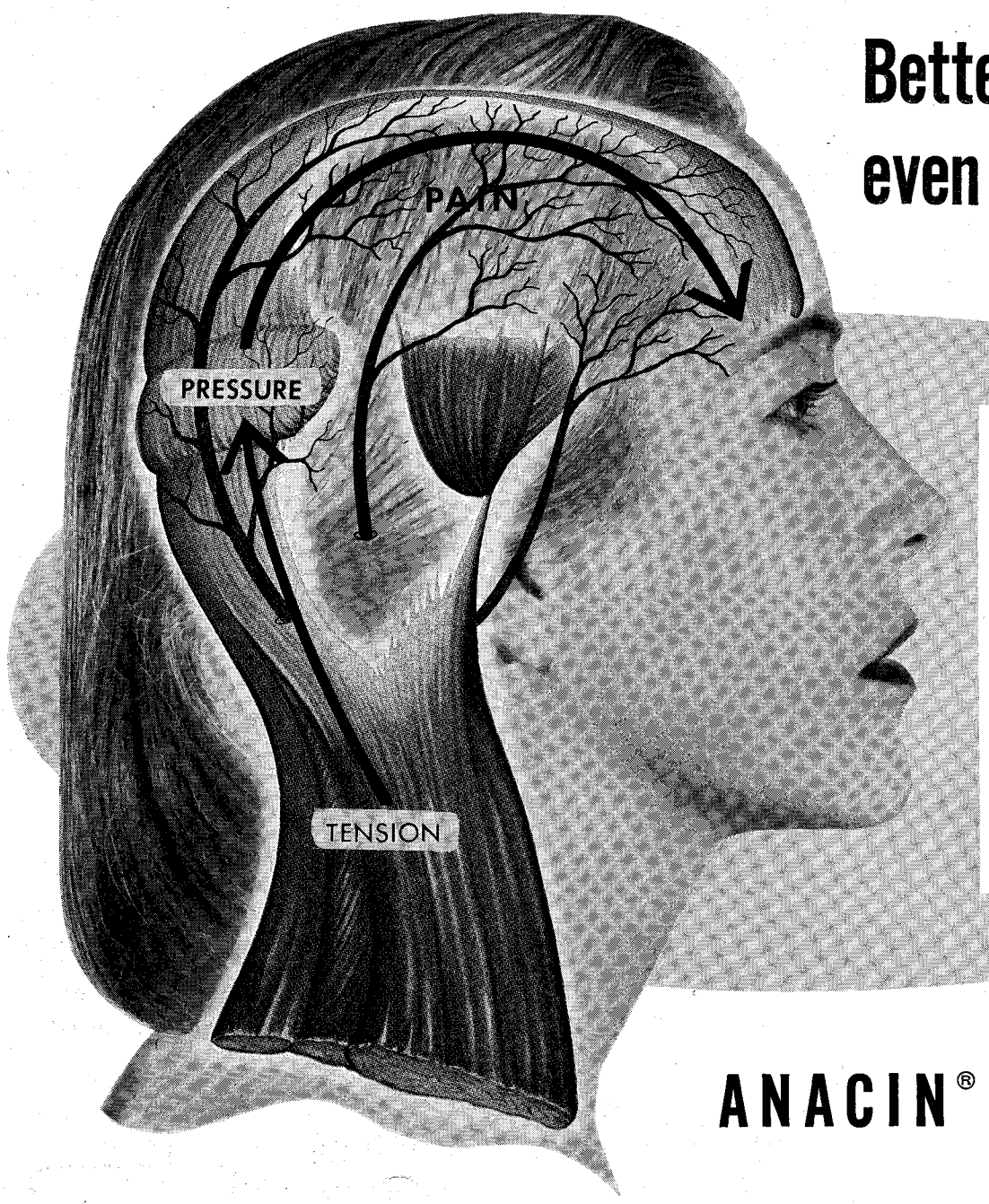
To give more complete pain relief from
NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHES

Better than aspirin or even aspirin with buffering!



How Tension Headaches Start

Most headaches are caused by tension that starts in muscles in the back of neck and scalp. This tension spreads over head, presses on nerves and tiny blood vessels and results in headache pain. In turn, the pain builds up more tension, more pressure and makes your headache worse. To break up a tension headache and get fast, more *complete* pain-relief — you should try the special medication in Anacin which you *do not get* in aspirin or any buffered aspirin.

Tension headaches need the special medication in Anacin for fast, more *complete* pain-relief. So why take mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering which contains only one pain-reliever and *no* special medication to relieve nervous tension? Anacin contains *not* just one, but a *number* of medically proven ingredients. Three out of four doctors recommend the ingredients in Anacin for pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Anacin Tablets give a 'better total effect'— more *complete* pain-relief because they contain special medication which not only relieves pain fast, but also relaxes nervous tension and releases painful pressure. Anacin is safer, too. Has a smoother action and does not upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today!

ANACIN® relaxes tension--*FAST*

releases pressure--*FAST*

relieves pain--*FAST!*

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in·····

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Too Many Ghosts

Was this horrifying discovery the answer to the manor's secret?

By PAUL GALLICO

The next time Lord Paradine's portrait is knocked to the floor will be in 1976," Hero predicted.

Alexander Hero, ghost-breaker extraordinary, had solved one set of the strange phenomena plaguing Paradine Hall when he discovered that rare, high coastal tides in subterranean tunnels beneath the hall were causing objects to move and fall. Later, another "poltergeist" was unmasked when Hero's photographer stepsister Meg showed him the pictures she had surreptitiously taken of Noreen Spendley-Carter playing ghostly pranks in her parents' apartment. But still to be explained were the "phantom nun" and the eerie harp music that came from a locked room.

Later Hero went to see Mrs. Taylor, a lodger with a fascination for tarot cards and fortune-telling. During his visit he experienced the strange sensation that Mrs. Taylor had established contact with something or someone supernatural. Then she warned him that Susan Marshall, the beautiful American guest, was in danger.

VI

Tea with the Paradines that afternoon seemed a monstrous mockery of banal politeness overlaying fearful and secret tensions. *Or do I feel this*, Hero thought, *because of the warning conveyed by Mrs. Taylor? Am I the only one who sees death and destruction beneath this placid English ceremony?*

"You do take sugar, don't you?" Isobel Paradine said to Meg. The Honorable Isobel wore a tea gown of black and silver which enhanced her platinum hair and striking features.

Lady Paradine was attired in a mauve garden frock which ought to have clashed violently with her copper-colored hair, but somehow did not. She set small teeth into a piece of buttered toast with a concentration that excluded the presence of all the others. Hero wondered what lay behind that mask of indolence and boredom. Was it remotely possible that this faded but still beautiful exterior concealed an internal volcano which had been responsible for all that had happened at Paradine Hall, and all which might yet happen? Would a woman who had found that she was not mistress of her house go so far as to pull it down about her ears? And what about the attacks on Susan Marshall?

Hero looked across the room where Susan and Mark were chatting. There was no question but that young Paradine was in love and his mother knew it. It was Susan Marshall who was the great uncommitted in the household—Susan the undecided; Susan the cool controlled one; Susan the flirt; Susan the unpopular American. Most American girls were thought to be title hunters—reason enough, perhaps, for Lady Paradine first to try to frighten her and then literally as well as symbolically turn her out of her room and Paradine Hall. But what about the death and immolation that Mrs. Taylor had seen, and he had seen her see, as clearly as though she had read it in a book? Was this bored, handsome woman a murderess as well?

And what had gone wrong with Sir Richard Lockerie? He was no longer the keen, alert ex-soldier fully in command of himself, but nervous, uneasy and, Hero would have said, almost with a sense of guilt about him. He was by the window talking with Meg, but from the quality of his voice alone Hero was aware that his mind was not on either what he was doing or saying. Had Susan Marshall turned him down? And if so, did this in any way affect the problem?

Beth was sitting with Cousin Freddie, sipping her tea; but she, too, was in a state of tension. Hero saw how pale she was, and then a moment later flushed. He caught her stealing a glance at Sir Richard with his stepsister. *Oh, heavens*, he said to himself, *I wonder how long she has been in love with "Uncle Dick" and whether "Uncle Dick" knows it?*

He suddenly remembered something Meg had told him that night at The Antelope. What was it she had said? Isobel was supposed to have been in love with Sir Richard at one time, but he went off to the war and married some French girl, and of course that put an end to that.

Hero looked with new eyes upon these three. Could it be possible? A half a generation, as it were—two women of the Paradine clan, aunt and niece, each at one time in love with the same man, that man there by the window, still handsome and virile, in love with another? Was this why the terror, the danger and the still untrapped ghosts swirled about the head of Susan Marshall? Was this splendid creature the key to the riddle?

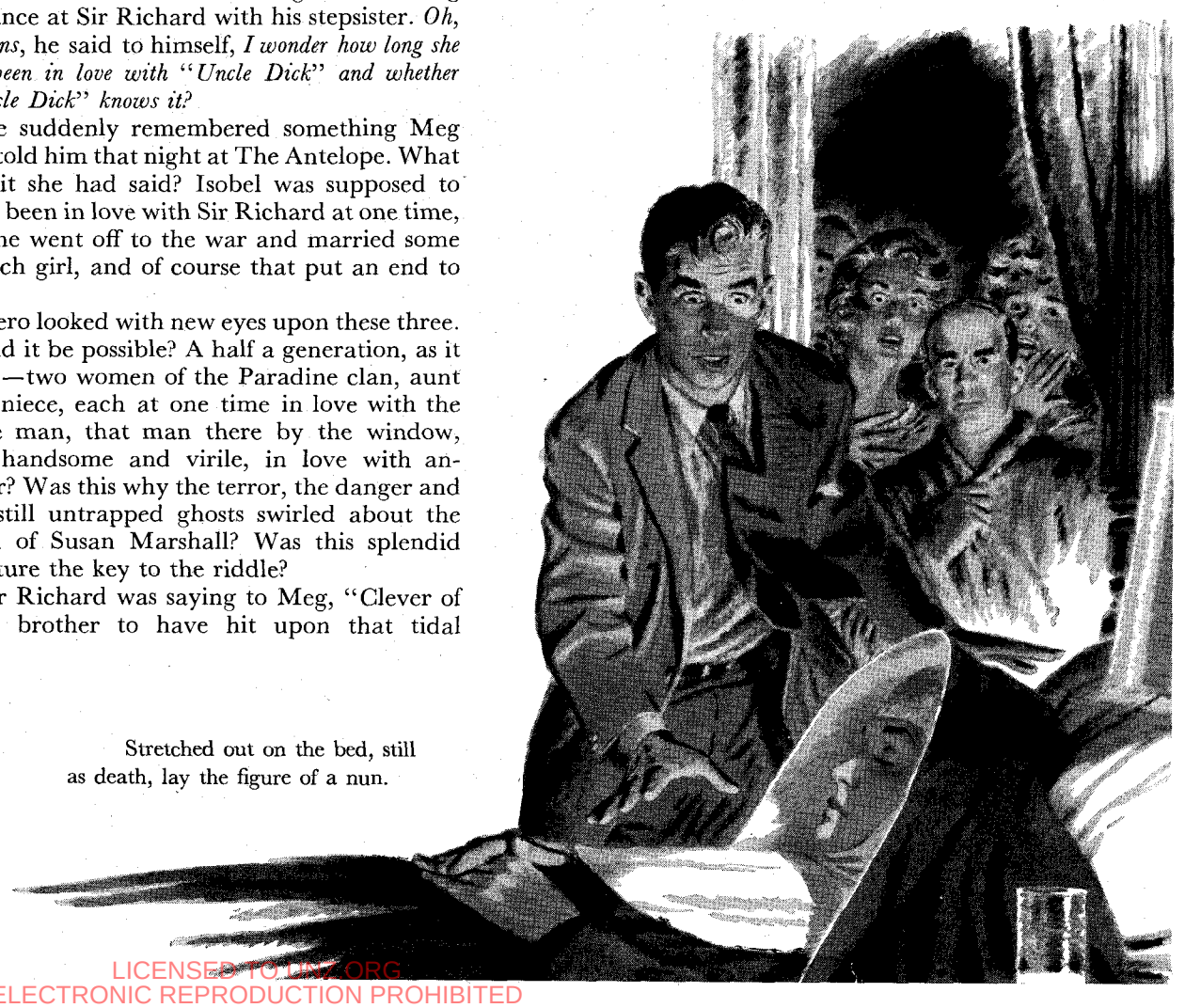
Sir Richard was saying to Meg, "Clever of your brother to have hit upon that tidal explanation." He then turned to Hero and said, "I suppose that is the answer to most ghost stuff, what?"

Hero replied, "A good deal of it, Sir Richard. Half the disturbances in houses are hydraulic in source—underground watercourses. A fault in the substrata of rock will turn the trick as well. A too-heavy lorry passing four or five miles away can crack a mirror or knock a picture from the wall."

Lord Paradine, who had been brooding over his teacup, looked up and said, "Naturally. Always an explanation. Never believed in this ghost stuff myself."

"Not much you don't, unkie," Freddie sneered. "You've had the wind up like everybody else." The unpleasant young man turned to Hero suddenly and said, "I say, Hero, your nosing about here isn't doing me a good turn, you know. If the curse does its biz I'm the next Paradine heir, what?" He looked about him and laughed loudly. "Susan, old girl," he said, "if that happens you'll have to marry me if you want to be Lady Paradine."

For a moment the brick lay where it fell, until Susan (Continued on Page 92)



Stretched out on the bed, still as death, lay the figure of a nun.

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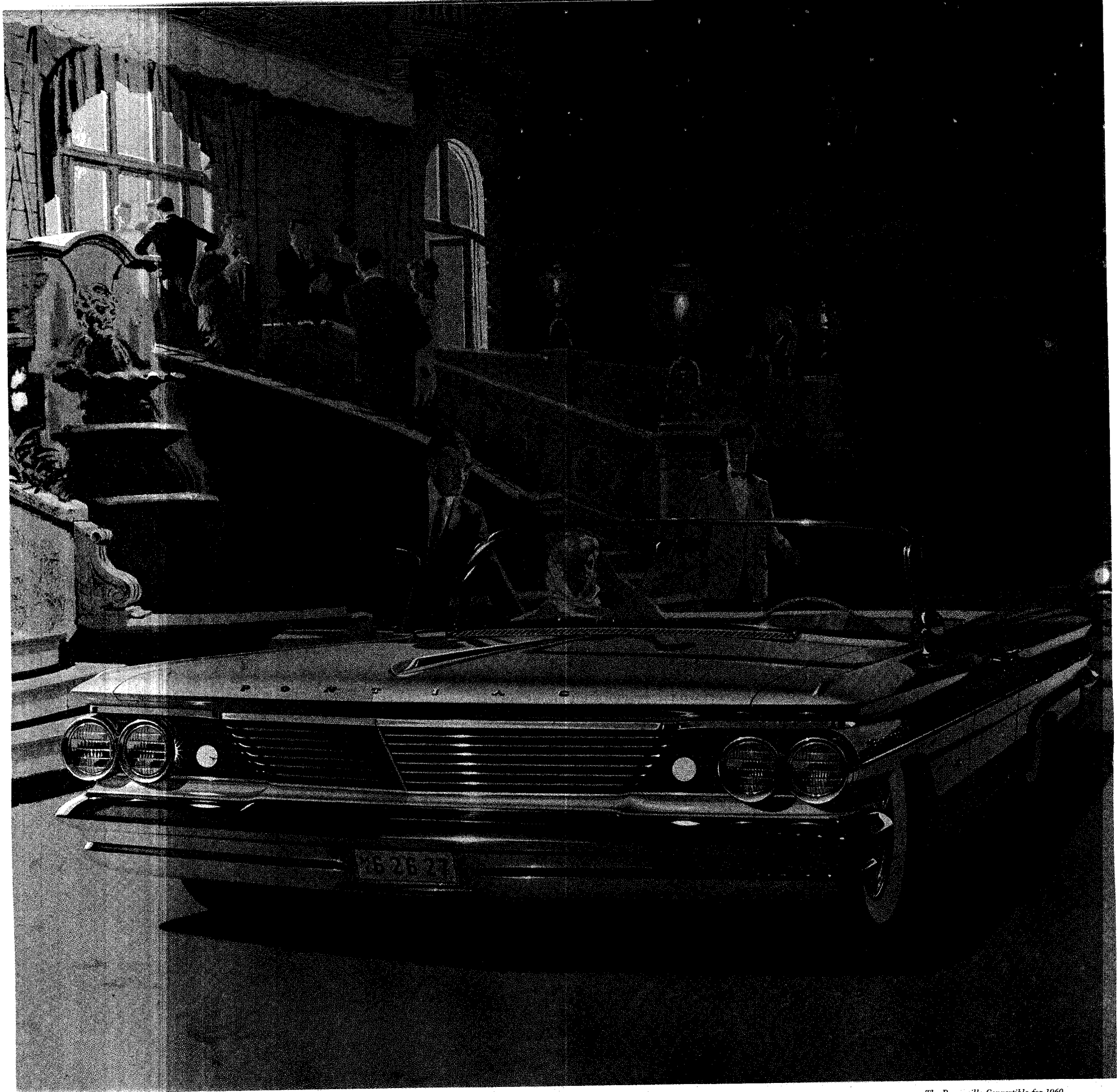

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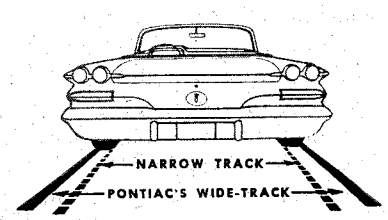

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Violence on the Plains (Continued from Page 37)

though, what I'm almost dead sure about. You were sent here to inform on me. Your friends didn't count on you killing a man. Now they're a little worried."

"Not a little—a lot."

"I'll get you tried or know the reason why. A trial would show a lot."

"You might get educated, Mrs. Rankin." His quick grin startled her.

"Just in case, Red—in case my thinking is wrong—were you paid to shoot Howard?"

"No, but I could say that if I got sore enough. And they know that. I'm not in such a bad position."

His shrewdness startled her. "I should say you're not."

And again she was caught off guard by the smile that seemed not to belong to his bitter face. She nodded and went out and down the hill. He had given her some kind of elation she could not name; but as she turned to see McQueen go back to the bunkhouse to take up his vigil, she stopped and wondered thoughtfully at the loneliness of her position of command, once more fighting off the waves of doubt and depression.

She reached the house door again. She could hear Etta singing, and the rattle of pans came from the kitchen. The talkers at the corral were still at it. The wind blew mournfully with a high whine somewhere near the roof, but the sky stayed bright and serene. The feeling that events and the thoughts of people were shaping against her rose again. She had never felt so alone.

Once inside she put away her sewing basket, thinking of Lester's shirt, and his eyes when they looked at Mary, and his admiration for Tom Turner. A Harvard law student admiring Tom and calling Tom a great man. Tom, who had read law in Judge Brady's office at Abilene.

She went upstairs quickly. She passed Mary's open door and saw her child at the writing desk, apparently busy with a letter. Mary turned.

"When you go back to the Blaines, I'll see if I can contrive something to send with you. Etta's getting up some baked stuff to go ——"

Mary nodded. "I hope they'll accept it."

Amelia's eyes went to the window and yard. "Why, Willy Patchem's still here!"

"Oh, yes," said Mary lightly.

Willy was talking to Lester, and Amelia found herself looking at the back of his neck and his wedgelike shoulders. In the tight leather trousers he wore, his behind looked as if it would fit in a teacup. "Willy's a good-looking boy," she murmured.

"No man has the right to as good-looking a nose as he has," said Mary.

"You're not quite old enough to recollect Grace Patchem's nose."

Amelia stared at Mary thoughtfully, and then went to the yard and called for Jess Albright. "Can you come out back with me, Jess?" Jess followed her like an old sheep dog.

"Bother," said Amelia with deep bitterness as they stood behind one of the winter feed sheds.

"You planned to send some flowers over to Mrs. Blaine?"

"Yes, but it's no use. Even the fall annuals I'd counted on a little." For the first time in two days she felt ready to cry. "Do you suppose we could cull enough to make a little coffin bouquet?"

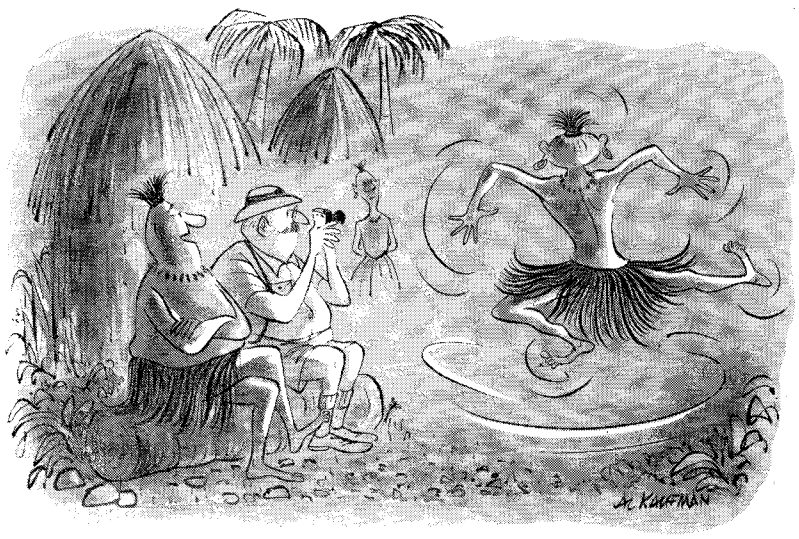
"Leave it to me," said Jess, squinting his eye down the lines of forlorn half-bloom. Amelia had even tried sweet peas, and the dry strings merely fluttered in the wind. There were a few dwarfed zinnias and some sad-looking blue-spiked stalks that she had forgotten the name of.

"Well," said Amelia at last, "I'll tell Etta, and you two see what you can gather between you. If it comes to anything I'll see it gets over. I'm trying to find a way to give Elizabeth some comfort. Tom says she's in no need of cash."

Amelia turned and started back for the house. The flowers were the last straw. The whole ranch scene suddenly was hateful to her, and she wondered if she was a fool to try and keep trying where other women had failed. All she could really control were her clothes; she kept as feminine and frilly as she dared.

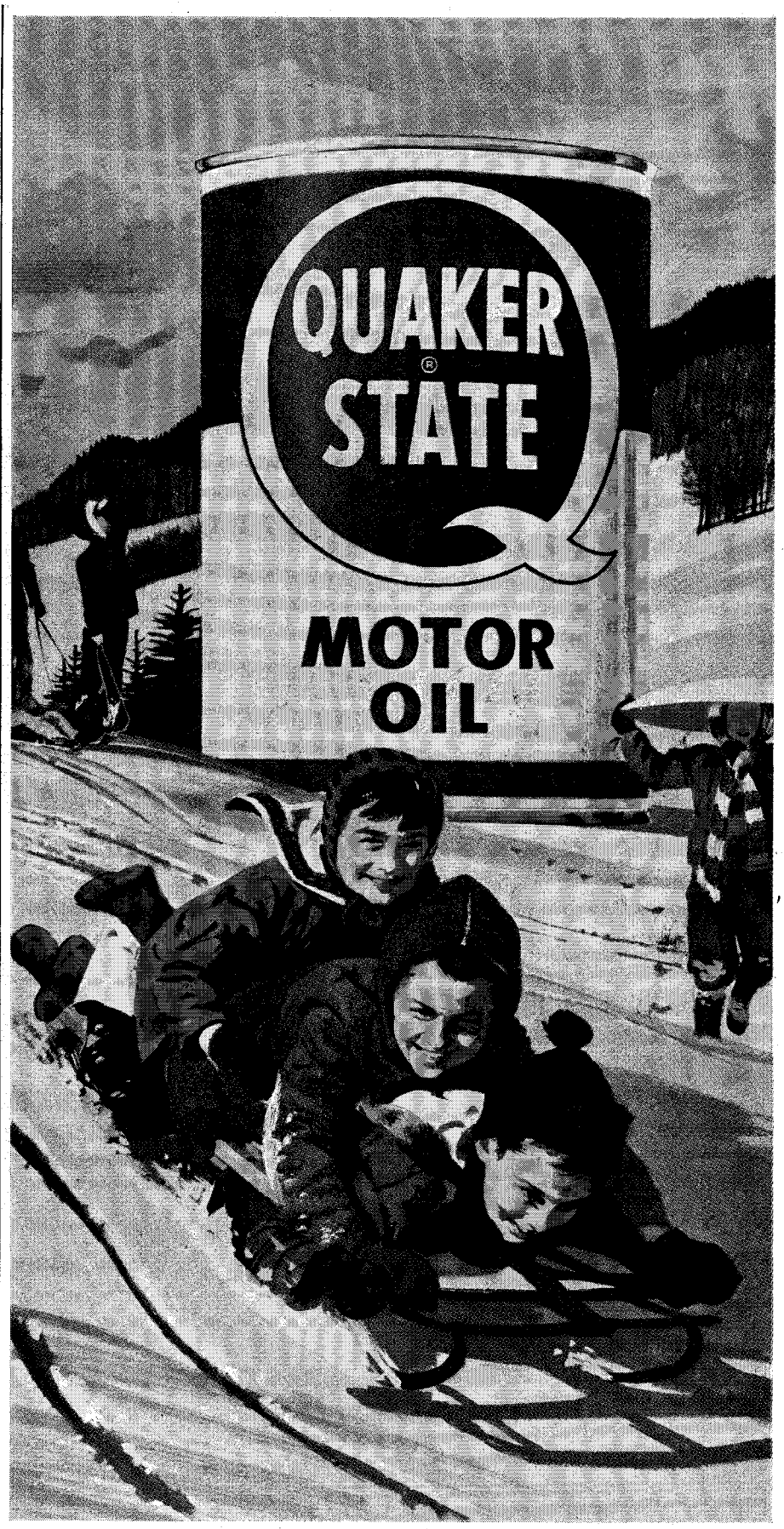
She climbed the stairs to her bedroom and stretched out on the bed. As always the quiet and privacy of the room acted on her slowly—like bourbon on a cowhand, she thought. Her spirits began to come to life. She had looked up at the house as she had come in and remembered Henry and her plans to remodel even before they saw the finished product, for they had been sure the house had the same pretentiousness of pattern they had seen elsewhere and had lamented over. Then when they had gone to California and seen the ranch houses there—Spanish, low, rambling and lovely—and had known the length and breadth of their mistake, they had called themselves greenies.

Trees. She would have more trees someday. The determined mood of that moment sent her to the garden to work for three mornings straight, between her attempts to get her bookkeeping up to date. The mood and the idea of a finished home, more trees and flowers, became



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It has no tribal significance. He just sat on an anthill."



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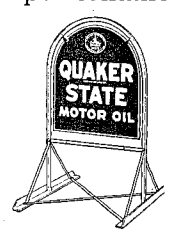

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involved with Tom and the growing conviction he was the one man she could wholly trust without fear or favor.

So when Snow brought the letter that he said he was sure had been deliberately addressed to him, she could laugh with him at Hurd Patchem's slap at her.

"It's an invite," said Snow gravely. Amelia read it.

Dear Friend: Looking to the annual meeting which comes up soon and which is an all-day meeting, there is to be a caucus of a few persons in my office next Thursday as president of the North Texas Cattlemen's Protective Assn. It is important that you come if you can manage.

Yours truly,
HURD PATCHEM, President,
North Texas Cattlemen's Protective Assn.

Snow laughed with her when they got to the end. "I calculate he decided that you'd been staying away from the meetings, so he'd send an invite to the man of the ranch."

"That's right, Bill. It's a rebuke to me and I deserve it. You want to go?"

"Oh, gosh, Mrs. Rankin, I got work till you can't rest out here, and them meetings don't make much sense to me. Why not have Tom Turner go for you? He's done it before and he's right in town—right near Hurd's office. Let Tom ease his worry."

"You mean Hurd's worry?"

"Why, sure. He's worried and scared. He put Johnson here, and if we keep him here long enough Red'll talk. I don't blame you for keeping him here. He's better off here than in jail and he knows it. He's working. He asked for work. We treat him good. Give him a wide loop to work in, but never alone."

"Then he'll have to be paid. I'll put him back on the list."

"Sure. He ought to be paid. Good worker. I'm getting to like him."

She had a feeling of happiness in hearing all this. She held out the invite. "Have this taken in by somebody to Tom, then, will you, Bill?"

"That's the ticket. I'm glad—canned peaches for me."

Amelia sent the note to town and in two days got back word by rider that Turner would be at the meeting to represent her.

On the day of the caucus Turner, from his law office, kept watch of the stairway across the street that led to Hurd Patchem's headquarters. This was a large upstairs room that had once been occupied by a lodge whose membership had been scattered by the war and never gathered together again. Hurd had never got around to having a corner of the place partitioned off and made cozier.

Turner watched for arriving members. He planned a rough strategy of how he would maneuver in the meeting, but doubted if he could make it work.

Tom decided that something was wrong with his watch or the time schedule. He crossed over to the Link Bank, where he cashed a check, and then climbed the stairs that clung to the side of the building. He was almost certain of finding Hurd in.

Hurd looked up from the far end of the echoing room as Turner came in. "Hello, Tom." He put a cattleman's almanac and some letters in a desk drawer as Turner drew up a wire-braced chair.

"Boys late?"

"They still got a half hour or so. They all got in last night, and I guess drunk up the town. Meeting called for half past two."

"I thought it was half past one. I'm getting old and my memory's going."

Turner's attempt to be humorous cost him fifteen minutes of listening to Hurd as he traced the course of a cold he was getting over, his chronic indigestion and his failing kidneys. Hurd finished the recital by holding up an invoice and waving it. He complained of the price of winter horse feed and shipping charges.

"Why don't you grow feed, Hurd?"

"Haven't got the time. And don't tell me Amelia Rankin's doing it."

"I won't, but she is." Determined to be pleasant, he tried to turn the conversation. "This caucus idea. New, isn't it?"

"Oh, we have them all the time, we have them all the time."

Tom recognized the lie. He watched the mind of Hurd Patchem move over into what Hurd thought was his worst problem and his favorite hate.

Hurd gripped the desk top, and both of his hands grew white as he stared from the window. Then he took a drink from a flask and offered some to Tom as an afterthought. The words came slowly at first, as if ripped from tough cloth. "Just as Purse Bannerman said the other day: had two years of dry—in a way, really three—market hopping up and down . . . fight fever tick here . . . dammit it busts out there . . . problems ——"

"They're beginning to ship from east to west."

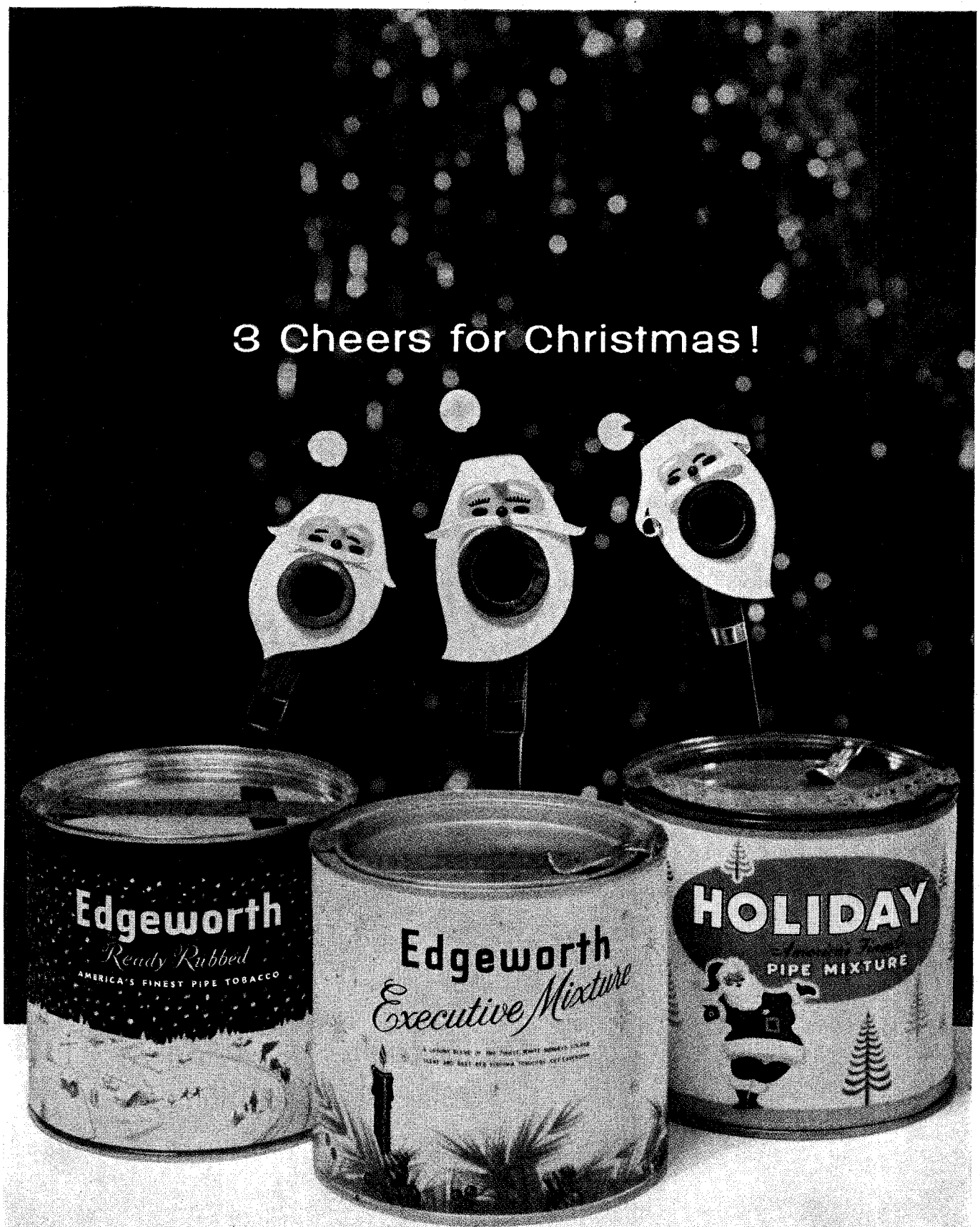
Hurd's red eyes slowly turned to Turner. "Think that's news to me? Now they raise them in Ohio and Illinois and ship them out to Wyoming. Just as if we hadn't been stocking the Wyoming ranges for five years—she still keeping Johnson?"

Turner looked up. "You mean ——"

"I mean is Amelia Rankin proposing to keep that man Red Johnson?"

"Yes she is, Hurd."

"The day of reckoning'll come. You're quite a lawyer for the off-law side.



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Farmers on her land—going to have more. Don't deny it. I know others she talked to and wrote to."

Patchem's fist came down. "By damn, Turner, this is cattle country and it's going to stay that way. We'll blast these nesters out—blast them out. They did it in Wyoming, Nevada, now they're starting to do it in California."

"When you speak of blasting them out, you mean the free agents—not those on Amelia's land."

"Them too."

"You'll meet gunfire if you do."

Hurd licked his lips and said quietly, "We got guns too."

"I hope you know what you're saying, Hurd. That's a peaceable ranch, always has been. Henry kept it that way, and now Amelia practically throws a fit when she sees a live cartridge lying around."

"Oh, she's a saint, absolute saint." Hurd bore down on the sarcasm. He turned moody, made several false starts at words and walked to the window. "Forgive her everything, almost, but the way she's cutting under on land and cattle. Let her have her hayseeds and her fences—but ——"

Turner began very slowly. "How do you know, Hurd, that she's not as land-and-cattle poor as the rest of you? She may need cash, and there's one way in these tight, close-money times to get it."

Hurd, as he turned suddenly from the window, showed a new interest. "Hell of a lot of 'if' in that talk of yours. You're her lawyer."

"Which doesn't make me privy to everything she does."

Hurd sat down. "So Melly's getting hard up."

"Now, wait, I didn't say that."

Hurd bellowed, "Well, say what you mean, then—chew it off—I don't like——" He stopped short as feet sounded on the stairs, and raised his hand warningly.

"Talk to you about it after the meeting." He reached for a pill bottle and washed a pill down with a drink from the flask. Tom, watching him, thought that the idea of his competitor being hard up had put Hurd in a good mood for the meeting, so he eased down in his chair.

He nodded and smiled at the two Bannerman brothers, John Meckling, Hurd's nephew, Tom Sloane, and Bill Bates from the Eiler section. He made a quick mental tally which showed him that about twelve per cent of the association's membership was present. He kept his eye mostly on the Bannermans. They were so different in personality that after running a big spread for eleven years they had finally broken apart, as people said, in fifty ways to once, over land, cattle, water and range rights. Yet on many questions Tom knew he could expect them to stand together. Purse was the older and kinder of the two. Joyce as usual lounged in the middle of the group, crossbelted with lead-nosed bullets bristling. For this Turner had a smiling contempt, though he was familiar with the kind of mind that worked behind Joyce Bannerman's eyes, green-gray with the flat, smoky look of a rattlesnake's. There seemed to be nothing but skin and bone on Joyce Bannerman's face.

"All right," said Hurd, "meeting's open. Turner's here as usual to front for Amelia Rankin."

Turner got friendly nods from all but the Bannermans.

Hurd cleared his throat: "After we get through with the routine business, we might as well have Tom tell us what's the latest news from Mrs. Rankin. Our meeting two months ago turned into a Rankin meeting and we talked about nothing else. Not going to happen this time if I can help." He grew humorous. "Now here's the programmy."

Dues and assessments were scanned, and it was asked if Amelia was paid up. She was. The declining price of range beef was thrown into the breach, and ultimately questions were posed regarding the price the Rankin ranch was getting. Winter feed availability and prices went the same way. Turner could see Hurd's anger boiling.

"All right, dammit." The Patchem hand came down on the desk like a sledge. "If we want to throw the meeting to Amelia, let's do it now. Maybe Tom will give it to us straight."

Turner slowly got up. "Just what facts do you boys want to know? You've got to remember Amelia Rankin is crazy about the land, and that seems to be a different point of view from the most of you. With her the land is gradually becoming more important than cattle. She comes to these meetings and implies that the land is going to hell from overgrazing, and you boys don't like that because you know it's true. She talks of water improvements that she can afford, but many of you can't, and that makes trouble. She defends her policy of fencing, which is to protect her overgrazed land, and you

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Of course you smell pizza pie—
it's right there in front of you!"

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don't like fences. But if you understand how Amelia feels about the land—as *the* land as well as *her* land, you'll ——" He paused and Purse Bannerman broke in.

"When you say *the* land, you mean the land of Texas."

"Right. So as I say, if you understand that, you'll understand most of my client."

Hurd grew soft-voiced, meeting caution with caution. "Tom, you know well this primarily is a protective association. It was formed to promote the interests of each and every member. If we don't stick together, we go down. Is Amelia with us or against us?"

"With you."

"Then why does she give these meetings the go-by?" Purse Bannerman asked.

Turner told himself he was now in court. So he said very slowly: "It might be that about three or four months ago she became"—he sought for the word and was going to say "disgusted," but changed it—"she became upset by what happened to an old man by the name of Harnish over by her Brazos Fork section. He had asked her for some land, but she refused, for reasons best known to herself. Then he took up a piece not far from her east line, getting it from the Lord only knows. She blamed herself, because after he got his land and started scratching it, he got something else."

As Turner talked he watched the faces and saw the bitter-bone face of Joyce Bannerman turn red, then white and then gray like death.

"That's one big reason," he finished and sat down.

The silence was painful. In the changed attitude of Meckling, Bates, and even Purse Bannerman, Tom was certain his remarks had paid off. He knew nothing would happen now, but in time the antidote might take effect. The members quickly returned to the routine business of planning the annual meeting. Tom found himself nodding with half an ear open for significant words and phrases which never materialized, but he was actually on the verge of sleep when a voice called from the street below. It was Ed Street of Bradford's general store, hailing him from across the way. He was handling a legal matter for Ed in Austin. Tom carefully apologized for the interruption and apologized again for leaving the meeting.

Across the street in the store Ed greeted him with a joyfully waved envelope. He had heard from Austin, and the news was promising, he thought, to which Turner agreed as he read the letter.

Turner listened patiently, preferring Ed to the meeting. Ed went to wait on a customer, and Turner laid money on the counter and took his favorite.

He strolled to the window. There was no sign of the meeting breaking up, so he walked to his office and shuffled papers—with his eye on the street and his ear acute for noises from Hurd's open window. At last he was able to hear the scraping of chairs. He crossed the street swiftly and passed the membership coming down the stairs as he went up.

Hurd was still at his desk. "Sorry I had to leave. Anything I ought to know to tell Amelia?"

"Yeah, you can tell her this. Sense of the meeting was that if she likes farms and farmers so well, let her go back to Pennsylvania where she came from."

"I'm sure she'll like that," said Tom. "When we were interrupted you were talking about her selling land and cattle, both at undercut prices. Her steers I might know something about, but her land for the time being is out of my department. I'd like to hear ——"

They had been trading sarcasm, and Tom saw Hurd was weighing the sincerity of what he'd said. Hurd suddenly exploded into action, jerked out his keys and pulled a map from a desk drawer and slapped it down. As he spoke his thumb jabbed the surface.

"Why look here. Last winter she had a Government man riding around with her. Tells her what to buy. That's what she says. I traded her, understand? Here's the piece I traded year before last. Damn fool to do it, but I got the money-best of the trade. Didn't see her drift then. Here's another piece belonged to Sam Clyde up by Cherokee water. She got this and paid him cash, then turns around later, throws it away for a song. She's fencing a lot of this stuff in. . . . Look here. Here's a piece she practically gave away last summer. She's not fencing open range. Couldn't do that. But she's building up a fence strip to protect the farmers, she pretends. Soon have the open range cut in half, and our cattle will be skin and bone where we have to sheer off to meet the Chisholm—or get within a hundred and seventy-five miles of the railroad. Protecting farmers—that's a lie. Like standing trial for Johnson, like she bragged. Hypocrite. Amelia Rankin standing trial for anybody is a laugh. Why, hell, Pie Rankin used to own every judge in the county, and there isn't a jury between here and Wichita would convict her of anything. Why ——"

"Hold on, Hurd," said Tom suddenly. "You're talking like a madman. Slow down. Amelia's running a business. When she gets rid of cattle, it's often a case of not being able to run them herself, the way she's overgrazed in places. Furthermore, she knows land, has made some study of it and she's trying to balance up what she's got. She wants to interfere

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with no man. As for trying to pull down cattle prices, that's ridiculous. I happen to know she sold off a lot of steers last July or maybe August."

Hurd slitted eyes. "For how much—how much?"

"One forty-two."

"That was eighteen cents under."

"It was market price."

"Not by Chicago quotation."

"I've got the figure on my desk."

"I've got it in *my* desk. Right here. I had a man special in Kansas City watching the price."

"Yes?"

"I send someone up about twice a year—got a man up there now."

Tom braced himself. "What's his name? Omstead?"

So great was the change in Hurd that Tom involuntarily put his hand out, fearing he was about to fall behind the desk.

Hurd yelled so he could be heard across the street. "Keep your hands off me."

Turner waited. Hurd at last sat down. "I get too excited about these things." His face was gray-green, like Bannerman's eyes.

Tom slowly walked to the door at the stairhead. His voice was very low. "All right, Hurd. Just to let you know we know some of what's going on. Omstead quit the Rankin payroll the day after Blaine was shot. He's the only man we know of who saw the shooting. Once before the association got a witness out of the way by hiring him and maintaining him in Kansas City. But that was a small matter. It's an old trick. I know all about it, as I was on the case. I'll say nothing about it for the present, Hurd, but you can rest assured I'll keep it in mind."

Turner paused. "Send Omstead wherever you please, Hurd. Anywhere. But you better keep him alive, or you'll be facing more than one murder charge. And with me on the other end you won't crawl out as accessory after the fact."

Finally they had a norther. It came down from the northwest's great seat of storms and gripped the high plains for three days running.

Amelia used every window in the place to con the weather and the veering wind and prayed for an early blowout. In her concern for shed men and distant crews she plowed through drifts several times a day to the bunkhouse and Snow's grimy little desk for the latest word. Between paper shufflings at her own desk she climbed to the upper floors. From there she could see some of the near stock moving in bewilderment, first in sleet, then cold rain, then sleet again and at last the rare, light snow—the heaviest snow the old-timers, who carefully kept track, had seen in more than ten years.

She had gone upstairs for a minute after early breakfast on the third day of the blow when Jess Albright, bundled to

... ...

Cry of the Heart

Each day I feed my heart
on memory,
In hope that it will prove
substantial stuff;
But oftentimes my heart
cries out, "I starve!
The food of memory is not
enough."

Adelaide Love

... ...

the ears, came in for his second cup of coffee. He brought word that Wooster was ill in his bunk and asked Etta if she could manage to take over the bunkhouse range for a day or so. Etta, knowing the nature of Wooster's sickness, said she was sure she could. She was glad to have a change of scene and a chance to talk to the hands. She was about to pour Jess his coffee when she saw Snow leaning against the wind as he crossed the yard.

Snow brought in a lash of wind that lifted the curtains at the far wall and dropped a brush of snow on the Axminster. Etta went upstairs to get Amelia's permission to cook. Snow and Albright looked at each other for some moments without talking.

"Same total?" Jess asked.

"I think she's going down instead of up." Snow unknotted the heavy silk handkerchief around his throat. A smaller bandanna was around his neck in tighter folds. Jess sniffed the air.

"Lard 'n' camphor."

"Like hell. She's horse liniment diluted. If you can stand her she'll burn out a sore throat like a horse doctor blisters a horse with heat."

"About the total—you asked me. We stand to lose about six hundred head unless I can get McChesney to go down there and trail up more of the missing. But the point is, this started before the blow."

"You mean the four hundred we thought we lost a while back?"

"That's what I mean. We never had trouble with strays before under just these conditions or in these places. Somebody spooked and caught them again. Reason they kept it a secret from us up to now, we hardly ever run the home herd over that far."

"You said somebody."

"Sure. You know who somebody is."

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Gail decided to stay away from ordinary gifts . . . no more golf balls . . . no more wallets . . . let Tom buy his own ties. This Christmas she would surprise him with a gift he really wanted . . . one that was different . . . one the boys at the office would envy! She'd get Tom a Parker 61 Pen. And, after all, $15 wasn't very much to pay for something that's the finest of its kind. Yes, she would get him a Parker 61. And every time he used it, he'd think of her.

He decided to give Gail something really different this Christmas . . . something she could use . . . something she'd adore. He checked off all the old standbys—earrings, perfume, sweaters (besides, he never could remember sizes) . . . and hit on the Parker 61. This pen was like a fine piece of jewelry . . . had prestige, too. And it was a gift she'd use every day . . . make her think of him every day. Yes, he'd give her a Parker 61.

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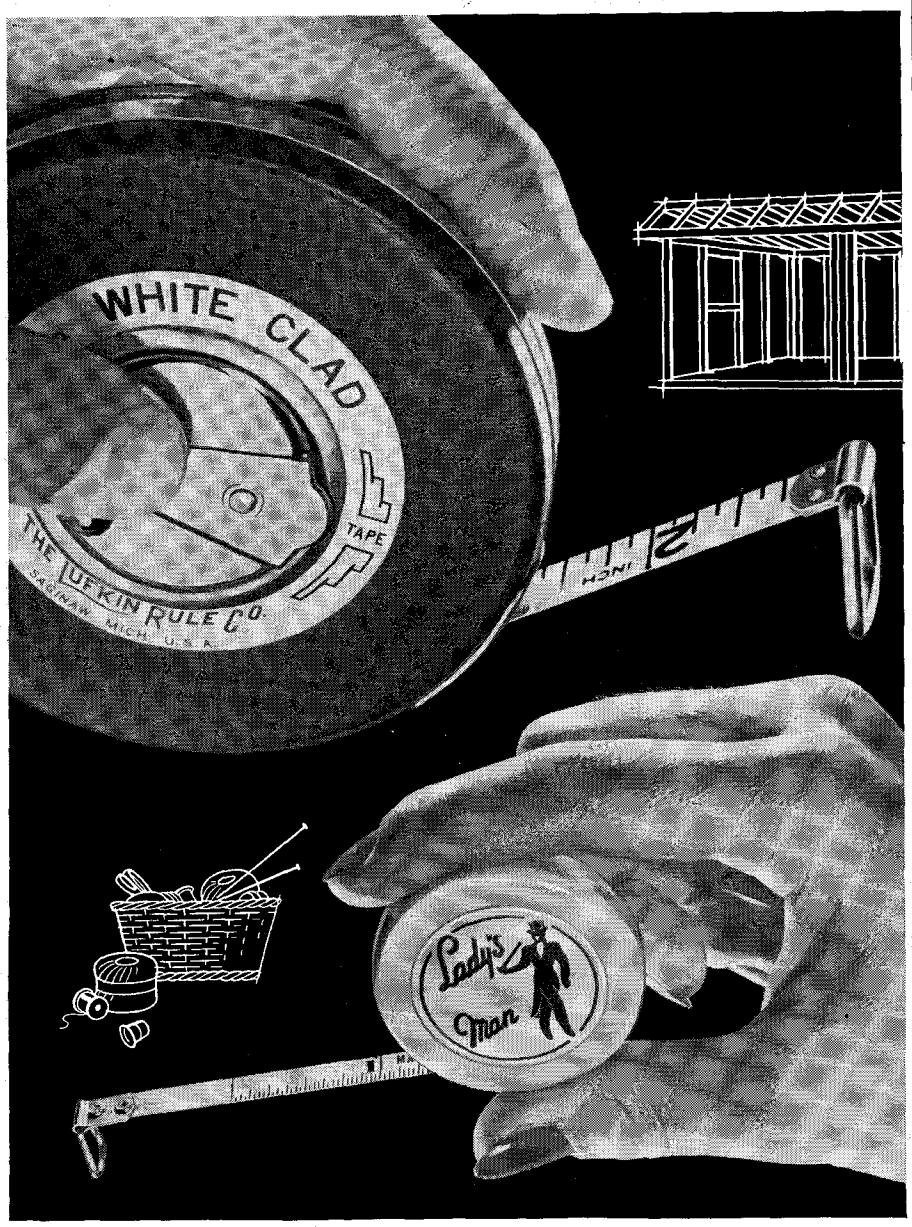

HE SAID: "This big one is just the ticket for a do-it-myselfer like me!"

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"Sure."

"Want you to high-tail down there, Jess, and stay in charge when I join up with you near noon, so I can move on down to where there may be others."

"O.K."

"Will you start now? I dislike to ask you, but McQueen's tied up, as you know, and Frank Blum's up on the north flat and Collins' still down with his sick mother. Conklin's got to go to Bradford. I wish I could get rid of that man Johnson. He's worrisome to have around."

Jess waved.

"See you, Jess."

The door opened and the wind raised its voice as Jess went out.

Etta put doughnuts beside Snow, and he took half a doughnut in his mouth.

"You goin' after the cows today?"

"Sure am, Etta. I'll have to tell Mrs. Rankin ——"

"Don't need to; she's already heard"—she laughed—"fireplace."

Snow laughed and said he had to be reminded of that now and then. "Just the same, you better go up and get her."

Amelia sat opposite Snow at the long table and said he looked beat up.

"I'm not, Mrs. Rankin, just got a touch of the quinsy. Otherwise feel fine."

"I've been going over the calf tally again. We'll have to get together on it."

"Mrs. Rankin, speaking it plain, we've never had so many dogies at this time of the year or any time. You know what's the story on most of the mothers. I plain try to turn my back on that. I hate to see this weather come at this time. It's more or less a record for snow, and when it comes, the cowmen out and around get to lambasting the fences because they interfere with the free movement of herds. They're sure to blame their losses on us. Joyce claims he's lost a lot."

"Joyce Bannerman?"

"Yes."

Amelia caught herself biting her lips, a habit she was trying to get rid of. "Bill, you've trailed down the missing bunches?"

"Some of them."

"You're going down there."

"In about two hours. It's unfamiliar country to you, Mrs. Rankin—hardly ever get over that way myself. That's why they put them there."

"I'll go with you."

He hesitated. "All right, Mrs. Rankin. Just remember, you can't use the wagon. Can't chance it—it's rough going—you'll have to ride."

"I want to see it with my own eyes."

"Might be a good idea." He got to his feet, wrapped up his double throat protection, pulled on his sheepskin and walked to the door. He looked back. "You come and I'll take care of you."

They started before noon, with Albright gone ahead with a half-hour start. As they moved south the sky darkened, and wind blew and the snow fell off momentarily with a cap of sleet. Snow had little to say on the first stages. He and McChesney kept up a dogged pace against the whipping wind, and Amelia knew suddenly that she had been indoors too long—like a sickly house plant.

They stopped on a hill she had told Snow she wanted to visit on the way. The farms were spread to the east.

"You can see two or three from here. I often come down here in good weather, but not this side, always on the far. There's the Jorgensons'." She waved to the west where the farmstead, except for the endless long flat around it, seemed like an eastern farm.

Snow moved his arm in a slow circle. "There's the Whitfield place over here, the Catlin land runs down almost to where they lie—it's that little tongue of land that Mr. Rankin and the Catlins used to argue over. Coming down part of this side of it is the Neilsons. You can see just the tip of the chimney."

"Look well, don't they?"

"Do, if you like farms." She saw his eyes harden and heard him mumble as Jess did when Jess struggled with repressed anger. She followed his eyes.

"Jorgenson fence down again."

"A lot of it."

"So that's where they got the fence. Coulda been in the middle of the night, but you'd think it would have waked up Jorgenson or somebody."

"They've got a sick child. I've been trying to persuade Mrs. Jorgenson to bring the baby to our place and stay till the weather breaks. But she's shy."

"Maybe scared."

The next words startled her, but they came so fast she was able to appear calm. "Things worse than you think around and about now. People being threatened—all sorts of people ——"

"When the weather breaks," she said, "have Jess and the team get over there."

"I sure will."

It was three miles farther before they saw the campfire, very yellow against the snow. Albright, who had been hugging

"I'm glad you asked that question."

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the fire, got up and helped them off. He said Conklin had been there, but had ridden off to Bradford before the storm got so bad. Another hand, mounted, was moving among the herd. The fence was half down, so that he was easily visible, and so was the drift that had piled against the scant wire barrier and against the posts and the earth mounds left over from where they had been sunk in a hurry.

It was something like a coulee. It was a long, narrow groove in the land like a box canyon. The slanting sides and the far end were too steep for cattle to climb.

The herd as they now saw it from above thinned a little, and they came to a cleared place at the head of the short draw, where another hand was hugging a fire. Against the wall of mud, rubble and snow was a pile of frozen carcasses.

"Every one hamstrung, so we shot them. Small business. No high-class cattle people'd do it. It's the riffraff."

"How many?"

"I think the count was forty-six."

"No poisoning?"

"Don't think so," said Snow. "But they drew a lot of trash into the tank down near the branch water. Just about filled it up. I was afraid they might have put something else in the place, so we threw a dirt fence around day before yesterday which'll keep some of them out. Won't need to poison if they keep critters like these off feed and water long enough. I'm clear concerned about that bunch down toward the creek fork the other side of the Blaines. About twenty-six mile down. I'm goin' down there from here. Johnny Blaine told me I better go down there and take a look. He was up yesterday with a plow on his wagon to see if our forge could fix a point and a bolt. Had more to say than usual."

"Johnny Blaine!" She was astonished.

"That's right." The silence between them drew out. She could see by Snow's expression that an idea of more than ordinary importance had struck him. "Mary still down with them people?"

"Yes." She looked at Snow carefully. "She was away two or three times since the funeral to stay with that girl she went to school with over at Elk Basin—Alice somebody. But she went back. I'm afraid I'm letting her stay down there to ease my conscience."

Snow was looking at the cattle. "What mixes me up, Mrs. Rankin, is how that girl figures."

"You think the Blaines could turn her against me?"

"No—Mary's a sensible girl."

"Lester might help me—except that if there were trouble he'd be no match for Johnny."

"Don't let Lester fool you." Snow smiled. "I mean don't let his specs fool you. He's just quieter than Willy." He hesitated.

"Go ahead, Bill."

"Course the Blaines are talkin' about you. You see, the lines is all mixed up. Not as usual—cattlemen against farmers. Since the shooting, Johnny's gettin' to be a power among the farmers. Then along comes Hurd—'spite he's a cowman he cuddles up to the Blaines, Johnny in particular. Johnny told me Hurd was over there last week askin' him all sorts of questions about Red Johnson—where we was keepin' him and so on. Hurd'll use farmers against us—or cattle people when it serves his purpose. Bitter man—he's keepin' 'em all stirred up. I think you lose sight of the fact you got a big operation here. That's enough to make 'em jealous. Then, you're a woman. Puts 'em in a tight hitch. They can't scare you with a gun or even walk up and punch your face."

They both laughed. She had been looking at Jess Albright down the slope by the far fire. McChesney had Jess's sheepskin propped up on sticks at the blaze, and Jess was wrapped in a horse blanket, hugging the fire. At that distance Jess looked like a squaw or a plains woman. Hatless, he haunched down near the flames, his head bowed, his uncut hair tossing in the wind.

She heard Bill say, "Jess tryin' to thaw his coat, I guess. He and the other man, while they waited for us, were diggin' at the pool where Conklin started to melt snow and water the stock. Guess Jess must have slipped and fell in or somethin'."

Her eyes had been on Jess. Some whinny of wind or movement far up the slope to the right turned her eyes that way in time to see the twin yellow flashes like the fire—yellow against the snow. The crack of the rifle or pistol made the icy air ring like a muted bell, and two spurts of snow near Albright were visible to her, almost, it seemed, before the air whined and echoed.

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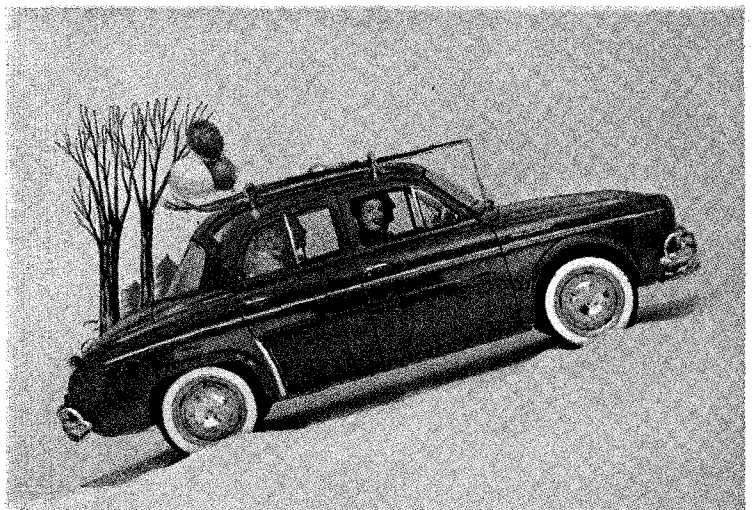

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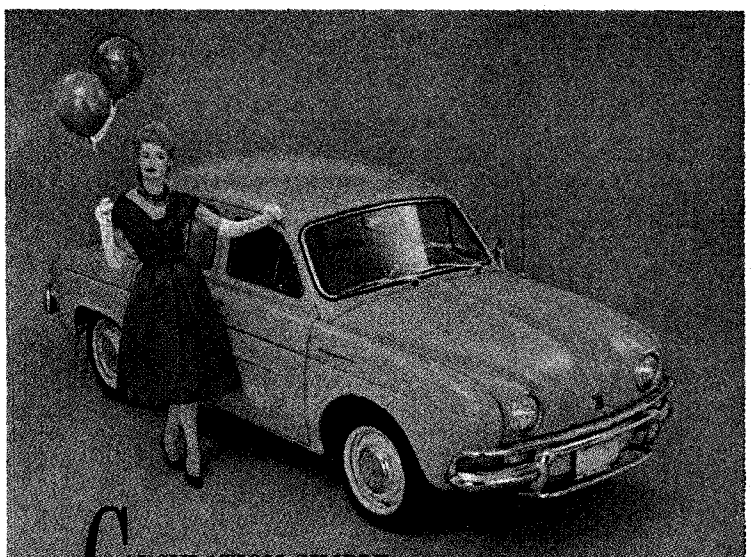

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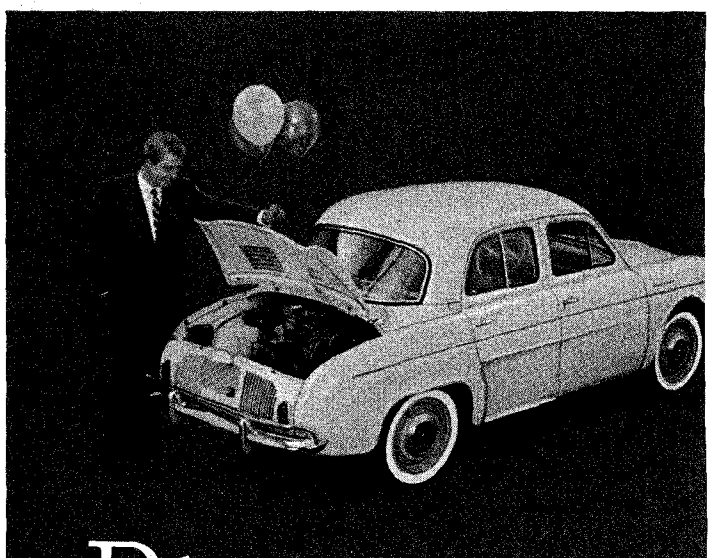

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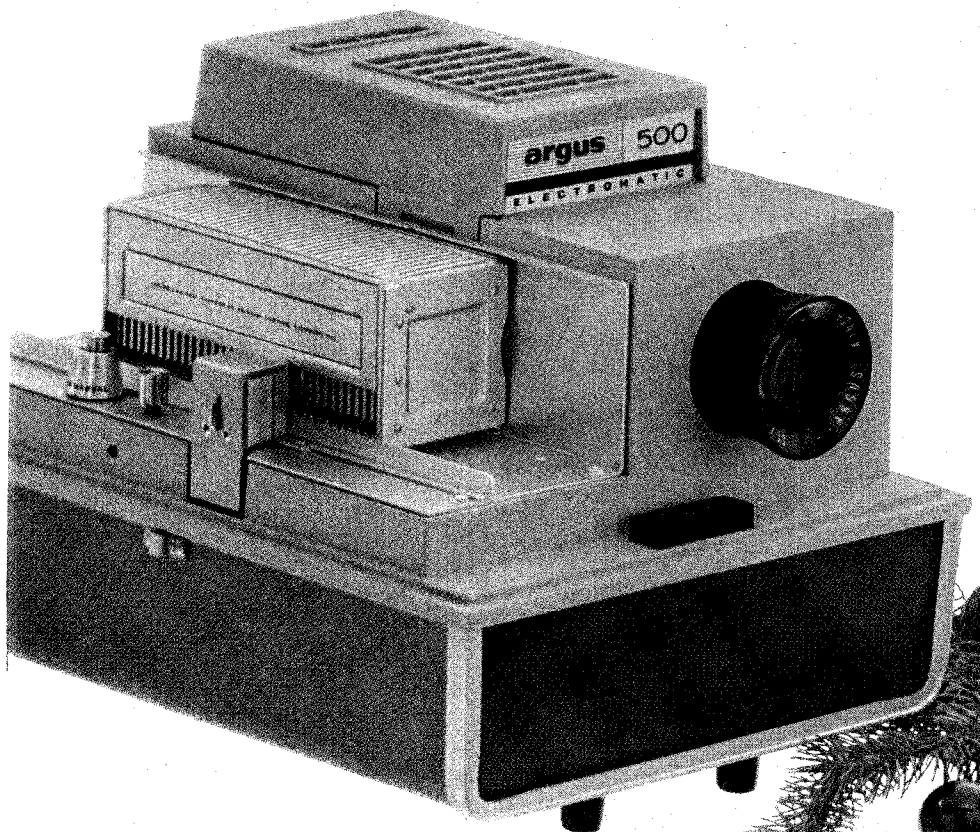

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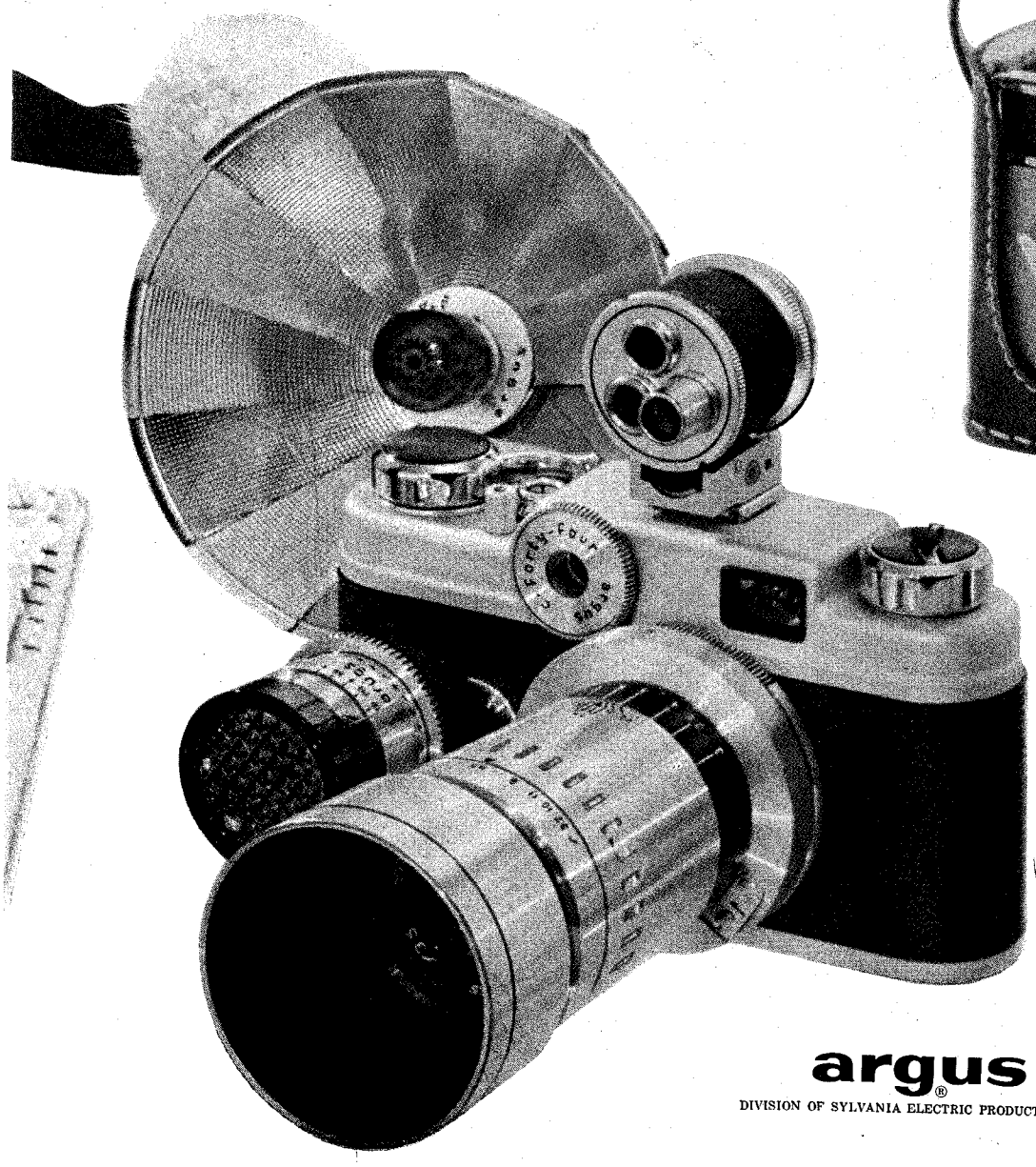

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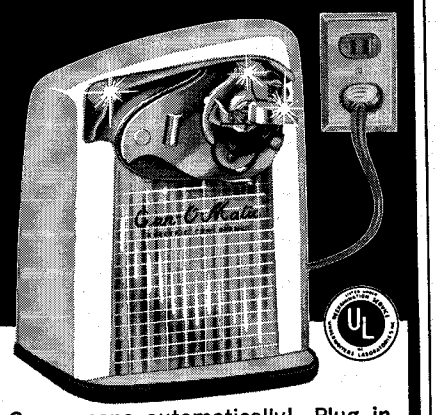

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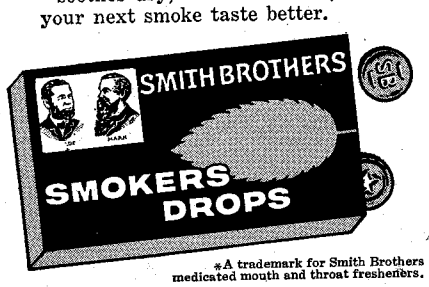

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Escape Artist (Continued from Page 28)

will remember that the judge himself questioned Peters over and over again, but could get nothing out of him. Peters simply said that he could not account for Grobe's death except by inexplicable accident.

So he was sentenced to life imprisonment as he expected. I have said that he despaired of fulfilling his duty to himself. The truth could only damage Silvia and was unbelievable anyway. But he was far from feeling that it was his duty to stay in jail, and he sensibly laid his plans for getting out before they put him in.

He foresaw that mere escape from four walls would not be impossible for a man of patience and enterprise. The real problem was how to stay free, how to earn a living, how to establish a new identity. All that might be just feasible for, say, a bank robber who wanted to live quietly on the cash he had salted away. But a murderer with no means of support and no papers could not simply vanish into the population.

He played the opening move while he was on remand awaiting trial. He had nearly two months at his disposal while the police were dotting the *i*'s of his case. Your files record that he was always at work on private papers. There was a rumor that he was preparing his autobiography, and the Sunday papers were hot after it.

He was doing nothing of the sort. He was writing weekly articles. He was a seedsman by profession, not a journalist, but he had had occasional free-lance successes and he knew what feature editors like.

Thirty of them he wrote under a pen name and gave them to a friend—a friend in such close sympathy with him that Peters hoped he would one day be the needed husband for Silvia. The friend was to try to sell a batch of a dozen and, on the strength of those, obtain a contract for a regular weekly column.

It's obvious to any of us newspapermen that if Halevin Peters' subject had been politics or society or crime, he couldn't have marketed articles which were not topical. But he knew the inner life of the countryside as boy and man, and he supplied variety not by commenting on the affairs and weather of the week, but by changing his characters. He was just as familiar with the accountants and engineers of East Anglian arable as with inefficient dairy farmers in deep Devon or the highly capitalized gamblers producing asparagus and strawberries for the London market. And, of course, he knew the months when the affairs of each were at their most dramatic.

The friend, as you might expect, had a lot of trouble in finding an appreciative editor, but eventually found him. Peters wrote well. He had a powerful incentive. His liberty depended on his originality.

He got out in the eighth month of his sentence. It was the usual sort of escape, and the newspaper accounts were pretty accurate. His companion, an expert criminal, provided the car and the organization. Halevin Peters, who was working in the prison library, arranged and timed to the second the actual getaway through the library skylight.

He found the attitude of criminal society most curious. Anyone who rubbed out a cop or a bank clerk was a blazing fool, but not an outsider. The poisoning of husbands, however, was considered antisocial. Peters was quite certain that his new acquaintances intended to pass on a word to the police as soon as possible.

That, too, could be turned to account. He made himself out a desperate character. He swore that he would not be taken alive. He allowed his formidable gun to be seen—not too closely, for it was cut out of balsa wood and colored from a child's paint box.

That insured a lasting news value for Halevin Peters. The papers were frantic with joy. You ran the correspondence for two good weeks, and I suspect that you yourself composed the letter from a Miss Millicent Mayhew who complained with such delightfully obvious hope that lonely women could not sleep safely in their beds now that murderers were no longer hanged.

Meanwhile Peters had got clear of London and was living in the utmost discomfort. Every soldier knows how surprisingly much a man can endure without dying of pneumonia. But the police don't reckon that he will have the patience to do it when there are no orders but his own. Experience has taught them that the shivering fugitive always appears for food or drink or shelter. It's odd that among the variety of skills to be found in prisons the knack of making a cow stand still should be so rare.

The good old disguise of face hair and thick glasses is still valid, provided that the character has, as it were, a right to them. The author of that weekly column was just the fellow to sport a bushy little dyed beard and some bucolic tufts on the cheekbones. Clothes were troublesome, for the suit supplied by his criminal and disapproving associates had become too dirty ever to be brushed clean. But he could pass as an eccentric.

He called on the paper which had begun to publish his column. It still had a dozen articles in hand. He was not at first very well received. The editor was sore because he wouldn't answer letters and left them all to his agent. Peters explained that he had been writing a novel, had refused to be distracted by correspondence and now wanted a job. He was taken on the staff. After all, his handwriting proved who he was. And any editor knows a good deal of the character and integrity of a contributor, even if he has never set eyes on him.

For a few weeks Peters stuck to his column, reviewed books on agriculture and was allowed to try his hand at subediting the farming news. Then he was asked for other suggestions. He drew a deep breath and plunged at the plan he had made. It seemed, while the words were coming out of his mouth, to be plumb crazy.

He asked if he might be assigned to the trail of Halevin Peters. It was a stunt, but a reasonable one. A farming expert might very well have a flair for what Peters was likely to do. And even if he failed to get anywhere near the right scent, he could make a fascinating story of it.

And so his identity was established with the police as well, though he had to be mighty careful that they never saw his handwriting. They used to pull his leg about his vague resemblance to Peters. But he couldn't be Peters. The weekly articles had been appearing for months while the murderer was safely in prison.

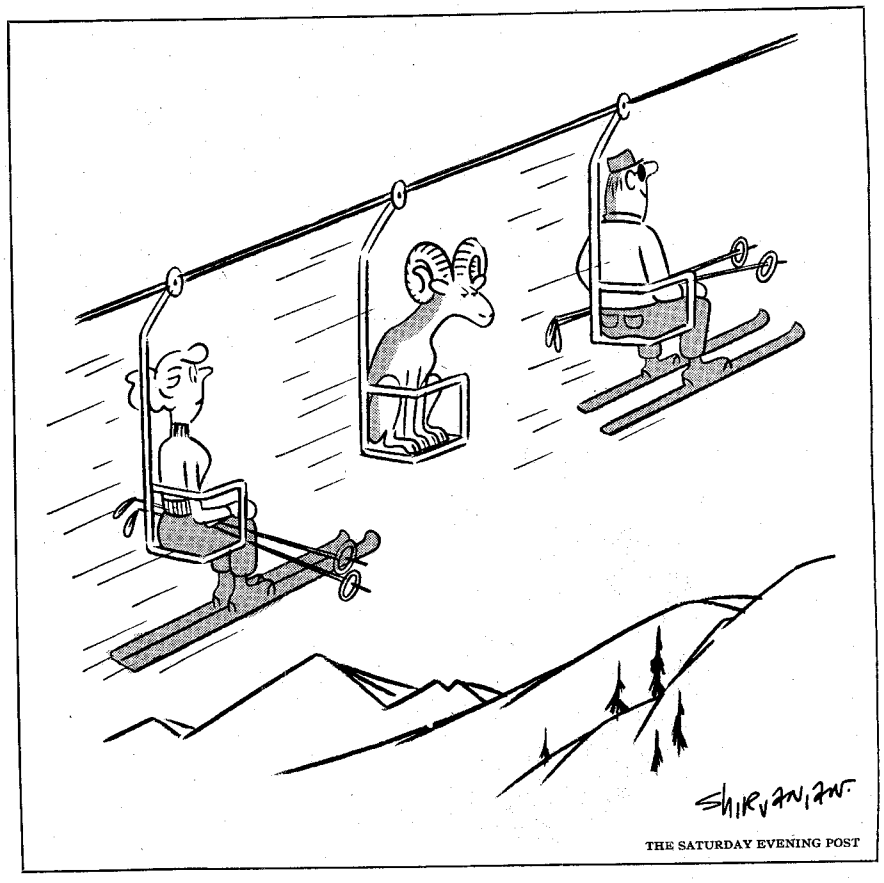
As a sleuth he was remarkably successful. After the police had told him the county to which they had traced Peters, he found and showed them the very thicket where the man had been living. No doubt about it. There were his fingerprints on a bottle. It was a colossal scoop for the paper.

After that he pretended to have evidence that Peters had gone abroad, and convinced his editor. He got a passport the same day—his identity and purpose guaranteed by the paper. No nonsense about a birth certificate; and all the money he cared to draw.

Only one thing worried Peters in all his overwhelming success. He hated dishonesty, and he was swindling his paper. He saw no way of avoiding it until he read that his friend had married Silvia. It could no longer do her any grave damage to be told the truth; in fact, her husband had probably told her already. He cannot be run in for aiding a murderer's escape. All he did was to handle the articles. He had no further communication with me.

And so, dear boss, here at last is the story of Halevin Peters, which you very generously trusted me and paid me to get. I hope you were not unduly worried by my complete disappearance. It took a little time to reach a country with which we have no treaty of extradition.

THE END



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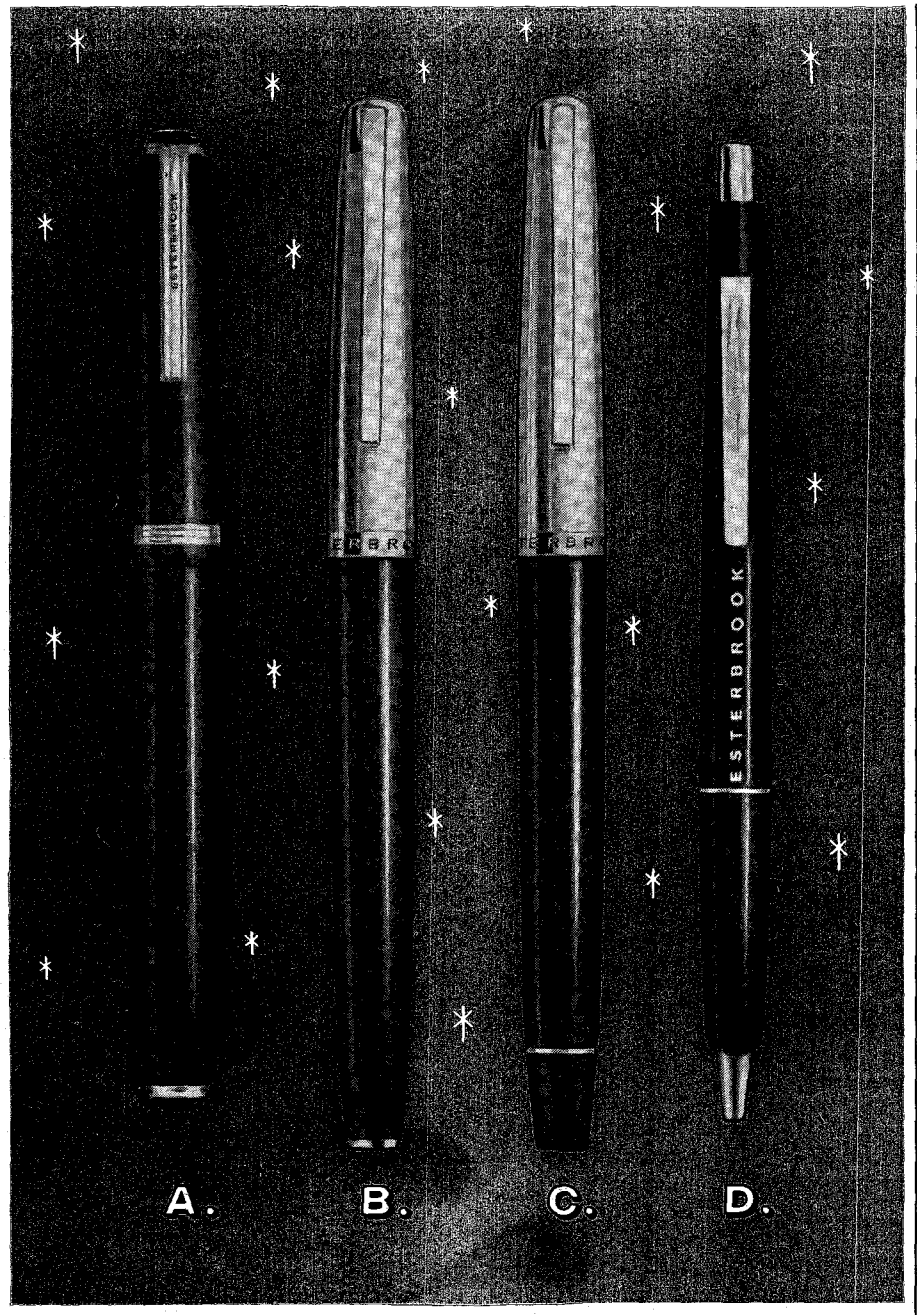

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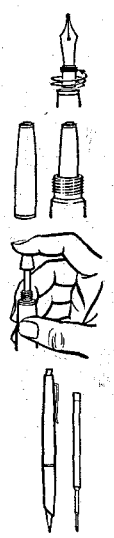

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Love Isn't Logical (Continued from Page 22)

eyes. She looked up. "Are you coming swimming, too?" she asked.

"It's an idea," he said and nodded.

She closed the door of the room. She emptied the contents of her suitcase on the bed, pulled off her clothes and got into her bathing suit, and hurried to the door where Nicky was waiting.

The private beach was at the end of a winding path, a crescent-shaped cove with clean white sand. A brick boathouse and wooden pier stood at one end, and two sailboats, a yawl and a smaller sloop, rode at their moorings. A varnished speedboat with red leather cushions was beside the pier. Nicky had pointed out Rolf's landing field and hangar as they left the house.

"I don't understand who Peter is," said Diana. "Does he live with you? Rolf's never mentioned him."

"He's my tutor," answered Nick. He grinned. "Why do I have a tutor? Because my dear brother wants me to go to the same school he went to and shine in the same subjects. I'm to join the same clubs and go to the same college and belong to the same fraternity. Neat, huh?"

Diana smiled. "You certainly don't look anything like Rolf," she told him. "You must be as tall as he already."

"Another year and I bet I can lick him," said Nick.

She laughed. "Do you want to?"

The boy frowned. "Maybe just once," he said. "To make him admit I'm me and not a carbon copy of him. Here's Pete."

Diana turned. Peter Alcott's bathing trunks had faded to several shades lighter than his tanned body. He was barefoot, and he set his feet down lightly, like an Indian.

"I'll beat you both into the water!" Nick called.

Diana watched the man and boy race across the sand and cut the water, side by side. They were submerged for so long that her heartbeats quickened. Then Nick's dark head appeared, and a few moments later Peter Alcott's broke the surface. She walked out slowly, almost to her waist, before she dived and swam toward them with easy, even strokes.

Marian Seymour was picking up her daughter's scattered clothes when Diana came into the room.

"Do you feel all right?" she asked.

"I feel wonderful!" Diana put her arms around her mother and hugged her.

"Go away!" cried Marian. "You're getting me wet!"

"Boo!" said Diana. She stepped out of her suit and kicked it across the room.

Her mother looked at her in bewilderment. She hung the wet garment in the bathroom. "I think you're coming down with something," she said.

Diana laughed.

At dinner Nick said, "Pete and I are going to the movies. Don't you want to come, Diana?"

"Yes," said Diana.

In the station wagon she sat between Peter and Nick, and between them in the theater. Driving back toward the house, they were halted as two cars ahead of them made a left turn into the driveway of a brightly lighted building. Dance music floated through the open windows.

"That's the country club," said Nick. He added, "Hey, Pete, why don't we go in for a while?"

Pete said, "I'm not a member, Nick."

"I am," the boy retorted. . . . "Would you like to, Diana?"

The front seat of the station wagon was wide. Sitting straight and still, Diana did not touch either Nick or Peter Alcott, yet she was more intensely aware of the man behind the wheel than she had ever been aware of anyone else. For an instant the car engine hummed while the beat of the orchestra throbbed in the warm night.

"Yes, I'd like to," she said.

She danced first with the boy. "I'm afraid I'm not very good," he apologized. "You're smooth."

"I think you're very good," she contradicted. "Do you like to dance?"

"Depends," he answered and grinned. "I hated dancing school. Pushing around fat girls with braces on their teeth."

The music stopped. Peter was watching them as they walked toward him. Young men and women stood waiting on the waxed floor, and the orchestra picked up its instruments. Peter Alcott put his arm around Diana, and she closed her eyes. When she opened them, his eyes, silver gray against his tan, were on her face. He was not smiling, but his mouth had a look of happiness, of something more than happiness.

She said, "Gosh!"

"Gosh!" he echoed. "It's a trifle inadequate, but I know what you mean."

She pressed her face against his coat. She was completely unprepared for the emotions that shook her.

"I suppose we should get back to the house," he said. "Mrs. Henderson will be wondering what's happened to us."

Diana's lips parted: her eyes widened. *Wondering what's happened to us*, she thought, and, as though he could hear her thinking, Peter's arm tightened for an instant before he released her.

Her mother and Mrs. Henderson were in the living room. Diana smiled at them vaguely and drifted to her room. She was lying on the bed, still dressed, when Marian opened the door.

"Why, Diana!" she said. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Diana murmured. "I'm just thinking."

Her mother's hand felt her forehead and the back of her neck. "Well, stop thinking and get undressed," she ordered. She sat down in an armchair by the window. "This is a charming house, isn't it? I like Mrs. Henderson very much."

"Yes," said Diana.

"Nicky's a nice boy."

"Yes," Diana agreed.

Marian yawned. "Breakfast in bed tomorrow," she said. "We're to ring when we want it." She smiled. "You know, I believe I could get used to being rich."

Diana undressed. For fifteen of her twenty years her mother had worked to support them both. Five days a week, month after month. "She deserves comfort and security," Rolf had said. *Rolf!* thought Diana.

She had dined with Rolf in New York less than a week ago. She remembered his well-cut, summer-weight suit, his shirt with the monogram on the pocket. He wore a ring on his right hand, a gold collar pin and clip. His socks and handkerchief matched his necktie. He had smooth dark hair and a face with brown eyes and the usual features, but she could not visualize him as flesh and blood. She had danced with him often, yet she could summon up no memory of his arm about her, his hand on hers.

She put out the lights and sat down in the chair where her mother had sat, and looked out the open window at the night. The moon was high in the sky above the trees. The south wind swayed the branches of the shrubbery below her, and a twig crackled. If he appeared in the garden, she would go down. She put the palm of her hand flat over her mouth, as though she had spoken aloud. Thoughts, unlike any she had ever known, took shape and floated like soap bubbles from a child's

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clay pipe in the darkness. She closed her eyes and groped her way to the bed, pulled the covers over her head.

She was awakened by a whistle. It was a low whistle, at once cautious and insistent, and she went to the window. Nick Henderson, in swimming trunks, stood just below, his uptilted face eager. He pointed toward the cove; with two fingers he made a pantomime of a person descending stairs. Diana nodded. She put on her bathing suit and tiptoed to the lower floor.

"You're great!" Nick whispered. "It's high tide, and this is the nicest time of all to swim." Like conspirators they moved down the path. "See what I mean?" he asked.

There was not a breath of wind. The pale, still water was pink from the sunrise light. Waveless and soundless, it seemed suspended between retreat and advance.

"Do you often swim so early?" she asked.

He nodded. "Pete and me usually get up around six. He must've read late last night or something. He's pounding his pillow like he won't ever wake up."

She smiled. "Didn't you whistle to him?"

Nick looked embarrassed. "I went into his room, but he looked so—I don't know—almost like—happy."

"You like him, don't you?" she asked.

"He's the most," said Nick. "I wish he was my brother." He dug his toes into the sand. "Are you really going to marry Rolf?"

"I've never said so," she answered.

"That doesn't prove anything," he told her. "Rolf's the one who says so. He gets what he wants. He's the big wheel. He runs mother, and he runs me." He shrugged. "I wish he wouldn't get back until tomorrow." He pointed. "See that island? That's Hatch Island. It belongs to us. We go there for picnics. If Rolf didn't get back, you and me and Pete could take our lunch and sail out there for all day!"

"That would be wonderful," said Diana. "I mean ——"

Behind them Peter Alcott's deep voice said, "Good morning," and her scalp prickled. "How's the water?"

"We haven't been in yet," said Nick. "We've been talking."

Peter looked at him suspiciously. "Did you wake her up?"

"I didn't mind," said Diana. "I'm glad he did."

Peter sat down on the sand. "I'm glad he did, too," he told her.

Nick said, "What are we waiting for?" and hit the water with a splash. "Come on, you two!" he shouted. They did not stir. After a while he returned. "What's the matter with you two anyway?" he demanded. Then, standing over them, in the early-morning stillness, with even the tide silent, suspended, Nick gave a whoop. "Have you two fallen in love?" he demanded.

Diana Seymour turned scarlet. She jumped to her feet and ran into the water, and this time it was Peter Alcott who rose and stood anxiously, wondering if she would ever come up. When she did, he swam out to her, and she submerged again.

Being neither fish nor mermaid, she finally broke the surface, her tawny hair deepened to the color of seaweed, her wet lashes like star points around her eyes.

"You didn't answer Nick's question," he said.

She bent her head and buried her face in the water for an instant before she looked up. "Did you?" she asked.

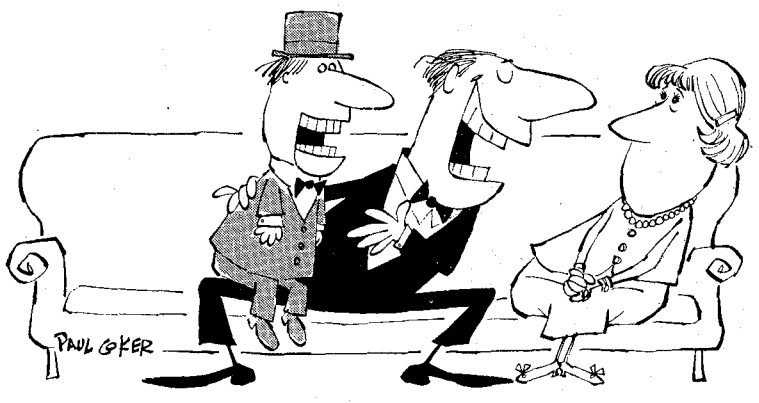
"As his tutor," said Pete, "I feel a moral obligation to answer anything I can." He added hurriedly, "Of course, I could answer only for myself."

She sank unintentionally and came up spluttering.

"Would you like to know what I said?" he asked.

She was treading water, but her legs went limp. "Going—swim back—before I drown," she told him breathlessly.

(*Continued on Page 61*)



The Perfect Squelch

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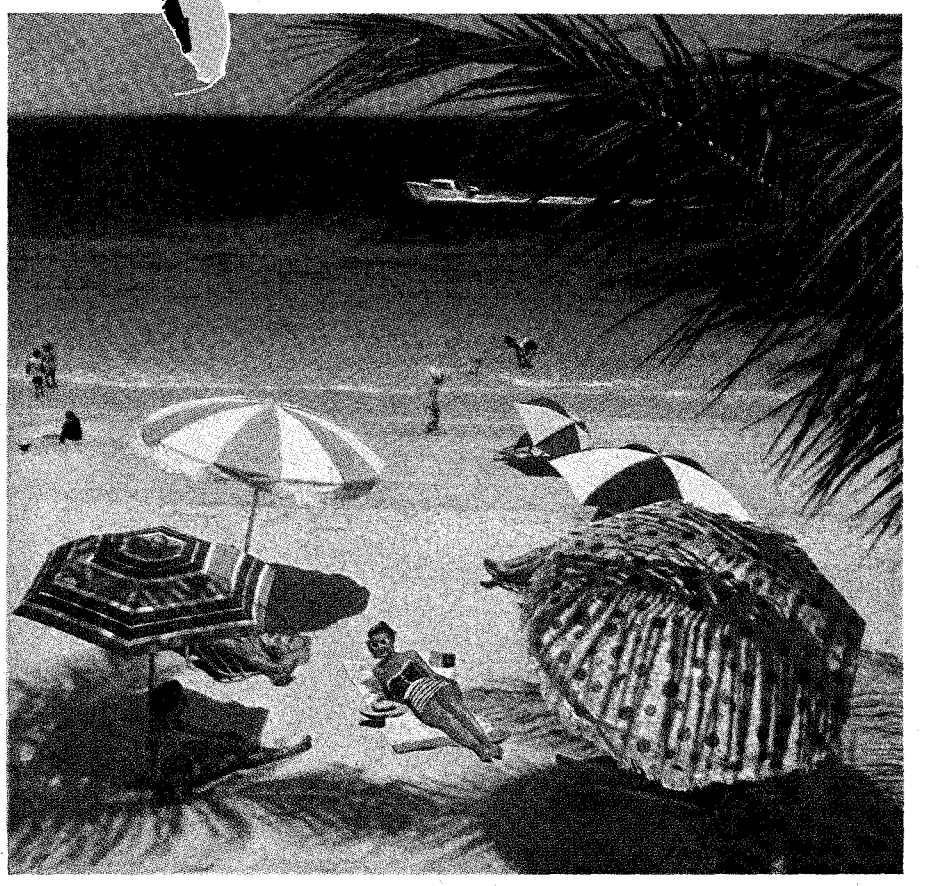
Meeting a lovely young lady at one party, Arthur turned on his vocal jets and took off as usual. He told her in a few thousand words how he had learned the art. Then he lovingly expanded on his pet idea that ventriloquism really was a matter of very clever teamwork.

"There are two voices, really," he said finally, "and I have to master both. It's very difficult, but I've got awfully good at it."

"How wonderful," the girl said wearily when Arthur paused for breath. "And which half of the team are you?"

Leo J. Farrell Jr.

Florida *West Coast* ... one of Florida's nine vacation regions



Take it lazy in the sun

It looks like any Florida beach—warm, soft and enticing. But there is a difference. This is a Florida West Coast beach on the Gulf of Mexico. Notice its chalk-white sands, its gentle slope, its irresistible surf. Beaches like this are found all along the 184-mile shore between Clearwater and Naples. There isn't a finer strand in all the world for taking it lazy in the sun.

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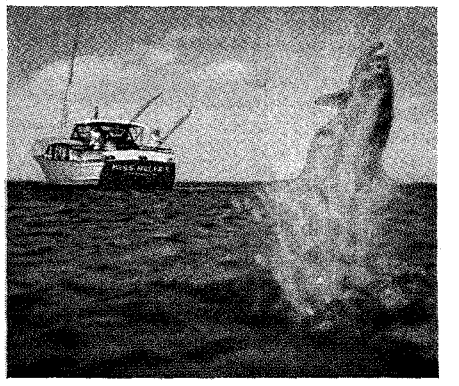

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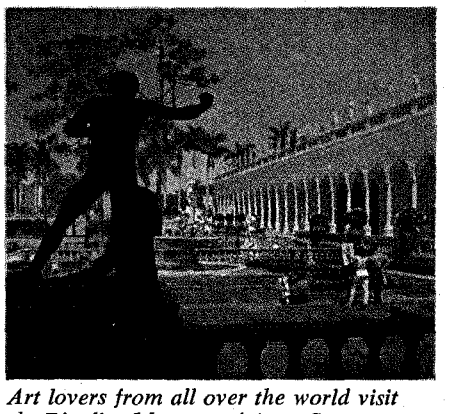

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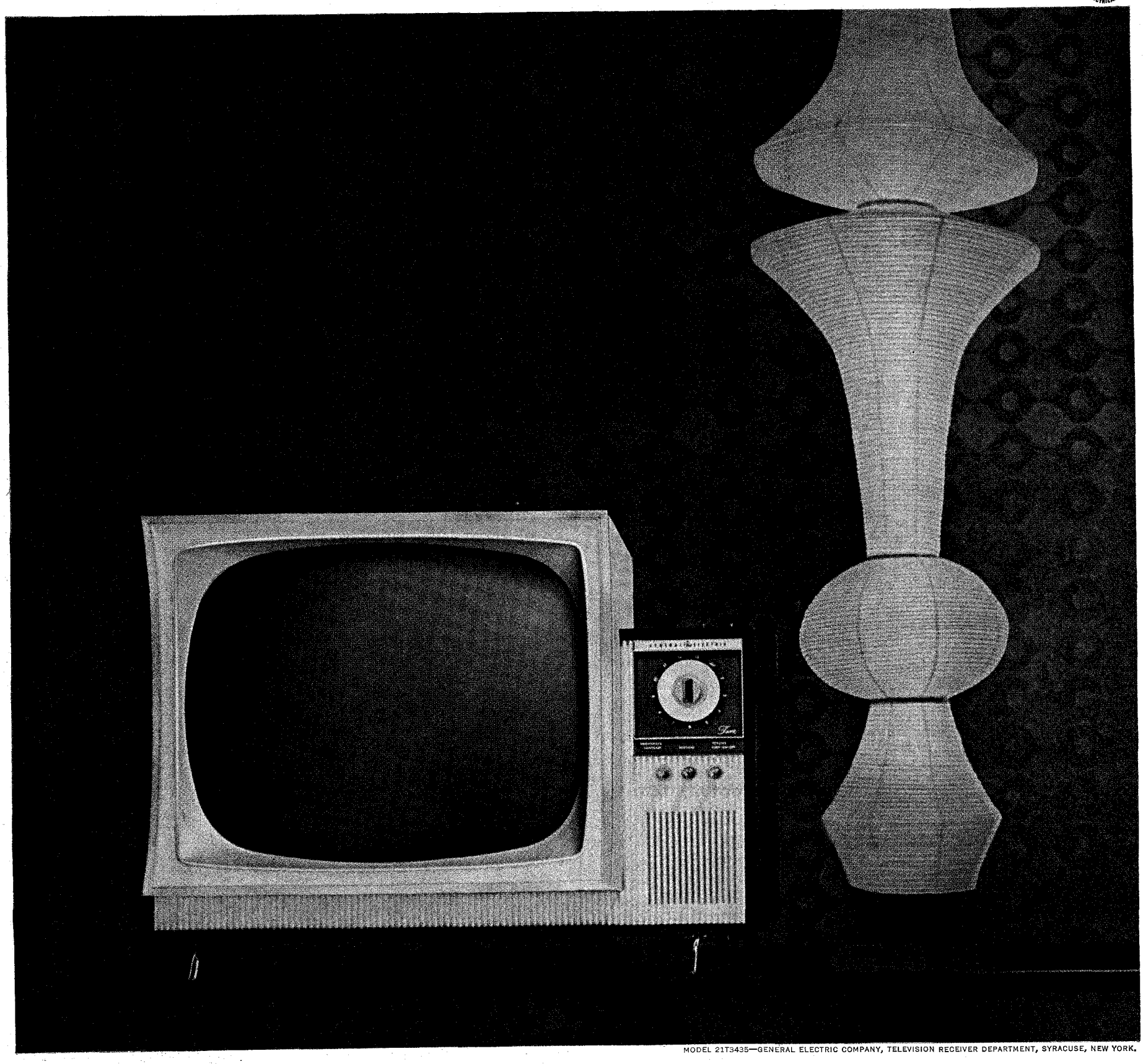

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(*Continued from Page 59*) Nick had disappeared. There was no straw for a drowning girl to clutch. Pete's wet arms went about her; his salty, wet lips warmed against her own.

"Don't say anything!" he said when they paused for breath.

She said, "But ——"

"There aren't any buts," he stopped her. "Not now, nor later. I told Nick—as his tutor ——" He smiled. "His ex-tutor, I'm afraid—that some things have no rules or explanation. Like irregular verbs or combinations in chemistry." He kissed her again.

Beyond the shrubbery Nick whistled. "I'm not looking," he called, "but Rolf just telephoned."

Pete smiled at Diana. "I never thought of Rolf as being psychic," he murmured.

Nick ran up to them. "We can have our picnic!" he said. "Something's wrong with Rolf's plane, and you know how cautious he is. I bet he doesn't get here until tomorrow."

Diana drew a deep, quivering breath.

"You see?" Pete said softly. "You can't fight fate."

Nick looked at them, opened his mouth to speak, and was brushed by his first inhibition. He scuffled his feet. "Margaret says our breakfast's ready."

They ate in their bathing suits. Peter and Nick drove to the village to buy food, and Diana went to the room where her mother was having breakfast in bed.

"Going swimming?" she asked.

Diana laughed. "We swam hours ago! We're going to sail to an island and spend the day."

"You mean Rolf's here already?"

"Not Rolf," said Diana. "He telephoned. He won't be here until tomorrow. Just Peter and Nicky and me."

Her mother looked at her oddly. "Mrs. Henderson knows, of course?"

"Knows what?" demanded Diana.

"Your plans, darling. We're her guests, you remember. She may have made other arrangements."

"Nonsense!" said Diana, and went into her own room.

She had not brought slacks; Rolf did not like women in trousers. She heard the station wagon and hurried down the stairs. Nicky said, "You're not wearing a dress! Want me to lend you a pair of my dungarees?"

Mrs. Henderson was in the garden. "It's too bad that Rolf was delayed," she said, "but I'm sure you'll have a pleasant day. Your mother and I are going to lunch at the club." She smiled. "I suppose you realize that my younger son is just as much in love with you as my elder?"

Diana said, "Nicky's a darling."

Pete was raising the sail on the sloop when she reached the cove. Nick rowed in for her; Pete's hands lifted her easily to the deck. They anchored in deep green water off the island and went ashore in the skiff.

"Can I row around the island, Pete?" Nick asked.

"Sure," said Pete. He smiled at Diana as the boy pulled away. "You don't suppose that Nick is developing tact, do you?" he asked. His smile faded. "I suppose we should say some things," he told her. "The preliminaries we seem to have skipped. Let's sit down."

She dropped obediently to the sand, her eyes on his face.

"I'm twenty-six years old," said Peter Alcott. "Harvard, 'Fifty-five. Two years in the service. Respectable New England background. My father's a professor of math. Unmarried—I mean me, not him. Never wanted to get married—before." He looked at her, and reached into his pocket and brought out a package of cigarettes. Diana saw that his hand trembled as he lighted one. "I have a good job in New York lined up for October first." He looked at her again. "Are you engaged to Rolf Henderson?"

"No," said Diana. She added. "But maybe he thinks I am."

"I can believe that," Pete said. "Rolf doesn't care for no as an answer. Rolf is not going to be pleased."

"No," she agreed quietly. She scooped up a handful of sand and let it trickle through her fingers. Pete Alcott watched her. "I think I may be to blame," she said. "I've let Rolf take me places, dinner and the theater and dancing." She looked up and met his eyes squarely. "I let him kiss me," she added.

Pete laughed. "That's not unusual," he told her.

"No, it wasn't," she said, and he laughed again. "Don't laugh," she said. "I'm serious. I let him talk about our getting married. All the things he'd do for my mother ——"

"That figures," he commented dryly. "How does your mother feel about your marrying him?"

She cupped another handful of sand. She remembered her mother's statement, "You know, I believe I could get used to being rich!"

The skiff came into sight. Pete said quickly, "We still have things to say, Diana. But for now—I love you. It happened fast, but it happened hard." He got up on his feet and waded into the water and pulled the boat to shore.

"I'm starving!" said Nick.

They had a snack and then explored the interior of the island. They swam, and Pete made a fire to cook the hamburgers. They were toasting marshmallows over the embers when the sound of a low-flying plane broke the soft sound of lapping water.

"Rolf," said Pete. He looked at Nick. "Exactly what did Rolf tell you on the phone?"

"What I said," Nick answered. "He was having engine trouble, and if he could get it fixed ——" He looked into Pete's steady eyes. "Oh, heck," he said. "If he could get it fixed, he'd be home for lunch."

"That," said Pete, "comes under the heading of suppressing some of the evidence!"

"Diana wanted to come to the island, too," Nick said.

"And that," Pete told him, "comes under the heading of passing the buck!"

"Yes, sir," said Nick. "I'm sorry."

Pete grinned. "It doesn't really matter, Nick, except in principle. The fireworks will merely begin a little earlier than scheduled."

The plane had landed. Again they could hear the tide sucking at the sand, the wind in the trees behind them. Diana could hear the beat of her own heart. She looked at Peter Alcott.

"Do you think we should go back?" she asked.

"Let the hill come to Mahomet," he answered.

Nick said anxiously, "Gee, Pete, I didn't mean to get you into trouble!"

"If this is trouble," said Pete, "I'm in favor of it. How about some more marshmallows?"

The speedboat was almost as noisy as the plane had been. The sound of its engine increased in volume as it approached. They were sitting in a row, above the smoking remnants of the fire, watching it, and suddenly Pete chuckled. "If we made the appropriate gestures, we'd look like those three monkeys," he said. "See no evil—hear no evil ——"

Diana said, "Peter, I do love you."

Nick's eyes, shy and excited, darted from her face to Pete's.

They did not move when the bottom of the speedboat grated on the sand. Rolf Henderson stepped out. His suit was pressed, his shoes shined, his socks and handkerchief and tie a symphony. Nick looked at Diana, grinned wanly, and clapped his hands over his ears. Diana laughed.

"Come here, Nick," said Rolf.

Nick got to his feet. "What?" he asked.

"I told you this morning that I'd be home for lunch," Rolf said. "I told you further that I might be late, and to hold it. I get home and find everyone gone—my mother off at the club and you three having a picnic. What have you to say to that?"

"Nothing," Nick answered.

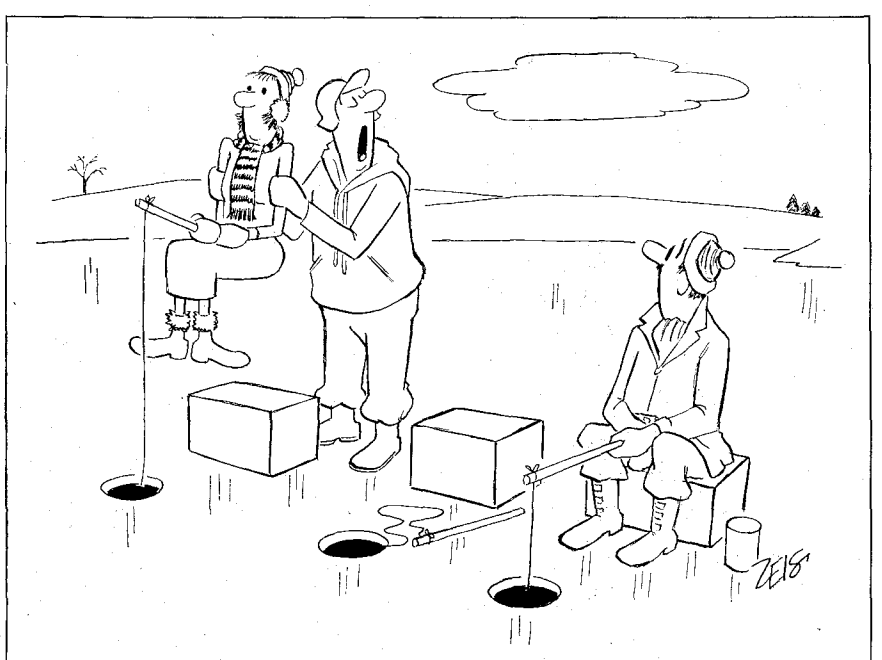
"That's where you're mistaken," said his brother. "Did you, or did you not, deliver my message?"

Diana felt the sand stir beside her. Pete Alcott had moved slightly. He was watching Rolf.

"I didn't deliver it exactly as you said it," Nick was saying. "I told mother and Diana and Pete that you probably wouldn't get back."

"I see," said Rolf. "Can you tell me why you didn't deliver it exactly as I said it?"

Nick's back was toward them, and Diana saw his hands clench and the muscles of his slim arms contract. "Because I thought we'd have more fun without you," he said clearly.



"I'm taking Ellen home—she seems a bit chilly."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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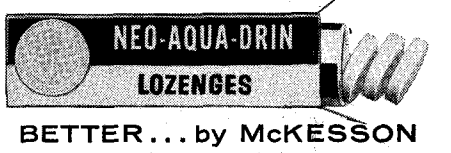

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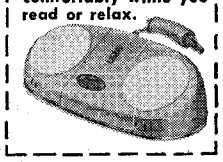

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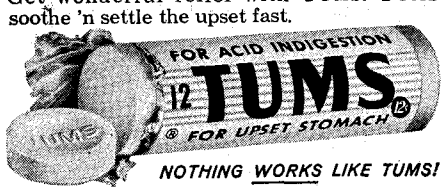

Everyone but Diana moved. Nick fell, sprawling from the impact of his brother's blow, regained his feet and advanced. Peter was already between them. He was holding Rolf's wrists, holding Rolf's arms tight against his sides. Without turning his head he said, "Sit down, Nick." Diana gave an involuntary cry as the boy dropped beside her. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

"You're fired, Alcott," said Rolf. "As of now."

"I resigned yesterday," Pete told him. "When I fell in love with Diana." His voice was even, a simple statement of fact. "I'll pack and get out this afternoon. But if you lay hands on Nick again, I'll beat the living daylights out of you. That's not a threat—it's a promise." He released Rolf's wrists.

"Get in the boat, Diana," said Rolf.

"No," said Diana.

His eyes narrowed; his lips tightened against his teeth. "What do you mean, no?" he demanded.

"I don't want to," she said.

Rolf Henderson turned, the water soaking his shoes and the cuffs of his trousers, and climbed into the boat.

"Hold it!" said Pete. He waded out and gave the boat a shove. The motor roared.

Diana said, "Oh, Nicky, your mouth!" She dipped her handkerchief in the salt water and wiped the blood. Pete dropped to the sand beside them. "Teeth O.K., fella?"

Nick nodded. "Doesn't hurt," he said. "But someday ——"

"You were in the wrong, Nick," Pete stopped him. "Rolf had a right to be angry with you." His eyes met Diana's. "Poor chap," he added.

Diana turned and began to pack the picnic basket.

"Do you really have to go away, Pete?" asked Nick.

"I'm afraid so," Pete answered. "But we'll still see each other."

"How?" Nick asked.

"We will, Nicky!" Diana promised. "Somehow."

They had to tack to make the mainland, and they were almost at the cove when Rolf's plane rose into the air above them.

None of them spoke. They anchored the sloop and, still silent, rowed to shore and took the path to the house.

Marian Seymour and Mrs. Henderson stood on the terrace. "What's happening?" Mrs. Henderson asked. "What's the matter with Rolf?"

All three of them answered at once. Nick said, "It was all my fault." Pete said, "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Henderson," and Diana said, "I'm afraid I'm to blame——"

Mrs. Henderson laughed. "One at a time," she told them. "Peter?" She listened to him quietly, and color rose high in her delicate face. "I see," she murmured when he had finished. She looked at her younger son. "Would it be asking too much of you, Peter, to stay with us until Nick's school begins next month? This is my house, you know, and I'm really the mistress of it."

Nick's voice was hoarse. "Would you, Pete?" he asked.

Diana was watching Peter Alcott, and Marian Seymour was watching her daughter. When Pete said, "Thank you, Mrs. Henderson. I'd be glad to stay," Diana's face shone with pride and happiness. Without a trace of self-consciousness she put her hand on Pete's bare arm and patted him.

Well! thought Marian Seymour with a surge of relief. Her daughter would undoubtedly ask questions of her again, but there was one which she would never repeat. Quite obviously Diana had found out for herself how one knew one was in love.

The Final Answer (Continued from Page 40)

silly child? What are you afraid of? I am here; close your eyes and go to sleep."

What, indeed, was tormenting me? My memories help me acknowledge this fact: anguish does not come from without; it is in no way linked to the catastrophes of a given age. The anguished child that I was lived in a time when the war we were fighting concerned only the last king of Dahomey, Behanzin, and when the refrain which a blind man chanted in the courtyard of our home reminded me that the French flag had just been raised at Madagascar. There was much argument about us, apropos of a certain Dreyfus; but his misfortunes did not sadden me at all. In fact, almost all the famous people, people who would not have harmed a fly, had only one fear—that Dreyfus would not be convicted again.

My anguish of later years already existed in that child of a comfortable family in the Third Republic—bourgeois, powerful, rich, peaceful, although capable of aggression for a good cause.

Of course I do not pretend that the era of calamities which began in 1914—the first premonitions of which were evident much earlier—has not nourished the anguish of modern man or that there was no causal relationship between the unhappiness of the times and the existential anguish of "being in the world." But these events, however tragic they were, did not create my anguish, even though they obliged me to relate it to the vicissitudes of history. Let us say that we can no longer "distract" ourselves from them, in accordance with Pascal's use of that word. I believe that even in those ages when history confronted human nature with nothing that was singularly tragic, in the peaceful and happy ages—peaceful and happy at least for the privileged classes, because there is never a happy age for the working class—man was smitten by the unhappiness that comes of being a man who loves and is not loved; who is loved and does not love, who had a son and lost him; who was young and is so no longer; who was strong and healthy and who one day heard a doctor tell him, after a long examination, "We might try an operation . . ." and who hears the automobiles in the streets, a radio playing upstairs, a woman's laughter, but who knows that in six months he will be dead. But even if this trial is spared him there remains the adequate torture—as the historian Michelet called old age—of the gradual deterioration of strength, the decline of the mind, the slow and noiseless approach of ineluctable dissolution.

In this matter I disagree with Michelet and so many others and I exclaim with Lacordaire, an outstanding nineteenth-century Dominican preacher, "Gentlemen, I bring you happiness." I bring you the kind of happiness that a Christian begins to discover at my age. In the measure that I have grown old, anguish has loosened its grip on me. "The man who grows old becomes more aware of the eternal," says Romano Guardini, a contemporary Roman Catholic theologian. "He is less agitated, and the voices from beyond are better heard. The encroachment of eternity pales the reality of time." There is a prayer by Saint Gertrude, who must have been very old when she uttered it, in which she calls Christ "the love of the evening of my life" and in which she says, "O my Jesus of life's evening, let me fall asleep in you quietly. . . ." But all of this was already expressed at the dawn of the Christian Era when the aged Simeon pressed the infant God to his breast, "*Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine. . . .*"

Christ is not a defense which I have erected against anguish; on the contrary, anguish was a permanent state during the days of my stormy youth when I did not have recourse to Him, when I dwelt apart from Him. No, my anguish did not create God. The quieting I now experience, the silence that falls upon my last days, permits me finally to be attentive to the answer which was unceasingly given during my tormented life, but to which I preferred my suffering because I preferred my sin. What more do I know today than I did as a despairing adolescent? The adolescent loved neither happiness nor peace. It took me a long time to learn to love God. I can say nothing on this subject that is not part of my life; as an adolescent I loved my anguish and I preferred it to God. Far from inciting me to imagine a God to deliver me, my anguish provided me with reasons and excuses to escape the presence, in me and about me, of a love to which I preferred an unhappiness born of covetousness.

It is not anguish which creates the Father in heaven whom Christ taught us to know and to love. It was rather my anguish, the somber delectation that lasted throughout my interminable youth—I say interminable because my heart remains young even though I am not—it was this delectation in anguish that inclined me to turn away from God and even deny that He existed. It furnished me with arguments and proofs against His goodness, against His love.

This is undoubtedly not true of all men. But it is true of those writers and poets who cherish in their anguish the very source of their inspiration, and more precisely in that form of anguish which is born of an attraction for a God who is rejected by (*Continued on Page 64*)

Reasonable Answer to a Reasonable Question

I

Why, dear wife, can't you
take on trust
My tender sentiments,
mute with rust?
May I not love without
telling you so?
Otherwise wouldn't I let
you know?

David Richstone

II

What there is no need of
saying
Often begs for hearing, so
I will take your love for
granted—
If you'll *tell* me what I
know!

May Richstone

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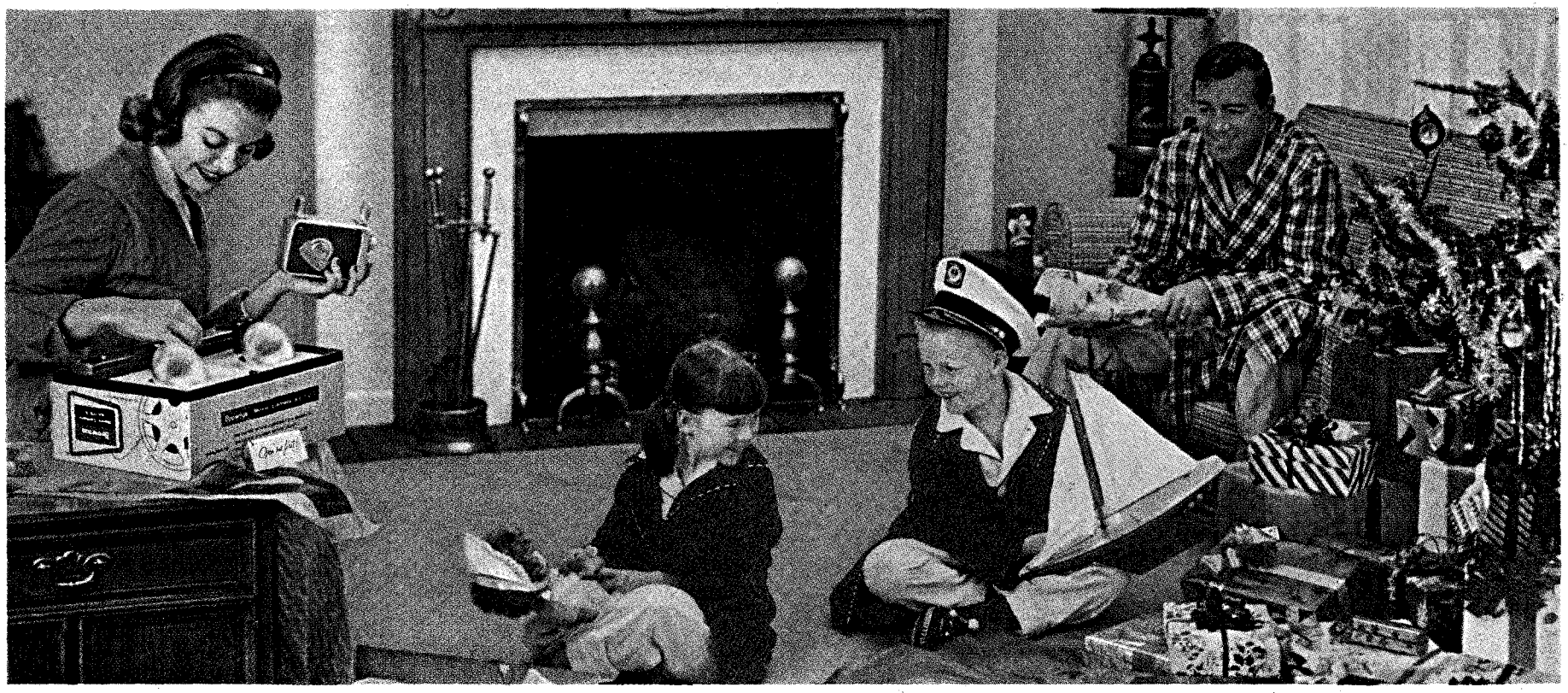

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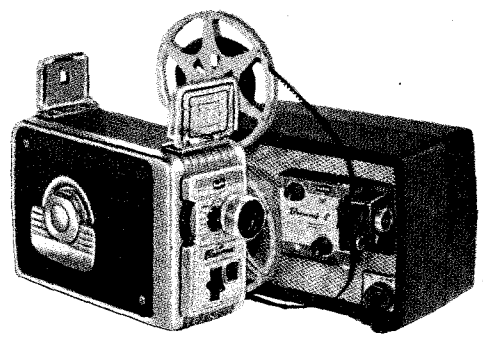

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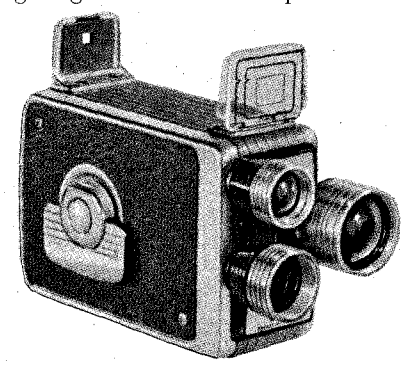

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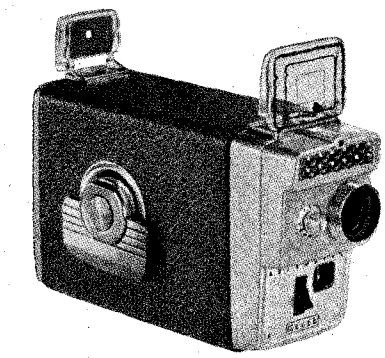

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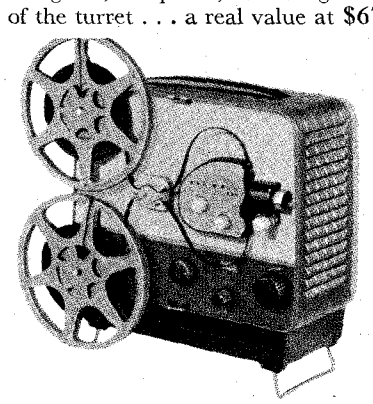

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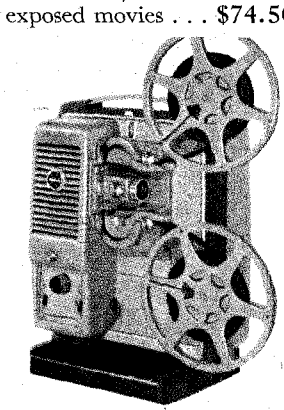

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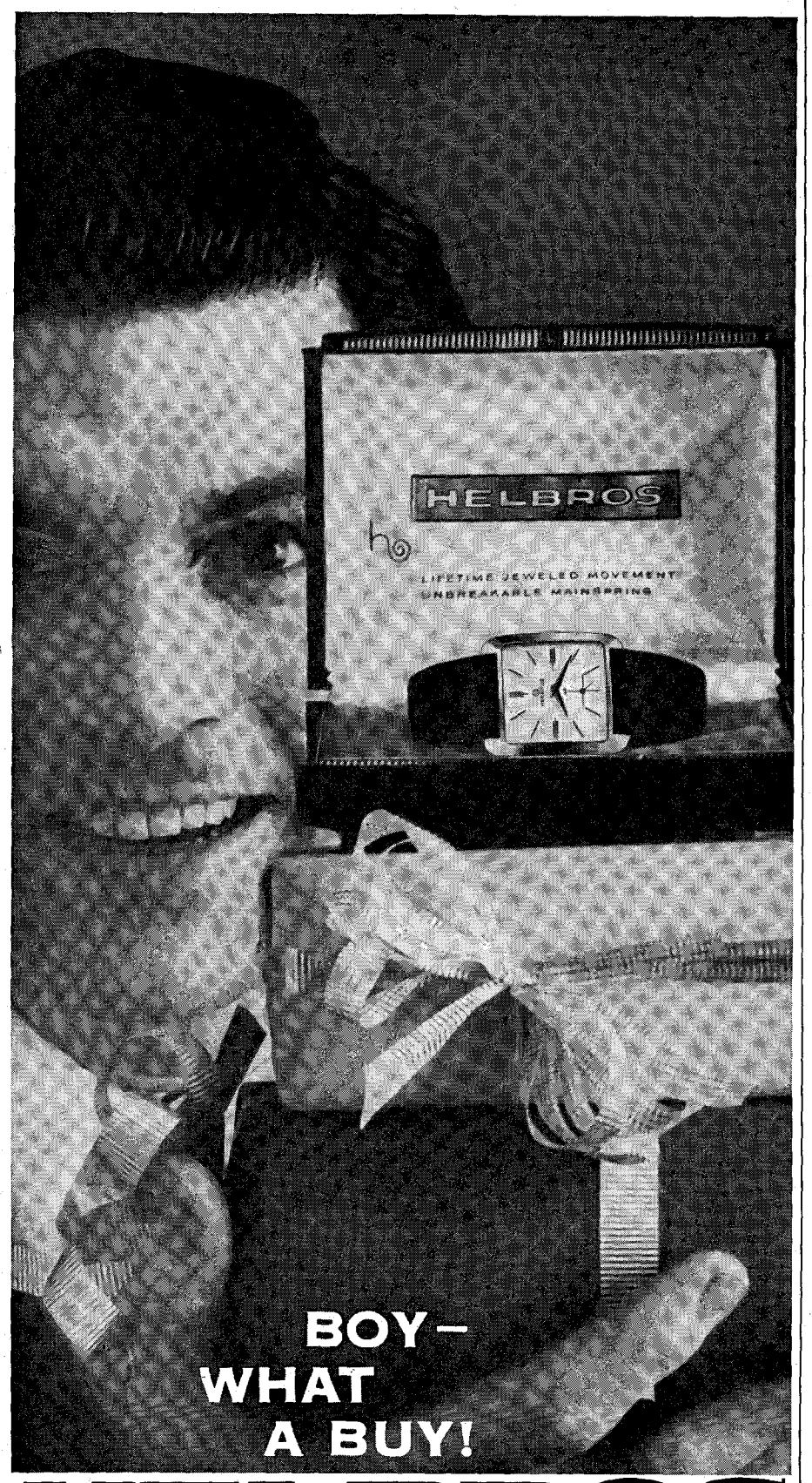

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(*Continued from Page 62*) flesh and blood. I have often applied to myself the image from Maurice de Guérin—a French poet of the nineteenth century—in which he compared his thought to a heavenly fire that burns on a horizon between two worlds. It is the torture of being incapable of choosing between the world and God that constitutes in effect the drama of many artists—a drama which both torments and delights them.

"If thou didst know the gift of God," Christ said to the Samaritan woman. And what is the gift of God? It is precisely the opposite of anguish. "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you," Christ repeated to His friends on the last night, before He entered into His agony. It is precisely this peace which we do not want; it appears redoubtable to us because we do not love the hero of the story Chateaubriand interpolated in *The Genius of Christianity*—peace. "Arise, desired tempests!" was the cry of René, at the dawn of the Romantic Age; and this cry reveals the vocation of so many young people to unhappiness. I went first of all to the damned poets, and they attracted me to the prince of darkness and his eternal unhappiness. Was this literature? Yes, but it was a strange literature in which despair was so often, in surrealist circles, authenticated by suicide. Saint John denounces this hatred of peace; he tells us that light came into the world and that men refused it because they preferred darkness. The creature seeks darkness to obliterate himself. The victory of Christ in a life is summed up in this difficult acceptance of peace in light.

I am aware of this objection: Christianity itself is anguish. But it is not enough to say that there is a Christian anguish. All those who revolted against Christianity in the nineteenth century accused it of being against nature, of having darkened the world, of having calumniated life. It is true that the name of Christianity masks many contradictory tendencies which set Christians at odds with one another. Those who are called to love one another have burned one another. There are many mansions in the Father's house. And one of them, from Saint Augustine through Calvin and Jansen, was erected under the sign of fear and trembling—anguish in the strictest sense of the word. But there is another anguish which is less harsh—that of love which is totally contained in the regret of having offended the loved one, in the fear of no longer being loved by him and of no longer feeling ourselves capable of loving him. The love of the creature for the Creator is no more exempt from what Marcel Proust calls the intermittences of the heart than human love. But this is not the anguish we refer to when we speak of fear and trembling.

Monsieur de Saint-Cyran has always seemed to me to be the worst kind of theologian. Let us say that in France, to speak only of France, Port Royal is still the most illustrious source of that anguish which is centered upon an obsession with personal salvation. The Infinite Being refuses or gives His grace according to an unpredictable plan to a creature tainted from birth, totally impotent except to do evil—for in what concerns evil, human nature has the power of a god. We are delivered naked, trembling, disarmed, to an arbitrary God. This is the root of Jansenist anguish.

[*Editor's note.* Jansenism, a Catholic sect founded in the seventeenth century by Cornelius Jansen, bishop of Ypres, is characterized by rigorously pietistic dogma and a pessimistic view of man's fate. Pope Innocent X pronounced the basic Jansenist doctrines heretical. The abbot de Saint-Cyran was Jansen's close friend and collaborator; the convent of Port Royal, near Versailles, was a center of Jansenist activity. The sect has survived, and in America claims twenty churches and 2217 adherents.]

It is impossible to indicate in a few words the contents of the immense work reflecting Jansenism in which, over the centuries, a whole school of Christian thinkers has collaborated. I will simply allude to the permanent source of anguish, and even of despair, that such theologies, from Saint Augustine to Jansen, have premised upon a wounded heart. It has generated innumerable and lamentable progeny—progeny who are the terror of Catholic confessors—scrupulous souls obsessed by trifles, adorers of a niggling divinity with whom they must bargain craftily. André Gide referred to the "cramp of salvation." This cramp, as imposed by Augustinian theologies, is so painful that many young people who began by following Christ drew away from Him to escape the frightful obligation of rendering an account of their least desire, their least thought. They threw the whole Christian heritage overboard. "What is wonderful about Communism," a recent convert to Marxism told me one day, "is

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, she certainly did wonders for your hiccups."

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that my personal salvation no longer interests me."

What I propose as a defense against this form of anguish is another anguish which is generative of peace and joy. I propose a kind of spiritual homeopathy, that is a release from anguish through anguish. Obsession with our personal salvation will not be dominated and conquered in us unless it is transposed to the order of charity. It goes without saying that we should nourish the hope of salvation and that the whole of a Christian life ought to tend toward eternal life. But if it is clear that we ought to have a passionate desire for salvation, we should not be obsessed with it in the pathological sense of the word. In my youth I was frequently seduced by the words which Pascal put in Christ's mouth, "I thought of you in my agony. I lost so much blood for you." These words impress me less today because I discern in such a desire for redemptive blood the complacency of a creature resigned to the eternal damnation of most of the human race, and not agonized by the thought that he is set apart with a small flock of the elect.

Anguish transmuted into charity—anguish for another—delivers us from the terror felt by so many Christian souls before the mystery of predestination and liberates us from an obsession with personal salvation, not in respect to what is essential but in respect to what is morbid. Our anguish then becomes more than a matter of personal concern; it embraces mankind, or at least that part of mankind which is "the neighbor" for us, and can extend to a social class or to entire peoples. For a worker priest, the neighbor is the whole working class, as the Jews were for us during the Nazi persecution.

For Sartre, "Hell is other people"; but for us, others are Christ. He tells us Himself that the Son of Man is come to save what is lost—*all* that is lost, and not merely this one or that one for whom He would have consecrated a special, miserly drop of His blood.

The Christian life is first of all a personal relationship between each one of us and God. "You have not chosen me; but I have chosen you." It goes without saying that the extension of our anguish to embrace the suffering of men will not yield all of its fruits unless our apostolate is rooted in a life of close intimacy with Christ. I believe, I have always believed, that the Christian life is essentially a friendship, a love and, therefore, that which is most personal, most individual; that each one of us has been called by his name; and that at the beginning of every conversion there is this encounter at the turning of the road spoken of by Lacordaire—an adorable being, demanding, tenacious, whom nothing discourages, and to whom we prefer so many creatures whom we shortly forsake or who forsake us. But He is always there, never so close to us as when we believe Him to be absent, awaiting His hour which, in the case of many men, is unfortunately the last, when there is no longer any possibility of betrayal.

But what is the reality of this Christ whom all believers strive to imitate, unless it be that He took upon Himself human anguish? Therefore, we must also take upon ourselves the anguish of one another. The saints did so literally, to the point of identifying themselves with the Father's abandonment of His Son in the horror of the night. This secret of Christ's agony was profoundly understood by Bernanos, the French Catholic novelist, and this is what gives his fictional priests, particularly the country priest, their mysterious density. For us, as simple faithful, it is sufficient to unite ourselves with the anguish experienced by Christ, in our brothers.

Here, then, is the strange remedy for anguish which I propose: peace and joy are the fruits of anguish. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you." We understand now the profound meaning of the last promise which the Son of Man made to us before entering into His agony—peace and joy in this plentitude of suffering which consists in espousing, each one according to his vocation, the suffering of the hungry, the persecuted, the imprisoned, the tortured, the exploited. This is the Christian paradox.

We know that there is a difference between human hope and spiritual hope. We may lose all hope for the temporal salvation of mankind and still await the Kingdom of God. In the very midst of the Atomic Age, we await it confidently. But it must not be concluded from this that our hope concerns only eternity; it also concerns the dark world of the living. For the crimes of the will to power, which sum up temporal history, do not prevent the leaven of which Christ speaks from working tirelessly in the human mass. The fire which He came to cast upon the earth is always smoldering, and the bloodiest years of history are nevertheless years of grace.

"Thy kingdom come," we pray in the Our Father. Millions and millions of human beings have prayed thus over the nearly two thousand years since this prayer was taught to us, and with the absolute certitude of being answered. Indeed the prayer is already answered; the Kingdom has already come; it is among us, within us in such a way that we are never defeated except in appearance. And as our anguish is the very condition of our peace, our defeat is the very condition of our victory. "Have confidence; I have overcome the world." He who challenged the world so boldly did so at the very hour when He was about to be betrayed, outraged, made a laughingstock, nailed to the cross of a murderer.

Saint Paul tells us that all of creation groans and suffers the pains of childbirth. Our anguish is indeed inspired by childbirth, and it seems interminable by our ephemeral standards. But those of us who have kept the faith know what the end will be. To those who succumb to anguish and who are about to lose heart, we can do no better than repeat what Saint Paul affirmed to the faithful of Rome, "Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or persecution, or the sword? . . . But in all these things we overcome because of Him who has loved us." THE END

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further the following books are recommended:

Guardini, Romano
Lord's Prayer
Pantheon Books
$2.75

Ricciotti, Giuseppe
Life of Christ
Bruce Publishing Company
$3.50

Adam, Karl
Spirit of Catholicism
Doubleday
$ .85

Berrigan, Daniel
The Bride, Essays in the Church
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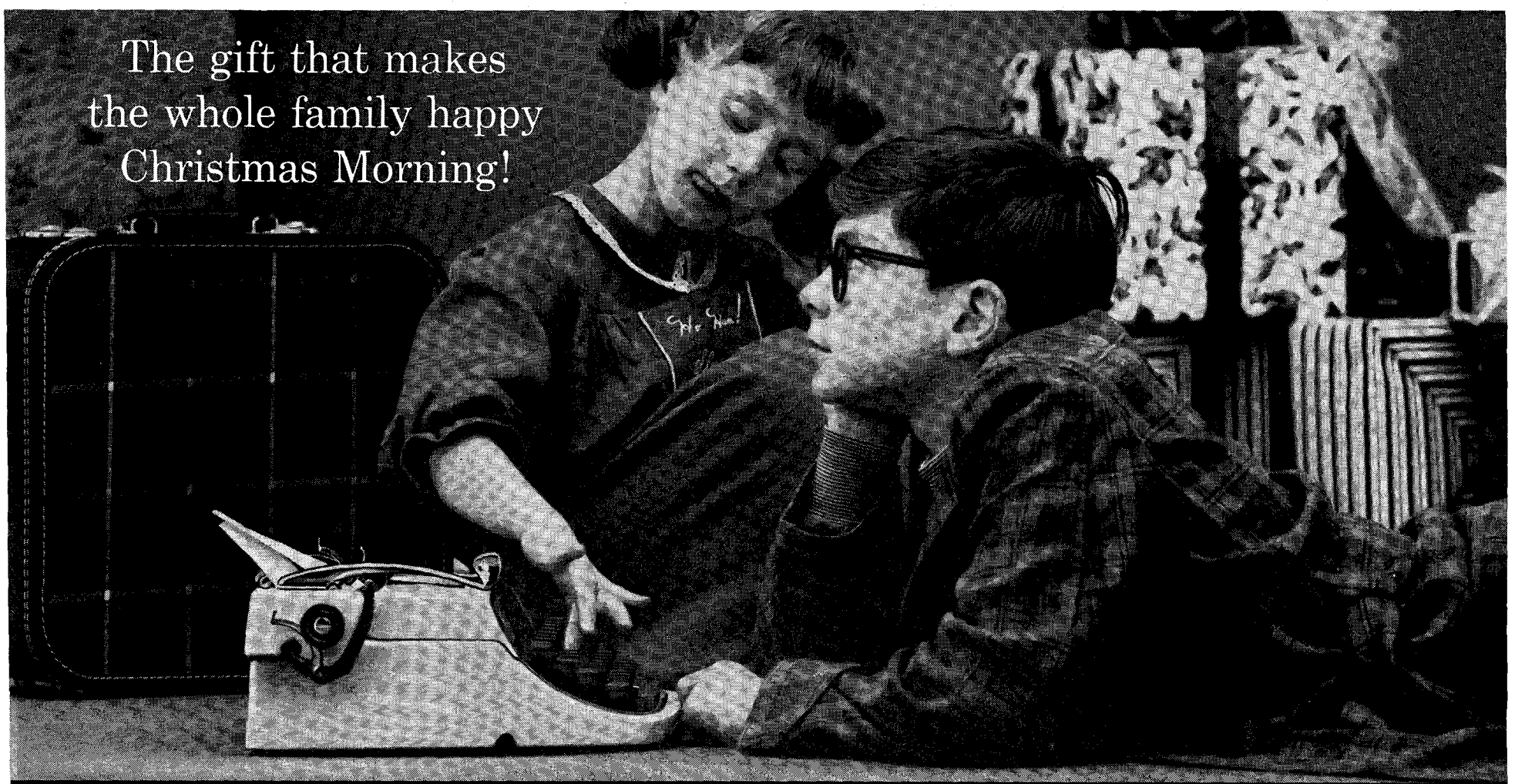

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The Flying Jeep (Continued from Page 24)

"What figures?" the other whispered back.

"Jughead's flipped," Opie said. "Flying saucers! The boys will be around with the butterfly nets any minute now."

Opie had picked the wrong moment for his diagnosis of the first sergeant's mental condition. Everything had quieted at just that moment, and Opie's whisper carried. Jughead Simpson swiveled his head around as though he'd suddenly been stabbed from behind; then a solid satisfaction lighted his craggy face.

"So," he said grittily, "I see I have got me one volunteeer. Private McCall, front an' center!"

"Hey!" Opie said in a startled and outraged voice. "Where do you get that stuff? I didn't volunteer for anything!"

"I volunteered for you," Jughead said coldly. "I ain't flipped so far I didn't see you were late for reveille, in improper uniform, talkin' in ranks, et cetera, et cetera."

"Look," Opie protested, wide awake now, "I got to drive the jeep in Sergeant Lederer's scout squad, sarge. You wouldn't want to bust up a good squad, with the maneuvers coming and all ——"

"Now maybe you got a point there," Jughead said, smiling with the frosty geniality of an executioner with his hand on the switch. "It would be a real shame to bust up that squad, wouldn't it? Yes, sir, you got a point there, Private McCall."

Sergeant First Class Lederer, at the end of the line, had stiffened involuntarily when Opie had mentioned his name. Lederer was a lanky man with a solemn face, and he worried about things. He definitely didn't want to have anything to do with flying saucers—especially flying saucers that Opie was mixed up with. Opie could be enough of a problem in a jeep; Lederer knew that from sad experience—he'd been with Opie on special details before. Now, soothed by the sweet reasonableness in Jughead's voice, he relaxed again.

"So," Jughead was going on, "not to bust up that squad you're so worried about, McCall, I'll just volunteer the rest of it along with you. That means you, Lederer an' Pankowski! Got it? Report to me in the orderly room after chow. Company—dismissed!"

"You and that big mouth of yours!" Lederer said bitterly as the formation broke up. "It ain't enough that you get yourself into the grease—you got to drag me in too! I could cut your throat!"

"I wish he had two throats," Pete Pankowski, the third man in the scout team growled. "I'd like to cut 'em both!"

"Aw, relax," Opie said, but his heart wasn't in the words. The prospect of flying held no appeal for him, either; flying, he considered, was strictly for the birds. "I'll figure some way to get us out of this."

"You and who else?" Lederer asked despondently.

"Me and Mr. McCall," Opie retorted feebly. "We'll start thinking on it, Sergeant First Class Lederer, sir."

The subject of flying platforms, miscalled flying saucers by Jughead Simpson, had first come up at battle-group headquarters on the previous Saturday afternoon. Field orders for Operation Hayride, an exercise scheduled to begin at 0300 hours the following Wednesday, had just come down. The division, of which the 2nd Battle Group was a part, would oppose the invasion of an armored task force known as Aggressor Green. In the initial stages of the maneuver the 2nd Battle Group would have the mission of screening the remainder of the division while the latter took up defensive positions behind the Kitamissamee River.

The 2nd would probe forward boldly, make contact with the superior enemy forces and then fall back to the river, fighting a succession of delaying actions as it went. So Col. Adam Spiller, C.O. of the 2nd, said as he glowered at his staff. The colonel was a forthright man, rough as a cob, and delaying actions were not his dish. In his book the way to win a fight—either for real or for make-believe—was to close with the other guy and then clobber him. These "fire-and-fall-back" tactics found scant favor in Adam Spiller's eyes.

"Any questions?" he snapped.

"Sir," the S-3, a major named Williams, asked cautiously, "suppose the Aggressors' air knocks out the bridge at Hadleyville? How do we get across the river from the last delaying position?"

"We swim," Adam Spiller said grimly. "If there are no more questions, get to writing the orders!"

The staff filed out except for Maj. Luther Baggs, the S-2. He was new in the battle group—a bustling, ambitious man full of various kinds of schemes. He liked to think that his clipped red mustache and steel-rimmed spectacles gave him a Teddy Roosevelt look.

"Sir," he said without preamble as the door closed after the others, "I wonder if you would happen to be acquainted with Brigadier General Logan, who will be commanding Aggressor Green?"

Adam Spiller stiffened as though he'd been jabbed with a pin. No one had told Luther Baggs that Adam Spiller and T. Samuel Logan had been classmates at West Point, where they had cordially detested each other. Or that a year ago there had been another maneuver similar to Operation Hayride. On that occasion Logan—who had not acquired the moniker of "Slippery Sam" for nothing—had neatly nailed Adam Spiller's hide up on the barn door.

Logan had disguised an infantry company as migrant fruit pickers, mounted them in civilian trucks he'd hired and slipped them into the rear of Spiller's command. When the smoke had cleared away, everything (*Continued on Page 69*)

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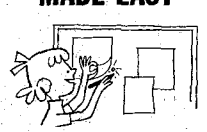

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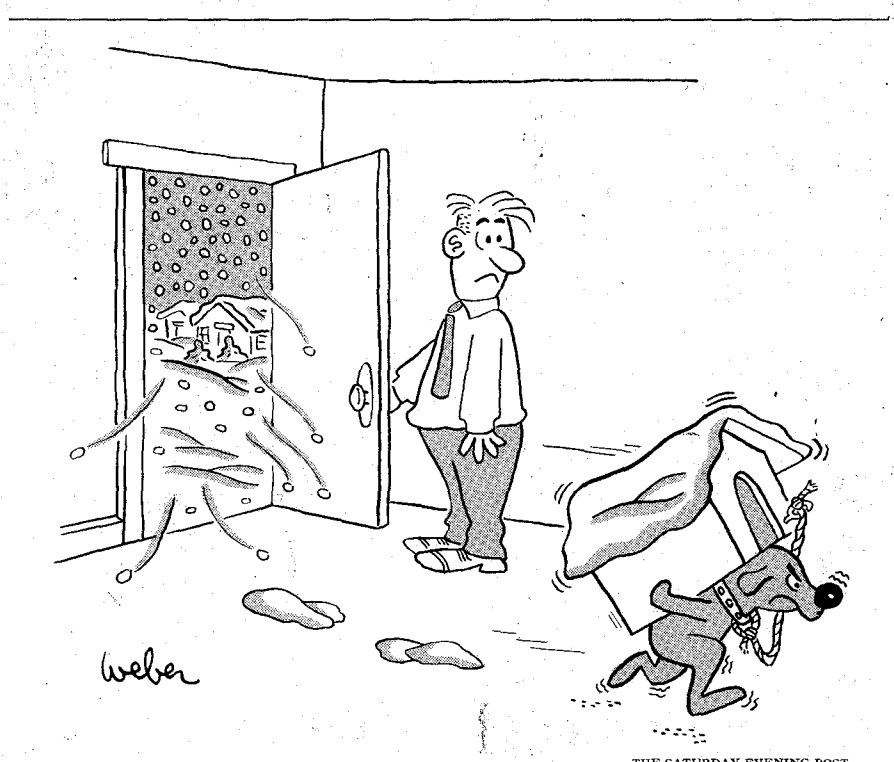

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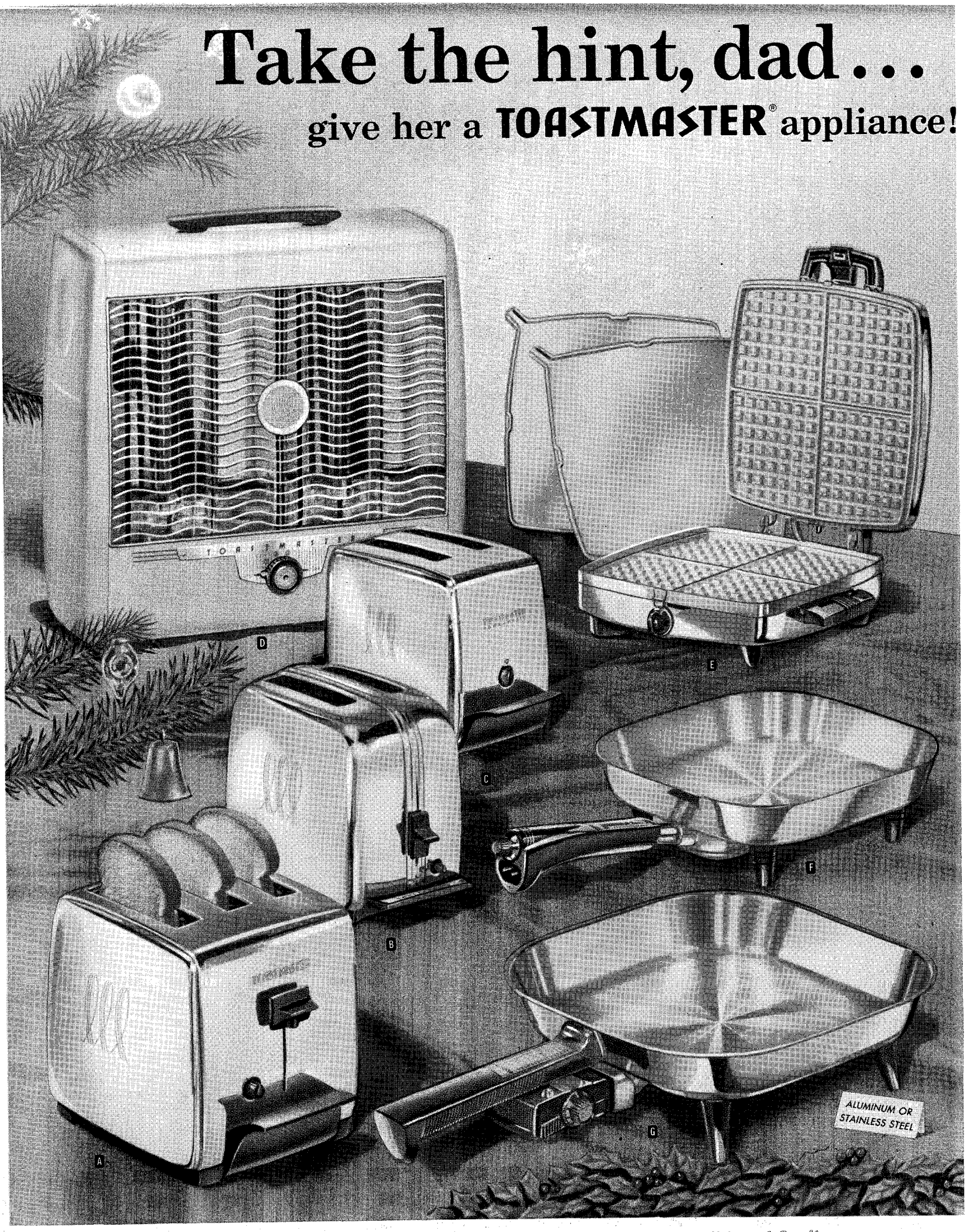

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(*Continued from Page 66*) had been in a state of hopeless disorganization, and Adam Spiller himself had been a prisoner of war.

That Sam Logan had been able to parlay *that* piece of chicanery into a brigadier's star for himself had done nothing to slake Adam's thirst for revenge. He wondered now if this squirt major was trying to needle him about that with his fool question.

"I know Sam Logan," he said grimly. "Why, major?"

"Sir," Luther Baggs said pedantically, "I have always found that knowledge of the character of an opposing commander can be of great value in planning the details of an operation. You will recall that General Robert E. Lee ——"

Colonel Spiller's face began to get red. "Young man," he rasped, "your job is handling intelligence and not planning operations. However, for your information I will tell you that Brigadier General T. Sam Logan is a crook who not only would steal the pennies off a dead man's eyes but also would pry his jaw open to get at the gold in his teeth! You just see to it that he doesn't pull any of his felonious tricks on me during Hayride, and you and I will get along. Understand?"

"Certainly, sir," Baggs said, looking down his nose.

The colonel swung and pointed at the big map on the wall. "Take a good look at that map, major," he said grimly. "This battle group is going to be stuck across the river, where we'll be as vulnerable as a dentist's thumb in a baby's mouth. Logan can concentrate his tanks in a dozen places out in those pine barrens. He'll be safe from air observation and ——"

"I have given considerable thought to that angle of our intelligence plan, sir," Luther Baggs interrupted smugly. "I think that I have a scheme that will give us one hundred per cent security."

"Well, it had damned well better," Colonel Spiller growled. He swung back to say then, "Well, what is it, Burke?"

The exec was standing by the door with a slip of paper in his fingers and an unhappy look on his face. "I thought you ought to see this, sir," he said, coming to the desk. "It's from the R. and D. people over at the school."

"What's it say?" the colonel asked warily. "R. and D." stood for Research and Development—a secretive crew engaged in what Adam Spiller considered to be crystal-ball projects of doubtful worth. "Whatever it is that they got, I don't want it!"

"It's a directive, sir," the exec said, his unhappiness increasing. "The Second Battle Group is ordered to conduct a field test of flying platforms during Operation Hayride. R. and D. is sending us three of the vehicles with a master sergeant as instructor."

The red came back into Adam Spiller's face. "What the devil are flying platforms?" he demanded. "Never heard of 'em!"

It was Luther Baggs who answered. "I think I can explain, sir," he said, dipping into his map case. "It just happens that I have some pictures here of the flying platforms. From this first one you can get a good idea of the details, I think."

He placed a blown-up photograph on the desk, and Colonel Spiller bent forward to squint at it suspiciously. He saw

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The loudmouthed stranger walked into the bar and offered to buy drinks for everyone. A deputy sheriff warned that it was against local law for drinks to be so sold, but the bartender sneered that the law was ridiculous and set up drinks all around. The deputy thereupon arrested him.

"This bartender openly and willfully violated a law intended to protect the drinking public from a dangerous situation," the prosecutor asserted at the trial. "If it becomes customary for every newcomer to a bar to buy drinks for all present, what will we come to?"

"Treating at bars," replied counsel for the bartender, "is a right of hospitality which a free people always have exercised. This law unconstitutionally deprives our people of liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

If you were the judge, would you free the bartender?

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"Guilty" was the verdict. The court ruled that public safety is more sacred than hospitality. It said treating at bars could be banned for the public welfare.

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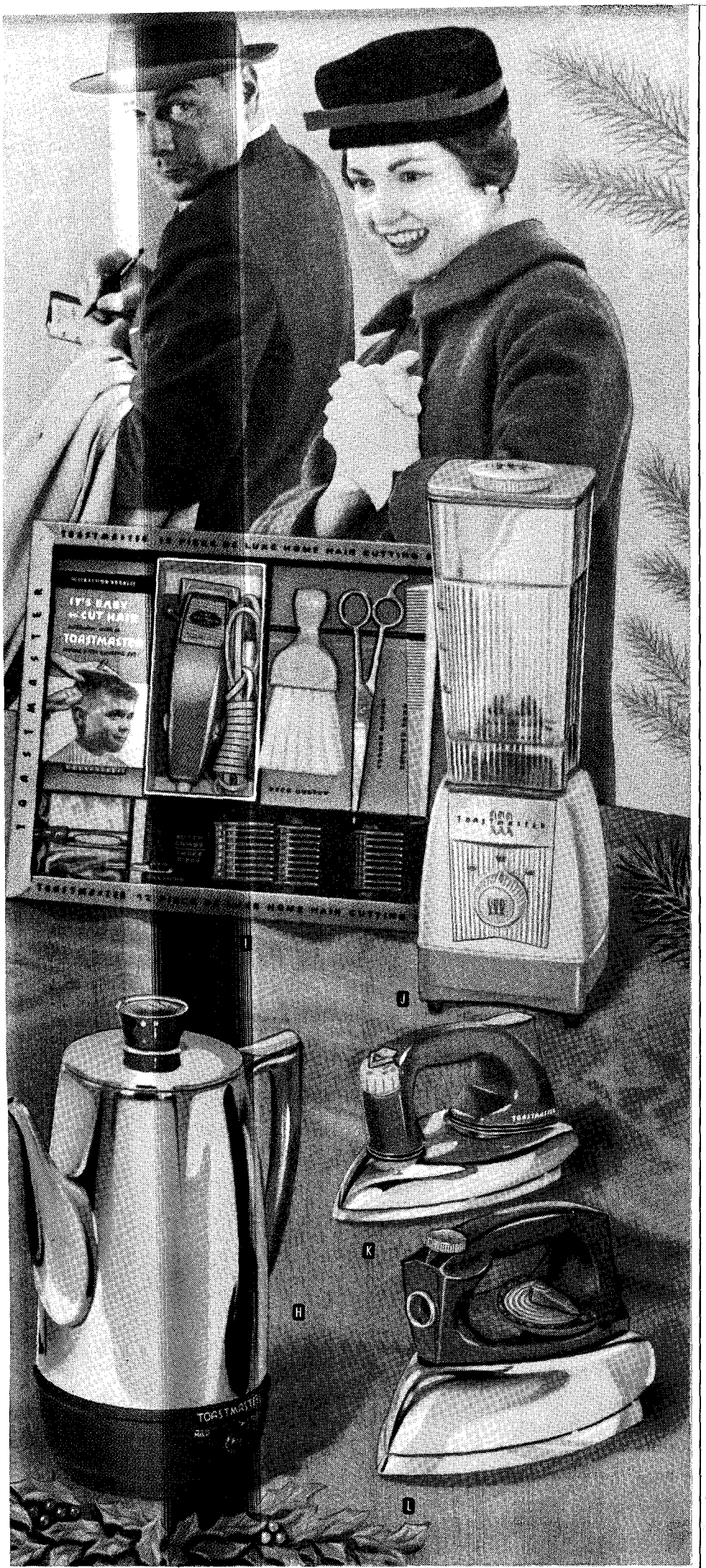

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what seemed to be an oversized manhole cover which had been fitted with a metal skirt extending a foot or so beneath its outer rim. The contraption rested on four stubby legs and, atop it, a soldier stood inside a waist-high railing on which was mounted a small box and other gadgets. The word ARMY was visible in big white letters on the skirt.

"What army?" Adam growled. "The Martian Army? Of all the fool projects I ever saw, this takes the ——"

Major Baggs hastily dropped a second photograph onto the first. In this picture there were three of the odd-looking contrivances, each manned by a helmeted soldier. What made the colonel's eyes bug a little was the fact that the three vehicles appeared to be sailing over the top of a two-story barracks. There were fans in the base, Luther Baggs said, that lifted and propelled the platform on a column of air. The colonel squinted at him suspiciously.

"You seem to know a considerable amount about these doodlebugs, Baggs," he growled. "You wouldn't just happen to be the person who is responsible for that fool directive from R. and D., would you?"

That set Luther back on his heels for a moment, but he was a man who recovered fast. "Uh, I sort of may have suggested it to the director, sir," he said smoothly. "You see, the flying platforms will give us that one hundred per cent security I just mentioned, colonel."

Adam Spiller looked at his S-2 as though the latter were some new kind of bug. "How?" he demanded flatly.

That was all the invitation Major Baggs needed. "Sir, it's simple," he said enthusiastically. "I'll organize a flying reconnaissance squad. They can pop up, spot Aggressor concentrations, radio the information back and pop down again probably before they're even spotted. Then pop up again some place a half-dozen miles away."

Colonel Spiller re-examined the pictures with a grudging tolerance now. "Mm'm'm," he said. "They might, at that. Might even stir up a little confusion in Slippery Sam's rear," he added thoughtfully, remembering what the migrant fruit pickers had done to *his* rear.

Major Baggs accepted that idea with new enthusiasm. "Of course, sir," he said, smoothing his red mustache as though he were stroking a cat. "There's been a lot in the papers about flying saucers. Who knows? When the Aggressors see our flying platforms popping up and down like jack-in-the-boxes behind their lines—well, anything could happen."

"Who'll fly the things?"

"I'll call for volunteers from Headquarters Company, sir," Baggs said. "The vehicles are very simple to operate."

Spiller sat back in his chair and stared at his S-2 for a long moment. "Something tells me I'm going to regret this," he said finally. "I'm warning you, Baggs. The first sign of a foulup and out your doodlebugs go. Likely you'll go with 'em."

At midmorning a jeep stopped in front of a shed in a far corner of Fort Cannon's big reservation. A sign on the shed said, R & D PROJECT X-2. Opie, behind the jeep's wheel, stared glumly at the sign. Sergeant Lederer sat behind him; Pankowski was in back.

"Looks like this is it—whatever it is," Opie said.

He got no answer from the others—by mutual consent they were giving Opie the silent treatment. A small man with grimy hands and a master sergeant's chevrons emerged from a door at the near end of the shed and stood looking pessimistically at the three in the jeep. He spat finally and then spoke. "You the volunteers?" he asked.

"Naw, we're not the volunteers," Opie told him. "We didn't volunteer for nothing—that Simon Legree we got for a first sergeant in Headquarters Company volunteered for us."

The master sergeant spat again. "Then you're the volunteers," he said flatly. "Come on, heroes—you may as well get started on your doin' or dyin'. My name's MacGillicuddy. You can call me Sergeant MacGillicuddy for short."

The three dismounted without enthusiasm. Fifty yards away two men in fatigues fussed over a squat platform that stood on the ground on stubby legs. Opie eyed the thing warily. "That the flying saucer?" he wanted to know.

"Yep," MacGillicuddy said. "Flying Platform X-2, if you got to be technical. Jimp, if you don't."

"Jimp?" Opie asked suspiciously.

"Short for flying jeep," MacGillicuddy grunted. "Some call 'em jeeparoos—short for kangaroo jeep. Some also call 'em words I wouldn't want to mention. What's the matter with them other two—cat got their tongues?"

"They're mad at me for gettin' them volunteered for this detail," Opie said. "Mostly, though, they're just scared."

"You ain't scared, sonny?"

"I'm plumb scared stiff," Opie said flatly. "I get dizzy just climbing into an upper bunk. Maybe I'll just sit in the shade and watch while you give the others their flying lessons."

Sergeant Lederer and Pankowski had moved up within hearing distance now. "Did you hear somebody say something about somebody sitting in the shade, sarge?" Pankowski asked.

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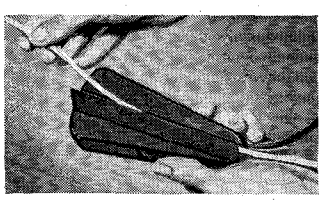

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"I did," Lederer said sourly.

"Maybe we ought to beat on it a little," Pankowski suggested, looking at Opie from beneath pale eyebrows. "I don't exactly know what kind of a louse it is, but I bet we could make it bleed."

"Lead on, Mac," Opie said hastily. "Just put 'Buck Rogers' over my grave when you tuck away my remains."

MacGillicuddy grinned tightly. "It ain't so bad," he said in a comforting voice. "Likely you won't do more'n break a few bones—like arms and legs. Maybe knock out some teeth and such as that."

"Just trifles," Opie said sourly.

"Let's go," MacGillicuddy said.

"What say *we* sit in the shade, sarge?" Pankowski said loudly to Lederer. "We can watch while Mr. Volunteer gets his wings."

Noon came. The three ate the lunches they'd brought. Opie ate apart—the lazar of Headquarters Company's flying corps. Sergeant MacGillicuddy and his two assistants had disappeared in his car. He'd be back, he'd said; Opie would solo the first thing this afternoon. Lederer and Pankowski discussed that, making sure their voices were loud enough to carry clearly to where Opie sat.

"Maybe he'll get about a hundred feet up in the air and then fall off," Pankowski said hopefully. "Maybe that thing will fall down—kerplop—right on top of him."

"That'd be nice," Sergeant Lederer said.

Opie choked on his sandwich. "Or maybe," he said hoarsely, "he'll get on that doodlebug and chase a couple of wise guys he could mention back down into their holes like rabbits."

The other two gave no indication they'd heard. "Or maybe he'll just go straight up into the wild blue yonder an' that's the last we ever see of him," Pankowski suggested.

"That'd be nice too," Lederer agreed.

MacGillicuddy came back around the corner now and beckoned to Opie. The two of them started toward the jimp. Lederer and Pankowski left the shade to follow, anticipatory grins on their faces.

"You remember how I showed you?" MacGillicuddy asked.

"Yeah, I think so," Opie said glumly.

He climbed onto the small platform and ducked under the pipe railing. A purple haze seemed to have descended in front of his eyes as he reached for the controls as he had seen MacGillicuddy do. He shoved a knob down, breathing a short prayer.

The motor turned over, whining a little—then caught; it accelerated violently as Opie, in sudden panic, involuntarily shoved harder on the knob. The jimp shot up to hang a dozen feet in the air, rocking unsteadily beneath Opie's feet. Below, through the dust, he could see MacGillicuddy yelling something, but couldn't make out the words. He leaned forward to hear better, and the jimp surged forward as the platform tilted under his shifting weight.

He rocked hastily back. The jimp scuttled to the rear like a crab heading for its hole; the column of air, spewed down by the fans, caught Lederer and Pankowski, and left them hatless and choking on dust as Opie began to weave in a crazy circle. But the purple haze that had engulfed him was beginning to thin. Through it fragments of MacGillicuddy's instructions came back.

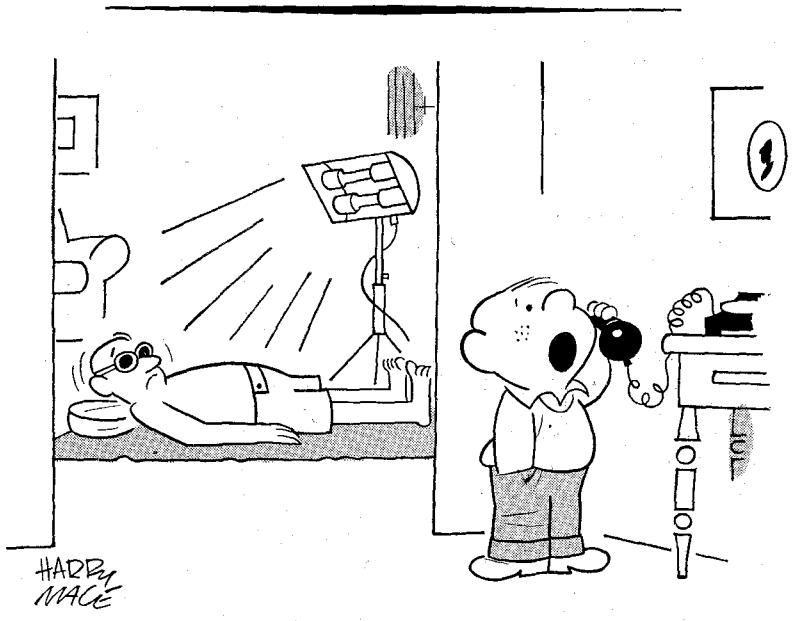
. . . fans kick down a column of air that lifts you off the ground. . . . Shift your weight to tilt the platform in the direction you want to go. . . . Column of air tilts and pushes you that way. . . .

Opie, moving gingerly, started to experiment; he was getting the feel of the platform now. He saw Sergeant Lederer and Pankowski, and knew where he wanted to go. The two were a couple of hundred yards away now, industriously brushing the dirt off themselves. Opie headed in that direction, pushing the throttle open. "Wise guys," he said through his teeth.

They saw him coming. Sergeant Lederer hit the dirt. Pankowski started running toward the shed fifty yards away, but didn't make it. Opie buzzed him from fifteen feet up, and Pankowski did an involuntary cartwheel and landed in a fresh cloud of dust. Lederer was on his hands and knees as Opie swooped back and flattened him again.

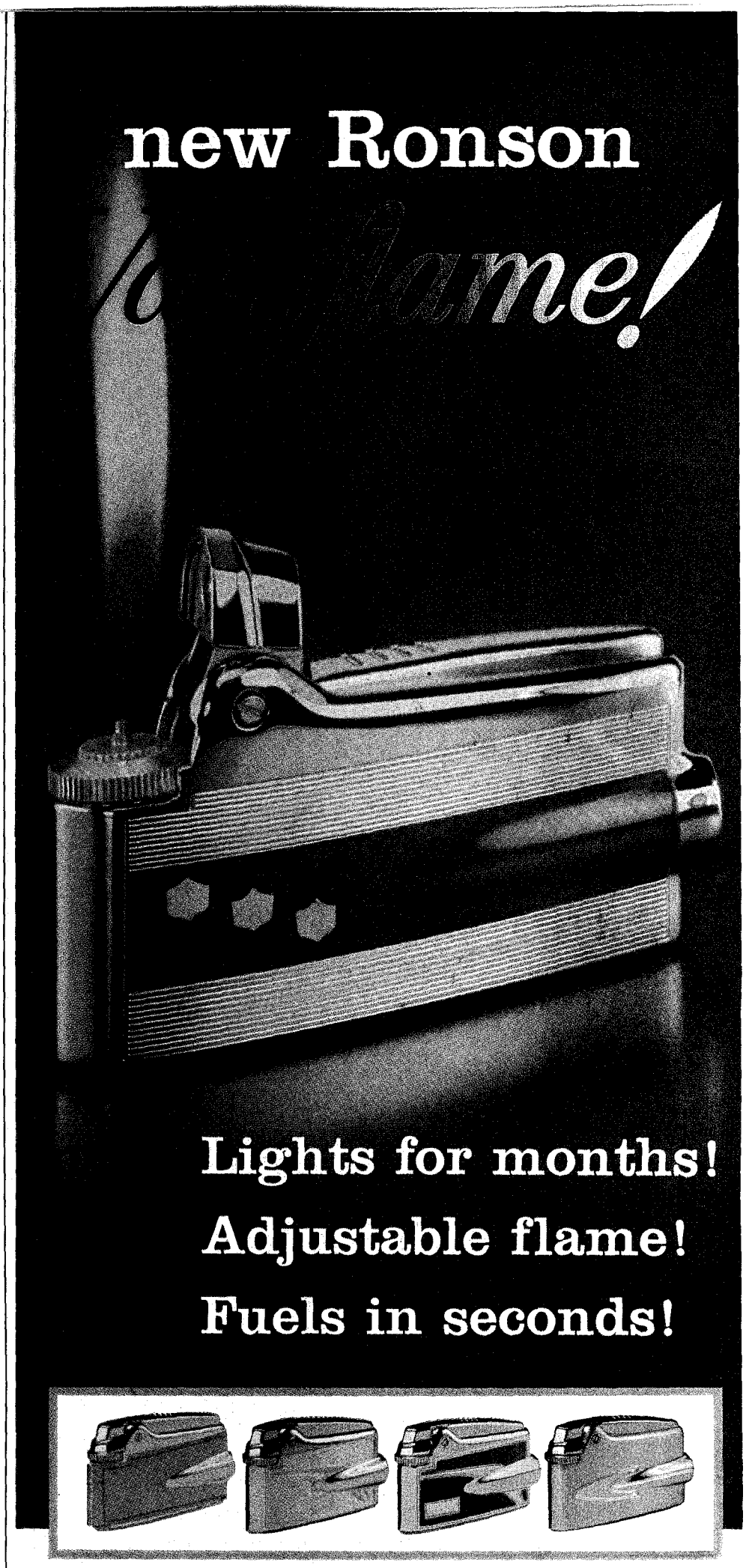
The business was getting into Opie's blood. He bounced the jimp up and down a couple of times, just for the heck of it, and then started for Pankowski again in hot pursuit. Pankowski was moving fast. He ducked around the corner of the shed and, too late, Opie saw that a staff car was standing back there. Two men were getting out. The younger of the two wore a major's leaves and a red mustache. In the horrifying second just before it dived beneath the car Opie caught a glimpse of the other officer's face. It belonged to Colonel Spiller.

Gloom enveloped Opie in a sable shroud as he finally managed to land the jimp on the flat a half mile from the shed. He sat on the platform and watched as the jeep came racing toward him. The impulse was strong in him to head for the woods, but he gave up the idea. If he



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Can you call back later? Right now he's gettin' fried."



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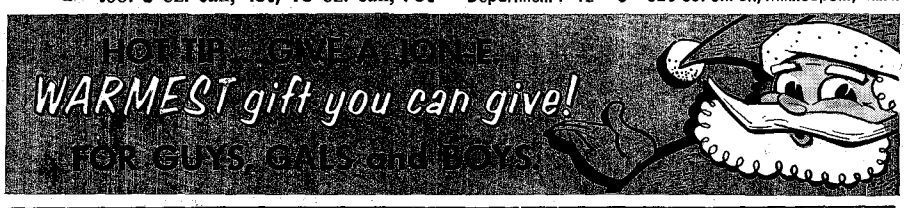

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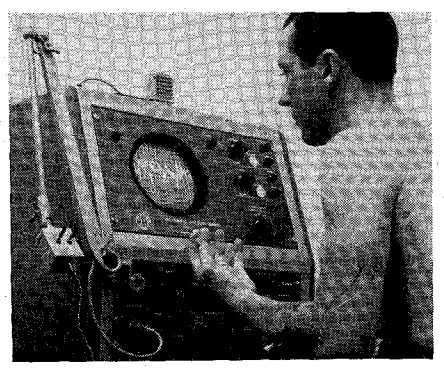

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did, they'd probably just track him down with bloodhounds, he concluded morosely. This hadn't been his day.

The red-mustached major was in the front seat beside Sergeant Lederer, he noted numbly as the jeep skidded to a stop. The major looked as though he were about to have a stroke as he bounced angrily out of his seat and strode forward. Opie stood up.

"You're under arrest!" Luther Baggs yelled. "I only wish that I could shoot you! Do you know what you've done, you saboteur?"

"Sir," Opie mumbled, "I was chasing Pankowski—I didn't know the major and the C.O. were behind the ——"

"Quiet!" Baggs shouted, his face beginning to get purple. "You deliberately buzzed the colonel! Now he has flatly nixed the flying platforms! You've ruined my reconnaissance plans—so help me, I'll send you to the guardhouse for the rest of your life!"

Sergeant Lederer was still sitting in the jeep. "Sir," he said unhappily now, "I guess I'm partly to blame ——"

Baggs wheeled on him balefully. "Then you're in arrest too!" he snapped. "And you can just bet that those stripes of yours are going to come off! You men volunteered for this mission, and that makes your disgraceful performance all the worse!"

"Uh," Lederer said, wishing he'd kept his mouth shut, "we didn't exactly volunteer, major. We just sort of got the job."

Major Baggs paid no attention to that. "Get back to barracks!" he snapped. "Report to your first sergeant that you're under arrest—I'll send the charges down as soon as I've thought up all of the things that I mean to charge you with! You understand?"

Later, riding home in the jeep, Pankowski was the first to break the melancholy silence—he broke it only once. He alone of the three had nothing to fear since he'd sagely remained hidden in the shed until the irate Major Baggs had departed.

"Well, like you said, you got us out of that volunteering business, Mr. McCall," Pankowski said, snickering smugly. "Only I got to say you sure did it the hard way."

"You," Opie snarled over his shoulder, "either shut that big yap of yours, buster, or I shut it for you!"

On Wednesday Operation Hayride jumped off on schedule. Although Major Baggs' charges hadn't showed up yet, their shadow hung like a Damoclean sword over the heads of Opie and Sergeant Lederer as their three-man scout team probed ahead, reconnoitering on the left flank of the advancing battle group.

Things went as planned. The 2nd made contact with Aggressor elements at midmorning and thereafter delayed in successive positions as it gradually fell back toward the Kitamissamee. By sundown on Thursday the battle group, intact and in good shape, was in its final delaying position; during the night it would break contact and withdraw over the Hadleyville bridge. Col. Adam Spiller studied the map in his advanced C.P. in a scrub-oak grove.

"We've run out of running room," he growled. "And five will get you ten that before midnight that crook, Logan, will cozen the head umpire into declaring the Hadleyville bridge destroyed."

Major Williams, the S-3, looked worried. "We'll be in a bad bind if that happens, sir," he said.

"That's a profound statement," Adam snorted. . . . "Baggs, where are your jeep patrols operating? If Logan's up to any sneaky trick, I want to know about it—and fast!"

Major Baggs, still unhappy over the failure of his air-reconnaissance scheme, looked sulky. "Two of the teams are out in front of Bravo Company's combat outpost line, sir," he said. "The other two teams are scouting on our right and left flanks, respectively."

"Where on the right and left flanks, respectively?"

Major Baggs looked sulkier. "The one on the right is patrolling south to the Mills City road, sir. The one on the left is patrolling north to the boundary of the Fort Cannon reservation."

"You've got radio contact with them?"

Luther Baggs had hoped that question wasn't going to be asked; he touched his red mustache with a trace of embarrassment. "With all of them except Sergeant Lederer's team, sir," he said. "They're to the north, and the recon platoon commander hasn't been able to contact them for the last hour—their radio's probably gone out. However, I consider it most unlikely that the Aggressors will try to move anything into that area, it being so close to the reservation and ——"

"Never mind what you consider," Colonel Spiller snapped.

He was about to say more, but was interrupted by the message-center chief who, wooden-faced, handed across a written message. Adam Spiller's face darkened as he read. Finally he crumpled the paper angrily and shoved it into a pocket.

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"Gentlemen," he said grittily, "the chief umpire—that Judas Iscariot—has just ruled that the Hadleyville bridge has been bombed. It cannot be repaired before oh four hundred tomorrow. How do you like that?"

For a time no one spoke. "That means a daylight withdrawal, sir," the S-3 said hoarsely then. "And the Aggressors have got command of the air. It'll be suicidal!"

"The hell with any withdrawal," Colonel Spiller snarled. "We attack! Tonight! Take notes!"

Brig. Gen. T. Samuel Logan had planned a little surprise of his own. As dusk came down an armored column was making a long swing to the north, moving on a little-used road that ran across the pine barrens. At about 1800 a scout team—Sergeant Lederer commanding, Privates McCall and Pankowski driver and observer, respectively—missed getting gobbled up by the skin of its teeth. Only some fast and violent driving by Private McCall enabled it to escape northward, pursued for a half dozen miles by an armored patrol.

Twilight had set in as Opie finally wheeled the jeep into a clump of pines at the edge of a clearing and stopped. Sergeant Lederer stopped hanging on and wiped his dripping face. His gray-hair count had increased materially in the last few minutes, he suspected.

"I think we shook 'em," Opie said. "But we got half the Aggressor army between us and the battle group, sarge. We try to get back through 'em and they nab us sure."

"You got that radio working yet?" Lederer asked worriedly over his shoulder of Pankowski. "We got to report those tanks."

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"Naw," Pankowski grunted. "You ever know a radio to work when you wanted a radio to work?"

"That tears it," Lederer groaned. "We're dead ducks now for sure. After that jimp business Monday they'll shoot us for letting those tanks sneak around the flank without being reported."

Opie had been squinting through the dusk at the clearing ahead. "You know something?" he asked suddenly. "The shed where those jimps are is only about a mile up ahead. I thought I spotted something familiar about this place—we're back on the reservation."

Sergeant Lederer jerked as though he'd been stabbed. "No, *you don't!*" he said violently. "If you're thinking what I think you're thinking, you can just forget it! I don't want no part of those jimps!"

"Look," Opie said reasonably, "I and you are already in so bad we can't get in any worse, sarge. We got no radio. If we try to go back the way we came, we either get captured or get lost. Maybe, if we take the jimps, they forget about Monday."

"I don't know how to drive one of those fool flying saucers," Lederer croaked. "I don't even want to know."

"I'll teach you," Opie said. "I'll even teach our simple-minded friend here—*that'll* be the trick of the week!"

"Like hell you'll teach me!" Pankowski yelled. "I ain't in the grease with you two. And I ain't leadin' this patrol, either. It's Lederer's fault if the tanks don't get reported."

"That does it," Sergeant Lederer said grimly. "Take off, McCall. We'll tie Pankowski to the confounded jimp if we have to."

The last of the twilight seeped through the evening, lending a spooky unreality to things, as the tank force—led personally by Brigadier General Logan—closed in its assembly area far inside the north flank of the 2nd Battle Group. Tank crews sat on the hulls of their tanks and talked in the low voices which the quality of the evening inspired. A gibbous moon was starting to come up.

"Spooky darn place," a tank commander said to his gunner. "Kind of a place anything could happen."

"Like as what?"

"I don't know. Maybe like as them flying saucers the newspapers' been talking about. I seen where ——"

He abruptly stopped speaking to listen. A faint swooshing was coming across the scrub where the tanks were concealed. A sound something like the sigh of a man nearing his end. It came on, growing to a high whine as it got nearer. The tank commander craned his head to look—and his eyes bugged. Coming toward him in the uncertain moonlight were three flying objects that seemed to bob up and down as though they were hopping over the ground on giant, unseen springs.

"Flying saucers!" the tank commander said in a shaken voice. "Inside an' button up! We're gettin' out of here!"

Panic is an epidemic to which armies can be especially vulnerable, given just the right combination of circumstances. Surprise, coupled with the eerie quality of the night, was enough to pull the trigger here in the scrub. A tank slued around, rammed a neighboring tank and caromed away into a tree. General Logan came bucketing up in a staff car, yelling hoarse and angry orders as the confusion spread. A tank sideswiped the car and went weaving off. In a matter of minutes tanks were scattering in all directions.

The 2nd Battle Group had been already poised for a breakout to the north when the three flying jimps had arrived with the news of the disorganized tank force to the north. "Hah!" Adam Spiller said. "They're my meat! Get Charley Company on the road with all the trucks and antitank weapons we got!"

When Charley Company, Adam Spiller at its head, reached the area an hour later, they found no organized resistance to oppose them. All they really found was Slippery Sam Logan sitting morosely in his wrecked staff car. Adam Spiller liked that.

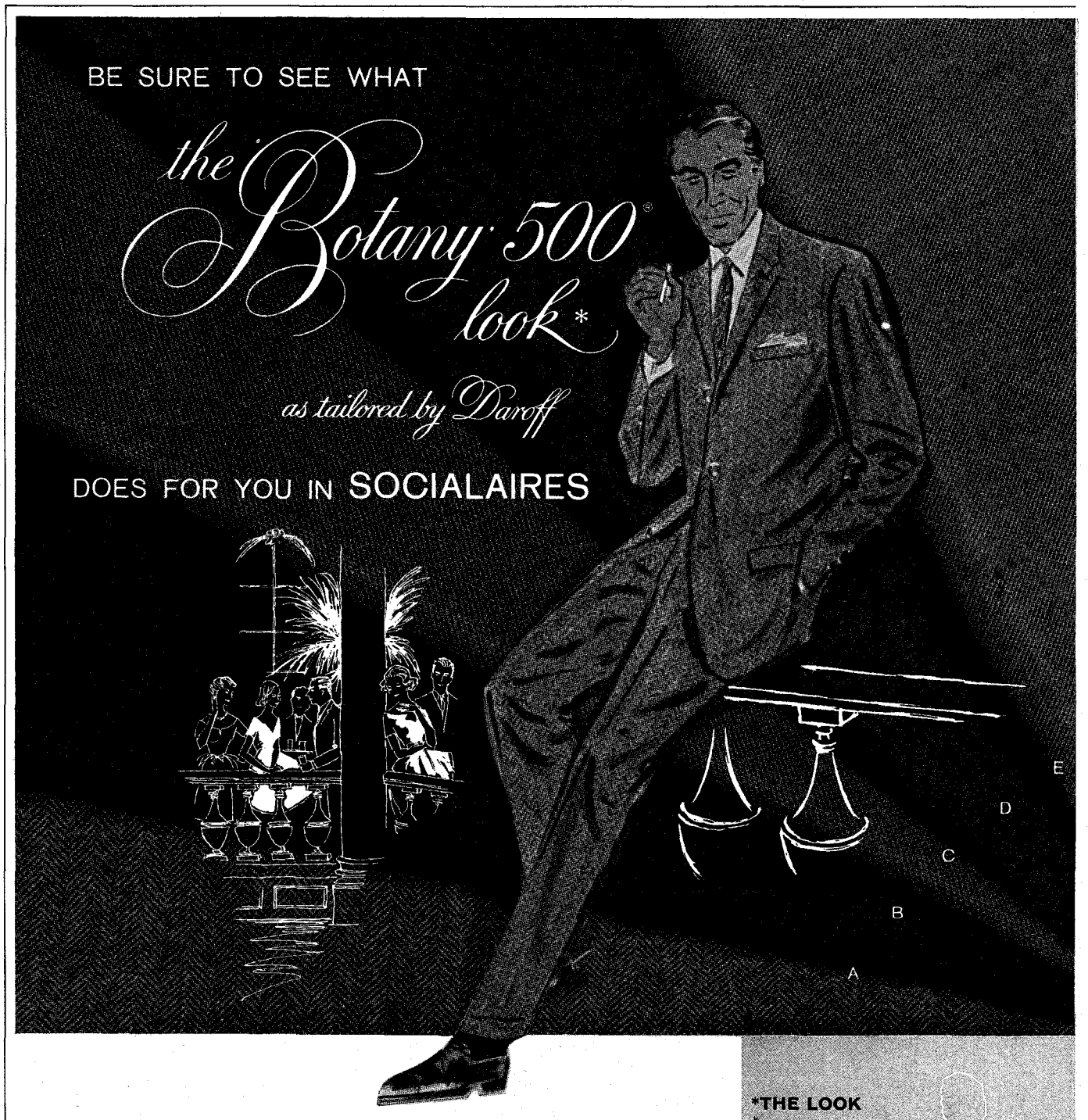
The maneuvers were over. Life in Headquarters Company had returned to normal on this Monday morning, which opened just like any other Monday morning. Poorly. Jughead Simpson watched with a sour eye as Opie made reveille by the skin of his teeth. Opie was wearing a raincoat which showed his bare shanks. It wasn't raining.

Jughead Simpson consulted the paper in his hand. "Lederer, McCall an' Pankowski will report to the C.O., Second Battle Group, at ten hundred hours," he said heavily. He paused and scowled at the paper as though it held tragic news. Then added reluctantly, "To receive commendation for meritorious performance of hazardous service in connection with Operation Hayride. By command of Colonel Spiller."

Opie, in the rear rank, whispered too loudly, "Now I *know* Jughead has flipped! Meritorious ——"

Jughead's eyes swiveled around. "He ain't flipped so far he didn't see that Mr. McCall was late for reveille, in improper uniform, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera," he said heavily. "Meet me in the kitchen with your scrubbin' clothes on, Mr. McCall, when you get through hobnobbin' with the colonel. I got a little present for you myself."

THE END



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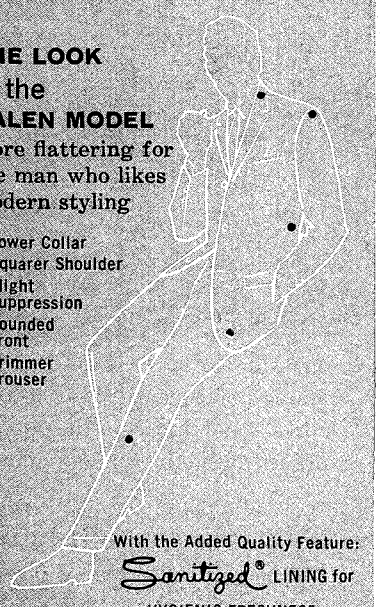

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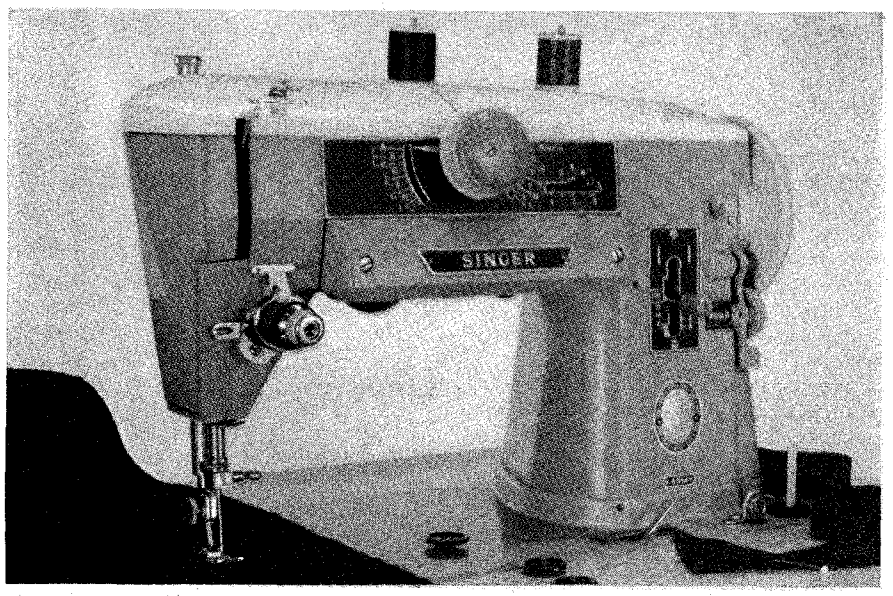
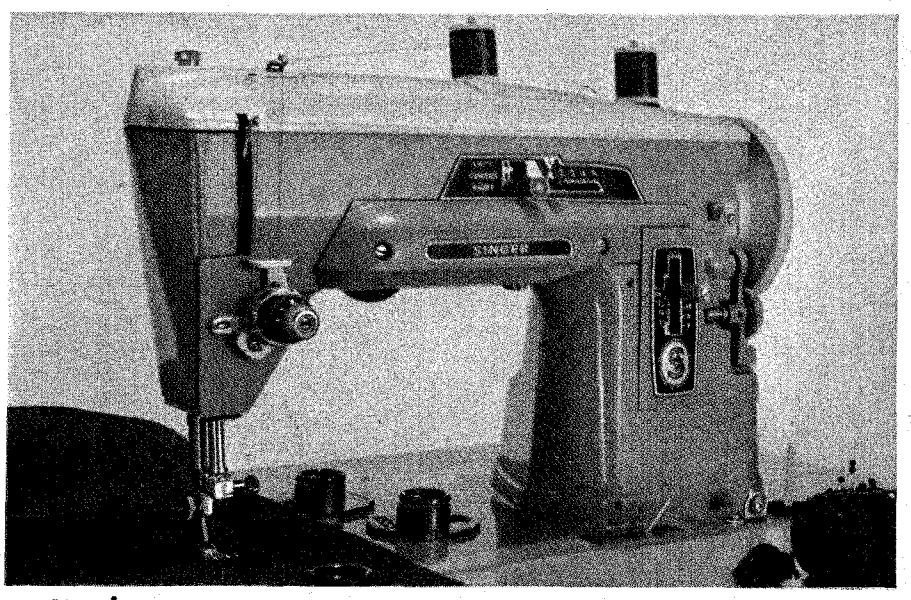
...and for my big gift

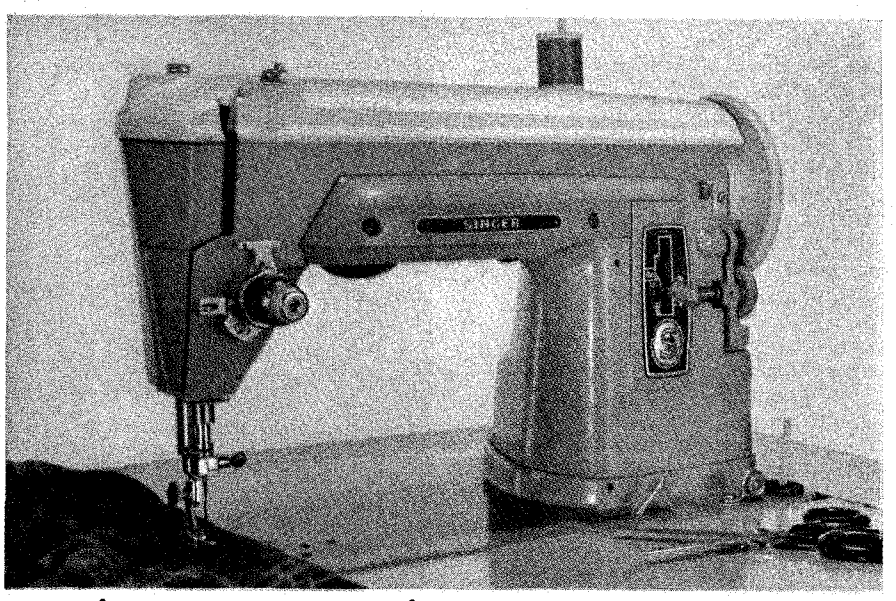
More women will wish for—and get—a SINGER this Christmas than any other machine and here's why...



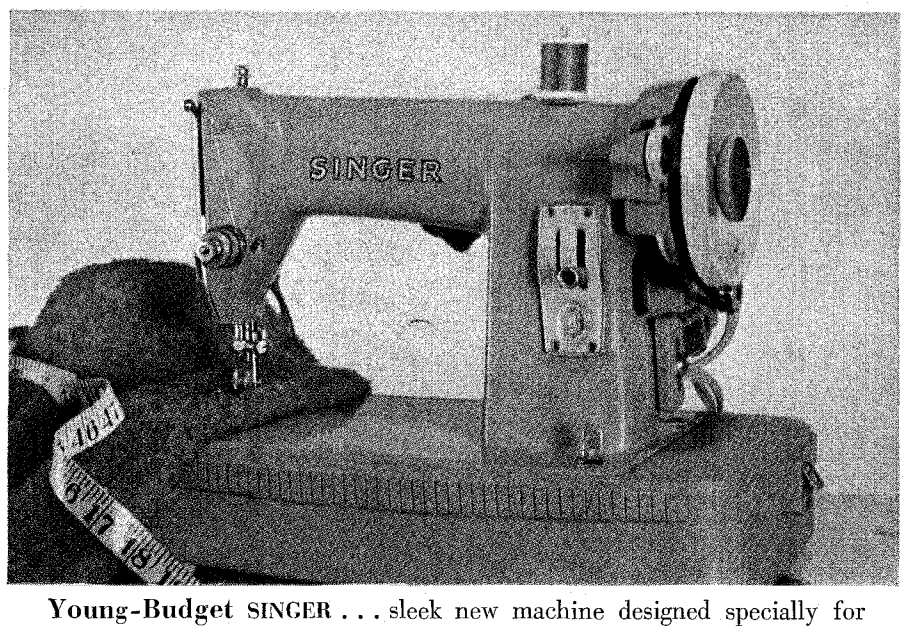
Famous SLANT-O-MATIC*. Here is the most talented machine you can buy. Just by "tuning" a knob you can create thousands of fancy stitches. Do practical every-day sewing. Also sew buttons, buttonholes, do darning—even blind stitching. Cabinet, portable styles. Made in America.



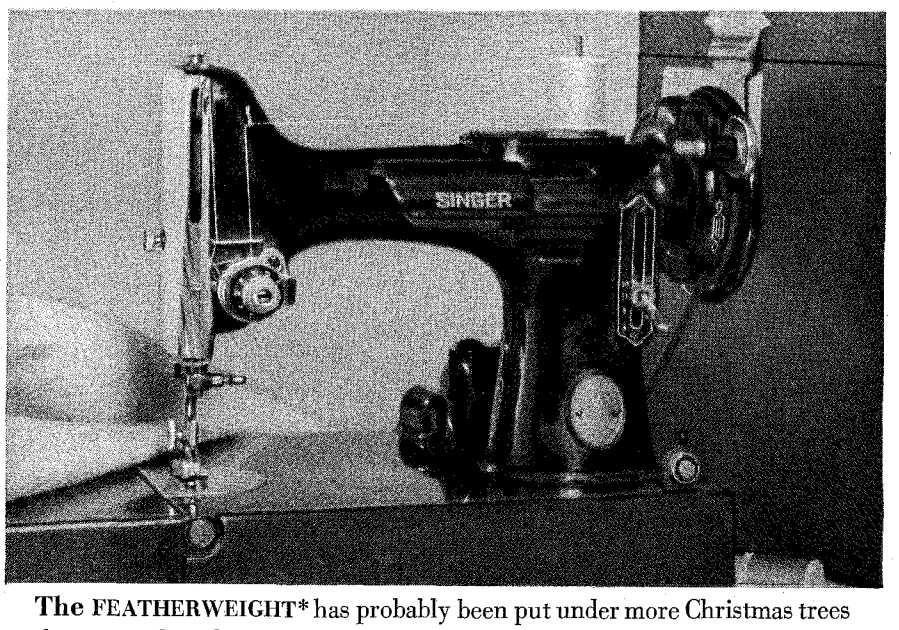
New! SLANT-O-MATIC Special . . . a brilliant new machine that gives you many of the superb features of the SLANT-O-MATIC at a lower price. And it comes with a set of FASHION* Discs you slip on the machine for fancy stitching. Cabinet, portable styles. Made in America.



New! SLANT-NEEDLE Deluxe! This greatest-of-all straight-stitch machines has foolproof threading; exclusive slant-needle; front "drop-in" bobbin. Never slips or stalls. And a zigzag attachment for fancy stitching is included. Cabinet, portable styles. Made in America.



Young-Budget SINGER . . . sleek new machine designed specially for young homemakers! Easy to run—even most beginners make curtains, bedspreads and things for the family right off. And, young husbands are naturally drawn to the tiny price. Cabinet, portable styles. Made in Great Britain.



The FEATHERWEIGHT* has probably been put under more Christmas trees than any other electric portable in the world. And no wonder. Weighs only 11 pounds, yet does the job of a full-sized SINGER* Sewing Machine. Sews perfectly on every fabric. Compact for storage, too. Made in America.

And you can tell Santa . . . SINGER low prices start at $59.50 for the SPARTAN* model.

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Comeback of a Shabby City (Continued from Page 35)

One interesting thing about this renaissance on the Delaware is that it goes far beyond mere slum clearance—or even the construction of new buildings and highways. It's true that the building program is so vast that, among U.S. cities, Philadelphia stands today as one of the acknowledged leaders in redevelopment projects. But like most real renaissances, there's a new spirit abroad. No longer are Philadelphians complacent. And their government is no longer corrupt. Their baseball team may not have caught the spirit of things yet, but almost everybody else has.

Take the school children. Recently a visitor from Indiana was amazed to find that all little Philadelphians learn two basic things by the fourth grade:

1) How to pronounce and spell "Schuylkill"—Philadelphia lies between the Delaware and "Skookill" rivers.

2) What city planning means.

In sum, the City of Brotherly Love has fallen for urban renewal and looks years younger for the experience.

At this point the outsider, having heard for years the gibes about Philadelphia's indifference, may well ask the obvious question: How did it all happen?

Philadelphia's renaissance can be attributed to no one person or event. However, it is safe to say that most of the sparks that kindled the new movement were struck by a comparatively small group of people. Some were outsiders—an appropriate arrangement when one considers that many of the city's earliest triumphs were also achieved by outsiders. It is also worth noting that the chain reaction for Old Philadelphia's face-lifting was set in motion in or around Independence Hall.

During World War II, for example, a Virginia-born judge by the name of Edwin O. Lewis got worried about what might happen to the Hall if it were bombed, or if a near-miss started a fire. And aside from war considerations, he knew that the greatest shrine of democracy in the free world hardly had the setting to impress visitors. Although there were 2200 buildings of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century within an eight-block radius of the Liberty Bell, they were mostly buried under layers of grime and dirt. Gems like Carpenters' Hall and the Philadelphia Merchants' Exchange were hidden by sooty lofts, warehouses and factories. Even President Madison's house had become headquarters for a rag-picking firm, and the bulk of the neighborhood was a haven for bums and panhandlers.

With the zeal only the alien can feel for his adopted land, Judge Lewis went to work. He gathered together a band of dedicated souls and formed the Independence Hall Association. And by 1948 they had achieved one of their major goals: the making of Independence Hall into a national park, with its protection and maintenance insured by the Federal Government.

Equally important, machinery was set in motion to give the nation's birthplace the kind of setting it deserved. The state of Pennsylvania agreed to clear an imposing mall of three long blocks to the north, the whole thing to be landscaped with trees, gardens and fountains.

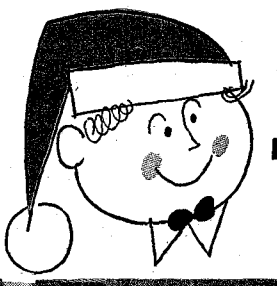
The boldness of the scheme, which involved tearing down scores of buildings, would have pleased our forefathers, for not even in colonial days could one have had such a view of Independence Hall.

Such strokes, of course, were not accomplished without a murmur. Many thought the conception too grandiose or too expensive, or both. One displaced merchant, angry at being caught up in this tide of rehabilitation and forced to move from his store, shouted at a mass meeting, "If Judge Lewis is so anxious to preserve Independence Hall, why doesn't he move it to Fairmount Park?"

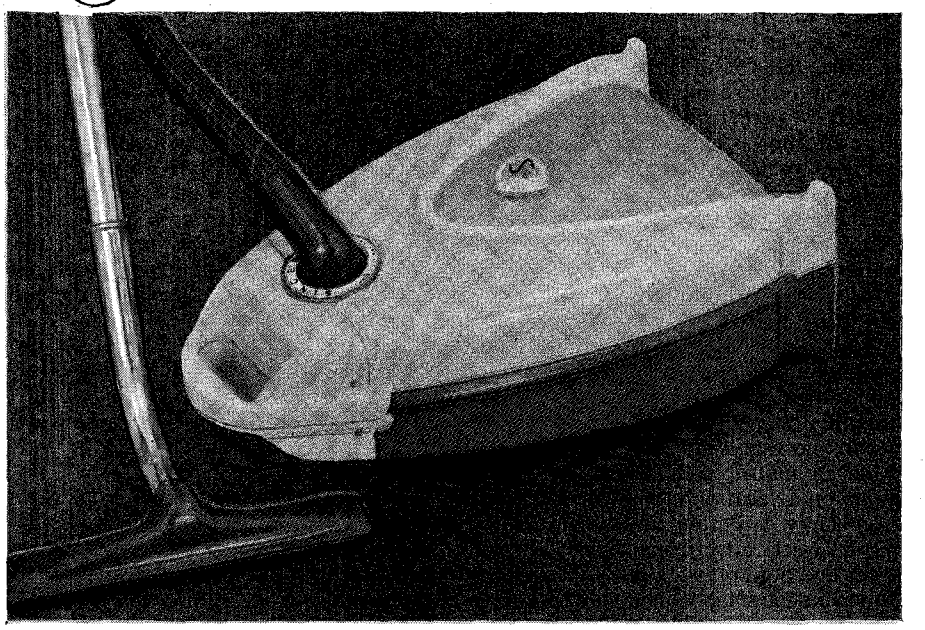
Despite protests, however, the plan was not only put through but an even more radical one adopted for the several blocks to the east of the Hall. Here the Federal Government took on the responsibility of preserving the historic landmarks—such things as the First and Second banks of the United States, Carpenters' Hall, the Philadelphia Merchants' Exchange, and the house where Dolly Madison lived and

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"May I ask what you have in mind?"



FROM SANTA TO YOU...



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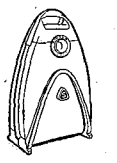
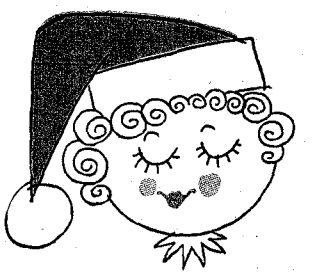
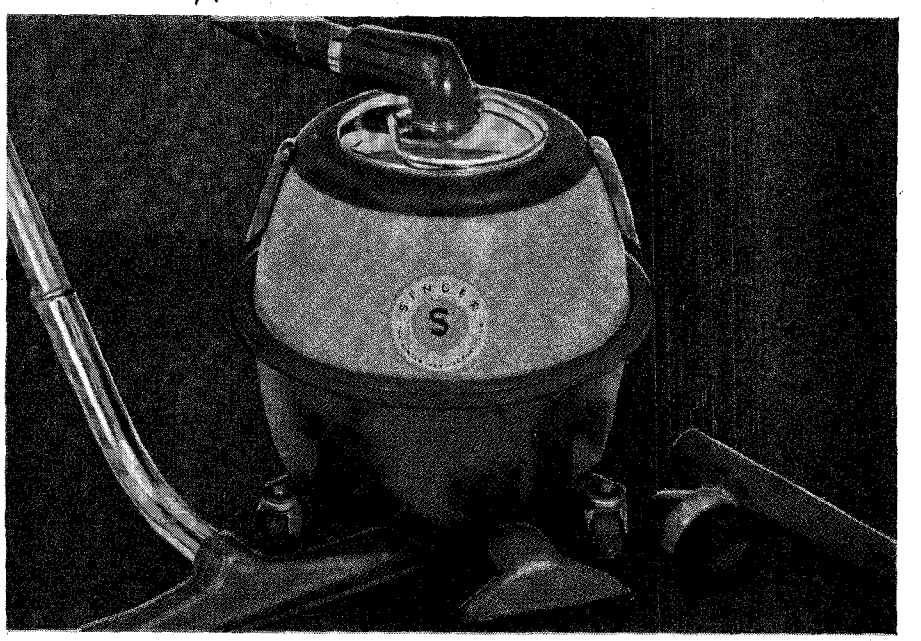




OR FROM YOU TO YOU.



Your Christmas budget can easily handle the wonderful SINGER *Full-Power* "Roll-A-Magic." It has powerful suction equal to cleaners costing nearly twice as much. The swinging swivel head and easy-roll casters make for effortless cleaning. Complete with handy attachments, only $49.50

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loved. The whole area was to be stripped of newer and uglier buildings, and by restoring, reconstructing and landscaping, returned to some of its early beauty.

So much for Independence Hall and its historic satellites. The face lifting was necessary and exciting, but even as late as 1948, when the shrine became a national park, the spirit of the city as a whole was still surprisingly limp. Philadelphia labored under an archaic municipal charter, and it was ruled by a corrupt political machine that had been in power for years.

True, the City Planning Commission had worked hard and brilliantly on paper, and they were ready whenever the city was. But unless people were emotionally aroused by an appeal to their patriotism—as in the case of Independence Hall—little could be accomplished. There was a brief flurry of excitement in 1947 when a huge exhibit for remaking downtown Philadelphia was set up in a department store—complete with slum clearance and new offices, apartments, stores, parks, playgrounds, malls and expressways—but no one came forward with an idea for making the dream a reality.

No one, that is, until the following year when a Philadelphia businessman decided to go on a vacation in Hawaii. His name was Harry A. Batten, and he headed the city's largest advertising agency, N. W. Ayer and Son, only a stone's throw from Independence Hall. On his way back from Hawaii, Batten stopped off to see some friends in San Francisco. They told him they were looking for a site to establish an East Coast branch of their business. "Why not Philadelphia?" suggested Batten loyally.

The men laughed. "That's the *last* place we'd pick," one said. "It's a payoff town. We'd have to pay the police, the fire marshal, the building inspector. We don't want any part of it."

And at about that time, as if to emphasize the point, Philadelphia's fire marshal, accused of graft, committed suicide by jumping out of a window.

All the way home, Batten thought about the words of his San Francisco friends. He knew they were right. And one of the things that annoyed him most was that neither he nor any of his business friends had ever attempted to do anything about it. What future could Philadelphia have, he asked himself, if it continued on the present track?

The answer to that question led Batten to invite several of the town's most prominent citizens to lunch. He began by saying, "I'm ashamed of criticizing conditions in this town because I haven't done a thing about them myself," and then he launched into a run-down of the city's faults. His friends said nothing, but a few weeks later they asked him to repeat what he had said before a group of the top citizens in town.

Batten is a persuasive talker. He's also a persistent one. "You might as well buy what Harry has to sell in the beginning," said one of his associates, "because you'll end up buying it anyway."

What Harry Batten had to sell was, in essence, a reform movement. It was, of course, far from his idea alone. Others had tried to sell it for a long time. But at this particular point, his forthright criticism, inspired in turn by the California industrialists, hit at just the right moment. Ripe for this kind of catalyst, a number of the town's community leaders got busy. The result was that in March, 1949, a truly remarkable organization of twenty-three men, called the Greater Philadelphia Movement, came into being. Composed of top men in business, banking, law and labor, they made up what the *Evening Bulletin* labeled a "power elite."

"We couldn't have any secondary people who'd have to run home to their bosses to get approval for something or who might be subjected to subtle blackmail," explained Batten. "We needed the big fellows."

The group was 90 per cent Republican. But it was apparent from the beginning that if these men were dedicated to cleaning up the city politically as well as physically, it would probably mean the end of the city's Republican regime.

This didn't deter the G.P.M. In fact, the first project they picked was the toughest nut of all—a new city charter. "We needed this as a base to build a new city," explained a member. "Without that we'd be building on sand."

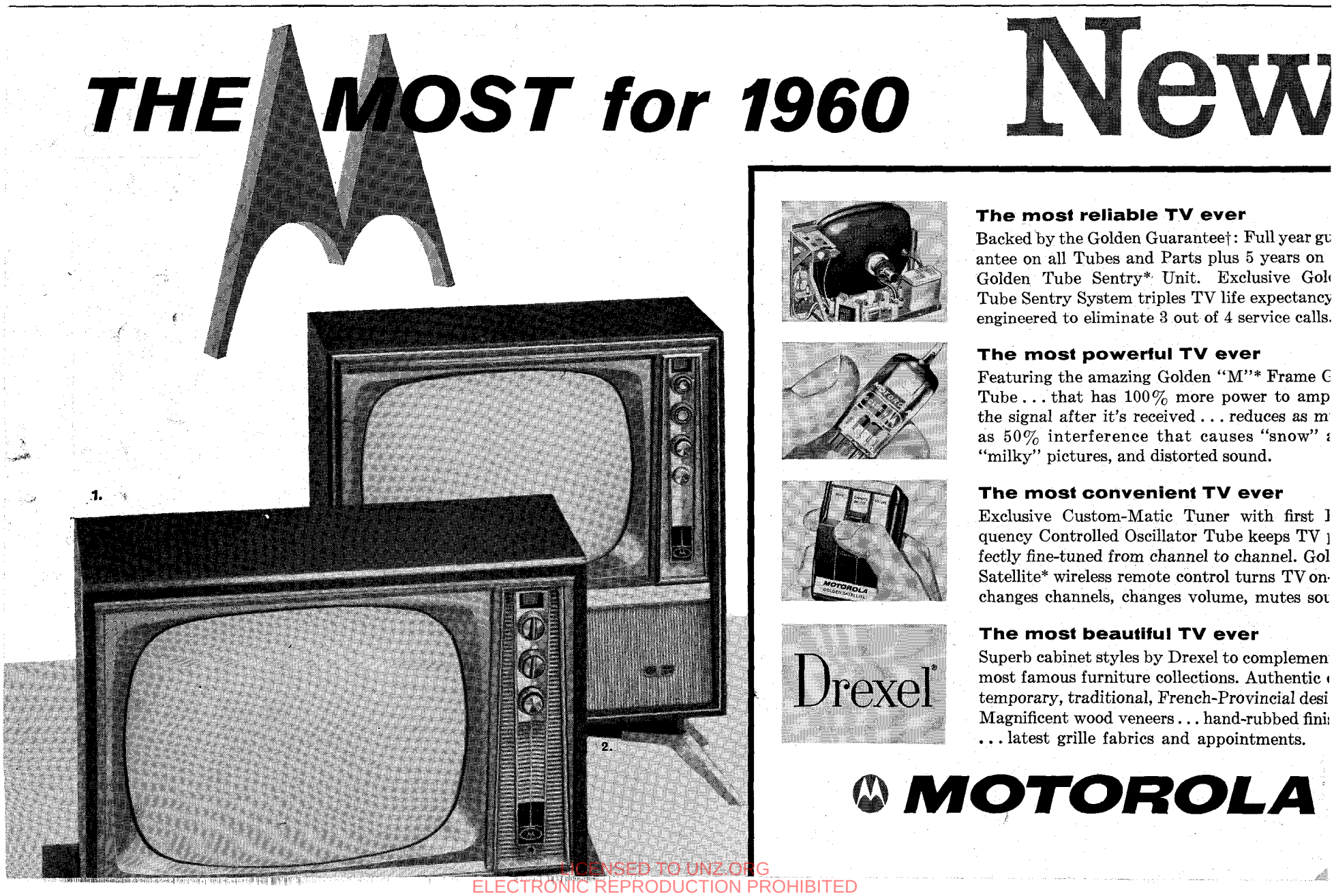
It was a tough, two-year fight. But now that the chips were down, a number of civic organizations, as well as thousands of individuals, entered the struggle. A citizens' group of 34,000 persons, for example, rang doorbells to enlist the support of Philadelphians. The result was that in 1951 the city voted in a new charter by 124,000 votes. Shortly afterward the local political machine collapsed, and a reform government, headed by a Democratic mayor, now Sen. Joseph S. Clark Jr., came to power.

With a new regime and a new charter, the exhilarated Philadelphians were now able to turn their attention to the physical side of the city. It was obvious, because of what was going on around Independence Hall, that the best candidate for rehabilitation was the old, original part of the city. Here, in what has been called "America's most historic square mile," were concentrated the greatest number of fine old houses. And here, ironically, was some of the worst blight. Other sections of the city needed attention—and were beginning to get it—but no area had quite the hold on its citizens as Old Philadelphia. If these few acres could be brought back to life, it would serve as an inspiration for the whole city.

The area in question ran roughly from the Delaware River to Sixth Street, and from Walnut to Lombard streets. Part of it even had an old name, Society Hill, which was dug up and dusted off by an out-of-towner, Charles E. Peterson, historian and regional architect for the National Parks, who had moved into the area. The name derived, not as it sounds, from the socially prominent, but from a tract which once belonged to the Free Society of Traders, a company organized by William Penn.

Since the area was really the heart and soul of the colonial city at its greatest, the planners decided to develop it in a wholly new way. No one, except a few die-hards, wanted to make the section into a mere museum of early Americana. This would have meant restoring the old buildings and adding lots of new ones imitating the old architecture. Such fake colonialism would merely have created what Lewis Mumford, author and architecture critic, once called "a dead beauty preserved in embalming fluid." Besides, there was not enough money for a project involving such an uneconomical use of the land. Consequently, it was decided to preserve the things that were genuinely worth while and add to them the best that modern architecture and landscaping could offer. The result would be a living area, rather than a museum, that would look both to the past and the future, and above all to the present.

The sponsors of this vibrant townscape had a collateral dream. They hoped that the new area would bring back to town the middle and upper classes that had long ago decamped for the suburbs. As Mayor Richardson Dilworth remarked: "Our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Golden Tube Sentry* Unit. Exclusive Gol
Tube Sentry System triples TV life expectancy
engineered to eliminate 3 out of 4 service calls.
The most powerful TV ever
Featuring the amazing Golden "M"* Frame C
Tube . . . that has 100% more power to amp
the signal after it's received . . . reduces as m
as 50% interference that causes "snow"
"milky" pictures, and distorted sound.
The most convenient TV ever
Exclusive Custom-Matic Tuner with first I
quency Controlled Oscillator Tube keeps TV
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Satellite* wireless remote control turns TV on
changes channels, changes volume, mutes sou
Drexel
The most beautiful TV ever
Superb cabinet styles by Drexel to complemen
most famous furniture collections. Authentic
temporary, traditional, French-Provincial desi
Magnificent wood veneers . . . hand-rubbed fini
. . . latest grille fabrics and appointments.
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large cities can, and should, attract these people back, for cities can be the most exciting part of America. They have a charm and variety and vitality that make our one-class suburbs dreary by comparison."

The big stumbling block to the redevelopment of Old Philadelphia, however, was the huge, sprawling Dock Street market which for 175 years had distributed fruits, vegetables and meat near the water front. It not only created one of the city's biggest traffic snarls—it attracted 15,000 trucks a day to its narrow streets—but it was a center of filth and disorder. There wasn't a single public toilet in the antiquated, overcrowded area.

At this point Harry Batten, looking out his office window at the burning dumps to the south, had another idea. Why not move the whole food-distribution center to the dumps and accomplish two major pieces of urban renewal at one time: get rid of "Dock Street" and the nauseous refuse pile in one stroke? The trash could be taken care of by a modern disposal plant, and the 400 acres of the dump, rehabilitated, would then be available for the finest food center in America. The city would also have a lot of fine new taxes.

The battle to accomplish this took several years, but today a handsome new $100,000,000 food center stands where the acrid dumps once made life unpleasant for a whole section of the city. And with the Dock Street market gone, the way was clear for Old Philadelphia to get on with its dream.

The city fathers invited the country's largest builders to submit plans for developing Society Hill. Five of them responded—two of whom ultimately would be selected. All pledged themselves not only to retain the old, historic houses but to build new, individual town houses, as well as skyscraper apartment houses, greenways, walks, parks and fountains. Because of the large size of the area each of the two winning builders was to develop only half. Above all, design was to be considered more important than cost.

One of the interesting features of this contest—and one unique among American cities—is that the builders were required to spend 1 per cent of the building cost (approximately $300,000) in creating works of art for the area: sculpture, basreliefs, fountains and mosaics. This stipulation was largely at the insistence of young, red-headed Michael von Moschzisker, the nonpaid chairman of the city's Redevelopment Authority and one of Philadelphia's crack criminal lawyers. He carried the day in a ringing speech in which he urged: "Let us not bequeath to our heirs an America so dull that they have to board planes to go to Rome, Paris or Brussels in order to see beautiful cities!"

When the designs were judged, the two winning builders decided to unite forces in using a single architect—the brilliant, Chinese-born I. M. Pei. In so doing, Philadelphians carried on the tradition of letting outsiders help in the development of their city.

Today the vast enterprise is well under way, but it will be several years before it's finished. However, as if to show his enthusiasm for the whole thing, Mayor Dilworth, his wife, and six poodles have recently moved into the area in a fine town house which they constructed at a cost of about $150,000. Colonial on the front, it has modern picture windows on the back.

Like the Dilworths, others have joined the parade. Living in a maelstrom of cranes, wrecking crews, cement mixers, piles of sand and even some vestigial slums, these "pioneers" have been too impatient to wait. One of them, for example, is Mrs. Margaret Plass, a native-born Philadelphian and anthropologist, who has been living in London for the past thirty-seven years. She said she "couldn't resist" the new development. Others from society, business and the professions have already moved in or are preparing to do so.

Many in the area, of course, have simply stayed where they are. They have lived in the neighborhood for years and will continue to do so.

Under the present arrangement all properties are condemned at a fair price. Factories and warehouses are torn down, and their sites redeveloped with new town houses and apartments. Owners of "historic" houses may buy back their property *at the same price* provided that they agree to do certain things—restore old doorways, put on shutters, take off false fronts, and so on. The incentive for owner restoration is an increase in property values going far beyond the cost.

In a project so vast, it is natural that not everybody has been happy about being "reconstructed."

One resident, a heavy-set woman who had lived in her house for thirty years, greeted Isadore Gottlieb, the city's negotiator, with a broom. "If you were the President of the United States, I wouldn't let you in," she said. "This is my house, and you're going to have no part of it." At this point Mr. Gottlieb, who has had considerable experience with this sort of thing, tactfully started speaking in Yiddish. Within fifteen minutes he was in the woman's kitchen, drinking coffee and munching on *schnecken*. The woman agreed to make the necessary changes in the house and will be allowed to keep it. If she had not, the Redevelopment Authority had the legal power to keep the property from her.

Unlike the lady with the broom, most families have welcomed the redevelopers. The Gogolskis are a good example. A large family of Polish origin—the father was an immigrant—they loved their house but did not know it was historic. When they found that it was and that they could keep it if they made certain changes, the whole family turned out to do the job. Working weekends on scaffolding, they laboriously took off the false front and

... ...

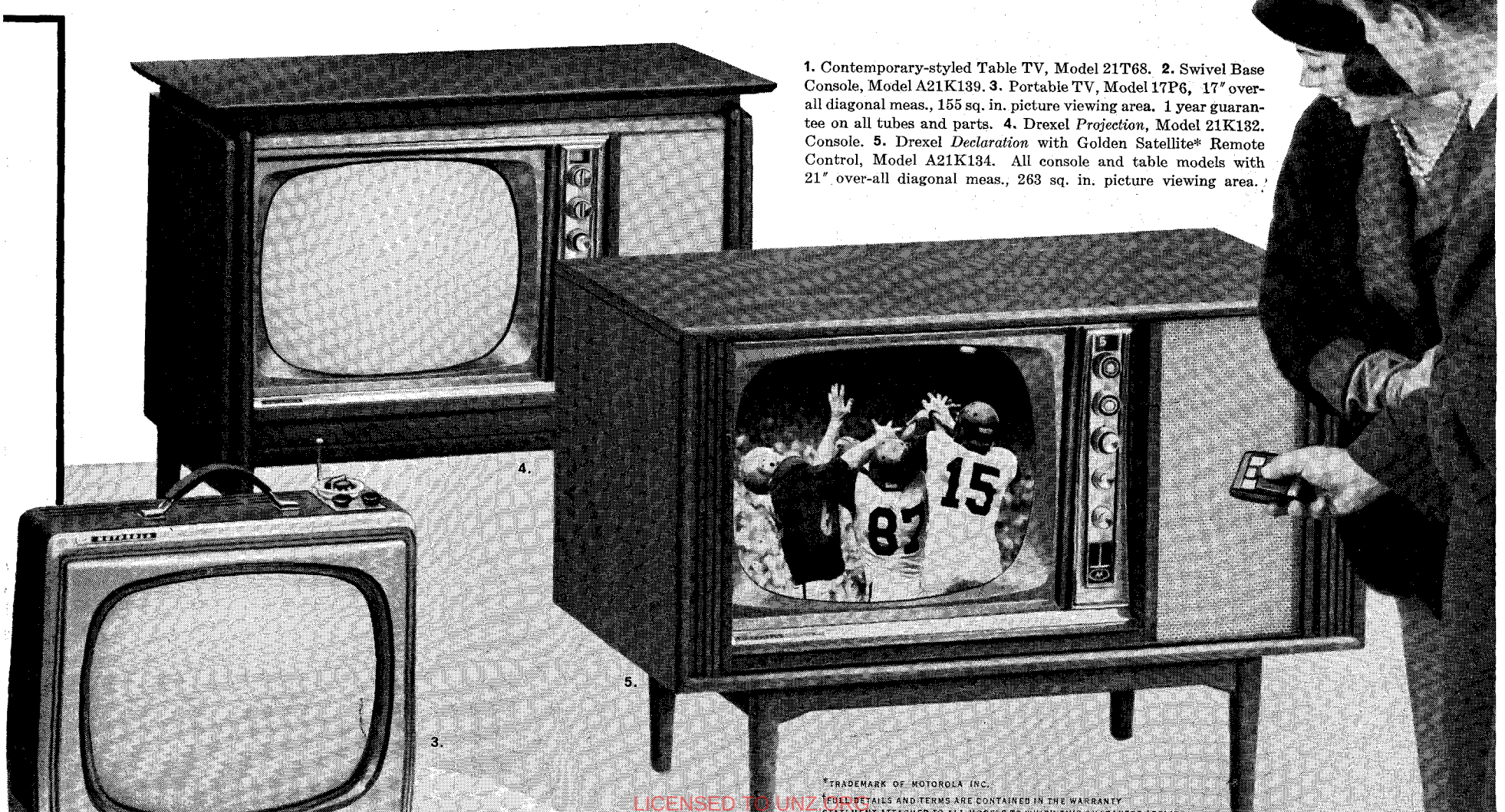
The Mendicants

By Virginia Brasier

The carved St. Francis where
the garden ends
Has found his birds were only
summer friends.
To the back door at nine, they
hopefully go
Where crumbs are scattered on
the hard-packed snow
By a fat four-year-old in warm
red wool,
Who finds them frightening,
but wonderful.
For in their hunger, thankful
to be fed,
Sparrows care little if their
feast is spread
By graceful hands of stone, or
one that hides
In a red mitten. They take
what God provides!

... ...

Motorola TV



1. Contemporary-styled Table TV, Model 21T68. **2.** Swivel Base Console, Model A21K139. **3.** Portable TV, Model 17P6, 17″ over-all diagonal meas., 155 sq. in. picture viewing area. 1 year guarantee on all tubes and parts. **4.** Drexel *Projection*, Model 21K132. Console. **5.** Drexel *Declaration* with Golden Satellite* Remote Control, Model A21K134. All console and table models with 21″ over-all diagonal meas., 263 sq. in. picture viewing area.

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underneath discovered a lovely façade of Flemish bond brickwork, with glazed headers. They were delighted to find a brand-new house contained in the one they loved so much.

One of the interesting aspects of the new life spawned on Society Hill is the rapidity with which new organizations have sprung up, even though the area is far from finished. The Society Hill Area Residents Association, a civic group born on the eve of redevelopment, has brought new and old residents together in neighborhood-improvement plans. The Fourth Street Garden, Eating, and Sporting Club is presided over by Miss Bertha von Moschzisker, sister of the Redevelopment Authority head. Wishing to make a contribution on their own to urban renewal, the group "adopted" a run-down garden on Fourth Street. In rehabilitating it they used some unusual methods. Last June, for example, they decided to hold a Christmas party in the garden. Why June? As one member explained, "We wanted to give the garden some gifts, and December is a bad month for that sort of thing." After everybody had spent a lovely Saturday in June digging, weeding and planting, the group retired to the house of one of the members, sang Christmas carols and drank champagne. Everybody agreed it should be an annual event.

Just as the Fourth Street Garden, Eating, and Sporting Club has been doing its own small share to rehabilitate the city, so have a flock of other groups. After the Greater Philadelphia Movement, perhaps the most important of these is the Old Philadelphia Development Corporation, a private, nonprofit organization dedicated to the restoration of the whole downtown area east of Broad Street. They work closely with the G.P.M., with the city's Redevelopment Authority and with the Planning Commission.

Party lines are forgotten in urban renewal. Although the majority of business and professional leaders are still Republican, they work harmoniously with the Democrats in power. Harry Batten, for example, is a Republican, but he says of Democratic Mayor Dilworth (who incidentally, comes from Pittsburgh): "He's the best mayor in the history of Philadelphia." The Mayor's constituents evidently agree. In his bid for re-election this November, Dilworth defended his philosophy of renewal against the attacks of Republican candidate Harold E. Stassen, former aide to President Eisenhower. The voters returned Dilworth to office by a landslide.

Together these people have worked not only for the redevelopment of Old Philadelphia but in one way or another for many of the city's other projects: Penn Center, the new food center, the expressways, the seaport, the purification of the water supply and the eradication of slums everywhere. And their job has been made easier—especially in such projects as Society Hill—by two important pieces of legislation:

1) A 1949 act of Congress which gave cash to cities wanting to clear out decayed areas. Under that act, the Federal Government contributes two thirds of the sum required in buying up a city area, razing the buildings and reselling the land to new developers.

2) A 1942 wage tax passed by the city of Philadelphia. At the moment this tax of 1½ per cent now produces about $70,000,000 a year, almost a third of which comes from people who live in the suburbs, but work in the city. The wage tax, in fact, yields almost as much as the real-estate tax, and in the opinion of Edmund N. Bacon, the Planning Commission's brilliant executive director, it has enormously aided the city in putting through the redevelopment program.

Such financial measures, of course, are available to most cities which want them. What is important at the moment is that Philadelphia, using such weapons and adding to them a whole arsenal of private zeal and capital, has suddenly shaken off its apathy and made an all-out war on civic decay. The sprawling, immense city still has a long way to go, but its progress, compared with a dozen years ago, is little less than dazzling.

In Christopher Morley's famous novel, *Kitty Foyle*, the Main Line hero tells his sweetheart that Philadelphia "had her spell of modernism and revolution in the eighteenth century and got through with it once and for all." The novel was written in 1939, and made sense at the time. But no one visiting the city in 1959 would feel that the sentence had much point. For today Philadelphians are, in effect, recapturing their "spell of eighteenth-century modernism and revolution" and applying it to the rebuilding of their city.

Certainly no one can miss the parallel with an earlier age. In 1682, when William Penn started his planned city, it was full of trees and gardens and pleasant houses surrounded by lots of light and air. But somewhere along the line his plan got off the track.

Now—three centuries later—Penn's "towne" is coming back to life again, slowly but surely. And, most important of all, the kind of people who once deserted it are coming back too. Surely William Penn, looking down that thirteen-inch nose of his from atop City Hall, should be pleased with the Fourth Street gardeners as well as the skyscraper builders. THE END

A.
B.
C.
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If an Attack Comes . . .

(Continued from Page 25)

launched from submarines. SAGE, as it now exists, would be helpless either to detect or destroy these missiles, for SAGE's radars could not see and track them, SAGE's computers are not "programed" to handle ballistic-missile data, and there is no weapon now in our arsenal which could intercept and destroy a warhead the size of a medicine ball dropping down out of empty space with the speed of a meteorite.

Without SAGE, however, we would be completely naked to our enemies. As one Air Force officer explains it, "In the early days of football, all you had to guard against was a rush through the middle of the line. Then the forward pass came along to complicate the defense. With SAGE in operation, we can now stop a center rush—and as long as they have bombing planes there'll always be that threat. To break up their passing game, though, we've got to spend a few more years—and a lot more money—to find a way to see, track and knock down a ballistic missile."

With this threat in mind, we are currently spending nearly $1,000,000,000 to extend vastly our range of vision. At Clear, Alaska, and Thule, Greenland, and at a place still to be announced, we are building gigantic radars of a new Ballistic Missile Early Warning System known as BMEWS—pronounced "Bemuse" by the military. When these huge radars, each as big as a football field turned up on edge, begin operation in the early '60's, their fanlike beams, ranging out for 3000 miles, will cover all of Russia, Northern China, and Soviet-satellite countries in Eastern Europe. With them we hope to be able to pick up a Soviet ballistic missile soon after it rises from its launching pad, make a quick calculation of its flight path, estimate its probable impact point, and pass this information on to the headquarters of the North American Air Defense Command, which by that time will be buried deep beneath Cheyenne Mountain, in the Rampart Range of the Rockies overlooking Colorado Springs.

From there the warning will be flashed automatically by high-speed data circuits to the headquarters of the Strategic Air Command at Omaha, and around the world SAC's bombers will head for Russia, and SAC's missiles in this country will soar up from their buried hiding places. At the same time the warning will be flashed to the civilian-defense organizations, and in cities all over the country sirens will scream, telling the citizens to take shelter.

For the next few years at least, this is about all we could do in our own defense. Within fifteen minutes after the BMEWS radars reported that missiles were on the way, they would begin to explode on their targets in the United States. In that time we would hope to have at least a third of SAC's striking force off the ground and on its way, and for now at least we must pin our hopes for survival on this deterrent capability, plus the striking power the Navy could bring to bear from carrier-based planes dropping nuclear bombs and from missile-launching submarines.

Our present helplessness in the face of the ballistic missile is, of course, causing great soul-searching among those whose job it is to save the country from destruction. In the next few years millions will be spent exploring every possible technique, no matter how fantastic, which holds out any hope of detecting and destroying an enemy warhead. Project Tepee, brain child of Dr. William John Thaler, brilliant young physicist with the Office of Naval Research. works on the principle that high-frequency radio waves bounced off the ionosphere can detect a missile at the moment of launch. Unfortunately it can be jammed, and sunspots blank it out.

Project Midas looks toward the possibility of setting in orbit a series of hovering satellites that would bring all Russia under surveillance, their infrared and optical detectors flashing a warning the moment a Soviet rocket engine fires up on its launching pad. Project Argus, setting off nuclear explosions 300 miles above the earth, suggested that we could spread an umbrella of heat or radiation above us which would trigger a warhead prematurely, burn it up, or sterilize it by converting its explosive elements into a nonfissionable isotope. Scientists believe that clouds of sand—or tiny pellets—spread through the upper atmosphere would disintegrate a warhead passing through at hypersonic speed.

The X-15 rocket plane, designed to carry a man to the edge of space; the Dyna-Soar program, envisioning a manned glider, half plane, half satellite; and Project Mercury, in which a man will be put into orbit, all have possible applications to the overwhelming military necessity of knowing what is coming at us and developing the capability to knock it down. In the future lies the prospect of a manned bomber—nuclear-powered, loaded with long-range radar and infrared detection devices, and carrying ballistic missiles ready for instant launch—patrolling the borders of the Soviet Union like a sentry walking his post. Such a sentinel, its advocates point out, could stay on guard for months, receiving supplies and changing crews while in flight. Also, before ten years are up, the Air Force hopes to have an outpost on the moon, where cat-eyed instruments would watch the turning world for any signs of hostile activity. There is, of course, the prospect that we will find the Russians already there when we arrive.

The Army is convinced that its Nike-Zeus, evolved from the Ajax and Hercules missiles which now guard our biggest cities against bombers, can become the antimissile missile of the future. The Air Force has hopes that its solid-fueled Minuteman, designed for use against Soviet cities, can do double duty as an anti-ICBM when equipped with a different guidance system. The Navy sees in the Talos a possible answer to the ballistic-missile threat.

Many scientists strongly doubt that we will ever be able to develop a missile that unfailingly will intercept another missile in mid-flight. The problem, they point out, is like that of a man in Washington, D.C., trying to hit with a rifle bullet another bullet fired at him by an enemy in Philadelphia. It is further complicated by the fact that it would be most difficult, in the brief span of a missile's flight, to distinguish between the lethal warhead that had to be destroyed and the decoys that accompany it which could safely be ignored. It would be easy, the scientists say, for the Soviets to explode a missile's empty fuel tanks and engines after burnout. The debris would spread over miles of sky, following the same trajectory as the missile, and a big metallic fragment would give a better radar return than the warhead itself. We would, of course, be able to tell the difference between the missile and the flying debris once they reentered the atmosphere, for the rate of slowdown would be different, due to differences in mass. By that time, though, it would be too late.

Other earnest students of our defense problems are more optimistic. The ballistic missile, they point out, is in one sense more vulnerable than the plane or guided missile. Its trajectory is fixed by the inexorable laws of ballistics, and this flight path can be computed. It would be hoped, they point out, that our intelligence would be able to give us at least a rough idea of where the Soviet launching sites were located. From these probable sites, flight paths could be drawn to all the most likely targets in the United States. Our own defensive missiles could be set up, loaded, triggered and ready to fire back up these "death alleys" within seconds after the first warning had come in from a watching satellite or radar. The gloomy answer to that one is that the Russians now are known to be testing means of making a ballistic missile flatten its trajectory and vary from its classic parabolic flight path.

The whole question of missile defense is so complex, the doubts so many and varied, that those in high places, with a knowledge of all the facts, are about as confused as the layman, who must base his judgments on bits and pieces of information that filter through security. There are many who sincerely believe that no system of air defense, no matter how complex and costly, would completely protect us, because enough bombers or missiles to destroy us could get through any barrier we might set up. Our strongest defense, they argue, lies in maintaining a retaliatory power so strong that no enemy would dare attack, and the bulk of our expenditures should continue to go into SAC and its bombers and missiles.

> The reason so many women like a strong silent man is that they think he is listening.
>
> ERNEST BLEVINS

Others, equally sincere, argue that our retaliatory force, including SAC, the Navy's ICBM-launching submarines and our tactical bombers and missiles overseas, already has the power to destroy Russia four times over. We now, they argue should turn to passive defenses, to the building of "fallout" shelters around the peripheries of cities, and the stockpiling of food, clothing and medical supplies in abandoned mine shafts—a program which itself could cost billions of dollars.

There are also those who argue that, when two great nations possess an equal power to destroy each other, as Russia and the United States will have as soon as both are armed with ICBM's, the one with the most effective defenses will survive. They urge, therefore, that we spend all that is necessary to keep our guard up against manned bombers and air-breathing missiles, and to go on as fast as possible, regardless of cost, in search of a workable antimissile missile.

Within the framework of these larger debates, smaller arguments swirl. Advocates of the powerful retaliatory force are divided over whether or not we should continue to spend money for long-range bombers, which can deliver huge bombloads with great precision, or whether we should concentrate on the ICBM, which delivers a smaller payload with less accuracy, but will have, once the Minuteman is perfected, the power of almost instantaneous retaliation. Advocates of the manned aircraft agree that the old-fashioned bomber, trudging to its target at subsonic speeds, is obsolete. But the manned bomber of the future, they point out, should not be thought of in these terms. It will be an air-borne ballistic-missile-launching platform, such as the proposed B-70, which, traveling at three times the speed of sound, can approach its target from any direction and fire its lethal warhead while still miles away from the target.

Advocates of the strong defense are equally divided. The Air Force and NORAD hold that we must defend *all* our airspace, and we must start defending it as far away from our borders as possible. To do this will require long-range interceptor aircraft which can strike the enemy far out over the sea or the uninhabited wastes of Canada. Guided missiles, such as the Bomarc, and rockets, such as the Nike-Hercules, would provide close-in defense, taking under fire the invader that might elude the long-range interceptors. The Army, on the other hand, feels that it is unrealistic to expect that we can defend our whole airspace. We should concentrate instead on defending sensitive targets—SAC bases, great cities and industrial complexes. These, the Army claims, can best be defended by fixed batteries of rockets of the Nike family firing into a sky cleared of all aircraft except the enemy.

The result of all this debate undoubtedly will be a compromise, as almost all our military decisions in the past have been. For the next few years, at least, our retaliatory force will consist of bombers, armed with air-launched missiles and protected by decoy devices that resemble bombers on the radar screen, plus a few Atlas and Titan missiles which can be readied for firing in fifteen minutes. Beginning in 1964, thousands of Minuteman missiles will be added to this striking force. They will be buried in "hard" sites underground, ready to shoot at the punch of a button, or hauled about on freight cars or in big highway trucks, so that the enemy can never pinpoint their location. Backing up this land-based power will be the Navy's carriers, roaming the seas with their nuclear planes, atomic submarines capable of launching a nuclear warhead from beneath the surface, and the Thors and Jupiters we have given to our allies overseas.

The defense forces will consist also of what the military men call a "weapons mix." Manned fighters, capable of flying at more than twice the speed of sound will range out 600 miles to intercept enemy bombers before they can loose their own air-launched missiles. A new family of Bomarc missiles, to be stabled along the northern approaches, will extend the reach of our guided missiles to 400 miles. Improvements to the Nike-Hercules, which carries a nuclear warhead and could knock down a fleet of bombers if the Russians should be foolish enough to come in a mass attack, will give that close-in missile a greater range. As missiles improve, the manned aircraft will probably be phased out. Already, over Air Force protests, plans have been abandoned for building the F-108, a plane designed to fly 1000 miles at three times the speed of sound, reaching an altitude of 100,000 feet.

Whatever the form our offensive-defensive system may take, the men who build its marvelous machinery say that a refined and expanded SAGE will be at the heart of it. Whether or not we'll ever be able to knock down an ICBM or stop all the bombers and air-breathing missiles the Soviet may send against us, at least we must have warning that they are on the way. To many, the development of SAGE as a protection against manned bombers is roughly similar to perfecting the bullhide shield as a defense against the bronze spear at a time when the enemy is armed with high-powered rifles.

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Even one bomber, though, getting through to a big-city target, would, with its aftermath of fires and fallout, destroy that city.

Last year, in its *Report on a Study of Non-Military Defenses*, the Rand Corporation predicted that, in the present stage of our nonmilitary defense—the lack of deep shelters and of fallout shelters—if fifty such planes got through to our biggest cities, half the population of the United States would be killed. If 150 planes were able to reach their city targets, all but 20,000,000 of our 180,000,000 population would be destroyed.

So long as Russia maintains even a small fleet of manned bombers, we shall continue to live under this threat and must protect ourselves against it.

That protection now extends far beyond the continental boundaries of the United States. A thousand miles at sea, off both coasts, Navy radar-carrying aircraft fly an early-warning barrier, patrolling the skies from Newfoundland to the Azores, and from the Aleutians to Midway Island, in darkness and in storms as well as in fair weather. Five hundred miles offshore, Air Force planes—known officially as Warning Stars, but less reverently to the airmen as Pregnant Geese—fly back and forth along fixed paths across the bomber routes, their flight patterns synchronized so that at no time is a sector of sky left unscanned. Within this barrier, Navy destroyers, converted Liberty ships and blimps trudge up and down the coasts, from Newfoundland to North Carolina and from Alaska to Southern California, doing double duty as both air and submarine patrol. Closer in, on the Northeast coast, Texas towers stand sixty feet above the sea, their legs planted firmly on shoals 100 miles offshore.

Tied in with this warning net which guards our seaward flanks are the land-based radars that keep watch over the land mass to the north. The $600,000,000 DEW line stretches 3000 miles across Canada near the Arctic Circle, watching the polar corridor from Alaska to Baffin Island. Last March this Distant Early Warning line was extended down the Aleutian chain. Soon it will stretch eastward to Greenland, and, in time, it will curve in a great arc from Norway to Turkey, shielding the NATO countries. Six hundred miles to the south of the present DEW line is the $235,000,000 Mid-Canada line, spreading 2600 miles westward from Labrador. Backing up these two outer lines is the Pine Tree line, along the United States-Canadian border, which is not a line at all, but a briar patch of long-range radars and gap-filler smaller stations which peer into the big radars' blind spots.

From all these watching outposts, information on aircraft movements flows into a windowless, four-story building in Colorado Springs—the Operations Center of the North American Air Defense Command. From here, or from the $30,000,000 command post that will be buried under Cheyenne Mountain, United States Air Force Gen. Laurence S. Kuter, with his combined staff of United States and Canadian Air Force, Army and Navy officers, would direct the air battle if the Soviets should ever strike. Individual segments of that battle, though, would be fought by the SAGE sector commanders, from twenty-seven direction centers spread across the United States from Syracuse to Seattle and from Arizona to Alabama. These now are being converted from the slow manual operations by which we tracked the plodding bombers of World War II to the semiautomatic, lightning-fast SAGE system, which can handle multiple flights of supersonic aircraft or air-breathing missiles.

To understand what this phenomenal electronic system is and what it can do and how it came into being, it is necessary to take a quick look backward. At the end of World War II there was, in this country, no interest in air defense, for the Russians had no bomber force that could deliver conventional weapons in sufficient quantity to hurt us. In 1949, when the Soviets exploded their atomic weapon, that picture changed overnight. We were no longer safe, for a few bombers, slipping past our undefended borders, could destroy us.

At Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. George E. Valley, Jr., a tall, white-haired, soft-spoken professor of physics, wrote a letter to Dr. Theodore Von Karman, who was then chairman of the Air Force's Scientific Advisory Board. Doctor Valley's letter pointed out that great strides had been made in electronics since the war, and that none of this new technology had been applied to the suddenly crucial problem of air defense. Doctor Valley then outlined his idea of what an air-defense system should be.

Doctor Von Karman agreed, and ADSEC, the Air Defense System Engineering Committee, was formed, with Doctor Valley as chairman. On it were some of the great men of modern science—among them Doctor Jay W. Forrester, who had built, for the Navy, an amazingly fast computer called Whirlwind I. To the scientists it was clear that the human mind and hand would be too slow if we should ever be called upon to detect, identify, track and destroy flights of bombers coming at us from many directions at once. Some automatic, or almost automatic, means must be found to handle the complicated arithmetic, leaving the human operator free to make only the most crucial decision—the decision to fight or not to fight.

To create a workable system, they had to find some way to transmit data from many radars, over telephone wires, to a single computer. This computer would have to digest this information, not in minutes, but in fractions of a second, and display it in a form the human being—the responsible commander—could understand. Once the human operator had decided that battle must be joined, the computer would then have to estimate the point at which the kill could take place, guide the defensive weapons there, and, in the case of the manned interceptors, bring them home again. Whirlwind I stuttered and mumbled when confronted with these problems, but it performed well enough to indicate that the scientists were on the right track. Out of ADSEC, the first committee, grew Project Charles, named for the river, and out of Charles grew M.I.T.'s famous Lincoln Laboratory, a joint project of the Army, Navy and Air Force, where SAGE, as it exists today, was born.

SAGE today is the product of many brains and hands, many of them fiercely competitive in their civilian pursuits. Western Electric took over the job as over-all co-ordinator. R.C.A., Bendix and G.E. built the radars. Bell Telephone Laboratories worked out the complicated web of communications that would link together SAGE sectors across the country. Burroughs devised a miraculous machine which would translate raw radar data into mathematical language the computer could understand. System Development Corporation wrote the 7000 pages of plain English instructions which, reduced to a thousand pages of mathematical formula and transferred to 3,000,000 punch cards, were fed into the computer so that the machine would know what it had to do.

The computer, which is the heart of the SAGE system, was built by I.B.M. Costing some $30,000,000 and covering an acre of ground in its early models, it can receive and store in its memory drums 10,000 bits of unrelated information per second. In thousandths of a second it can digest this data and present a picture of the airspace over its area and what weapons are ready to defend that space.

The picture presented is inevitably complex. Every day in the United States the radars show some 200,000 airplanes in flight, some 600 of them coming in across our borders. Thousands of these are of no interest to the members of the Air Defense Command who man the SAGE sectors, for they are small private craft, flying too low and slow to be a potential enemy. Thousands of others are quickly identified as friendly commercial or military aircraft, as the computer, searching its memory system, finds flight plans that coincide with their radar tracks. Many times every day, however, when the man at the surveillance console questions the computer about a certain track, the machine replies, in effect, "Never heard of him." Though the odds are thousands to one that the blip that shows on the scope represents a peaceful transport, twenty miles off its course or five minutes off schedule, the track must nevertheless be marked "unknown."

Whenever this happens, a loud bell rings at an airfield miles away. Pilots on standby in the ready room rush for their planes, and, guided by the computer, which feeds speed, direction and altitude into the planes' own control system, they scramble to the point of intercept. A few minutes later, far out over the sea or north of the border, they identify the unknown with the oldest instrument of detection known to man—the human eyeball.

SAGE's capability to handle the Bomarc, a fast, high-flying missile, as competently as it directs a manned fighter to its target, was demonstrated last fall. The SAGE computer at I.B.M.'s plant at Kingston, New York, tracked a simulated intruder coming in from the sea, and from Cape Canaveral, 1500 miles away, launched and guided a Bomarc missile to the simulated kill.

SAGE, the men who built it say, for all its competence, is still an infant, its ultimate capabilities only dimly realized. The huge computers now in place at McGuire Air Force Base, New Jersey, which guard the New York area, and at Stewart Air Force Base, New York, which keep watch over Boston, are already, in one sense, obsolete. New discoveries in the field of electronics will make possible the construction of far smaller computers that can handle seven times the data the old machines could assimilate. These miniaturized machines will not require the huge air-conditioning units that kept the 58,000 vacuum tubes of the old-style computers cool. As the SAGE system spreads across the country—centers are also now at work in Maine, Michigan and Wisconsin—the direction centers for the new super SAGE complex will all be buried underground. Here, if current tests prove the plan feasible, the system will take on a dual role. While watching the sky for enemy bombers and standing ready to guide our offensive weapons to their destruction, it also will monitor civilian air traffic, keeping commercial aircraft from colliding with one another.

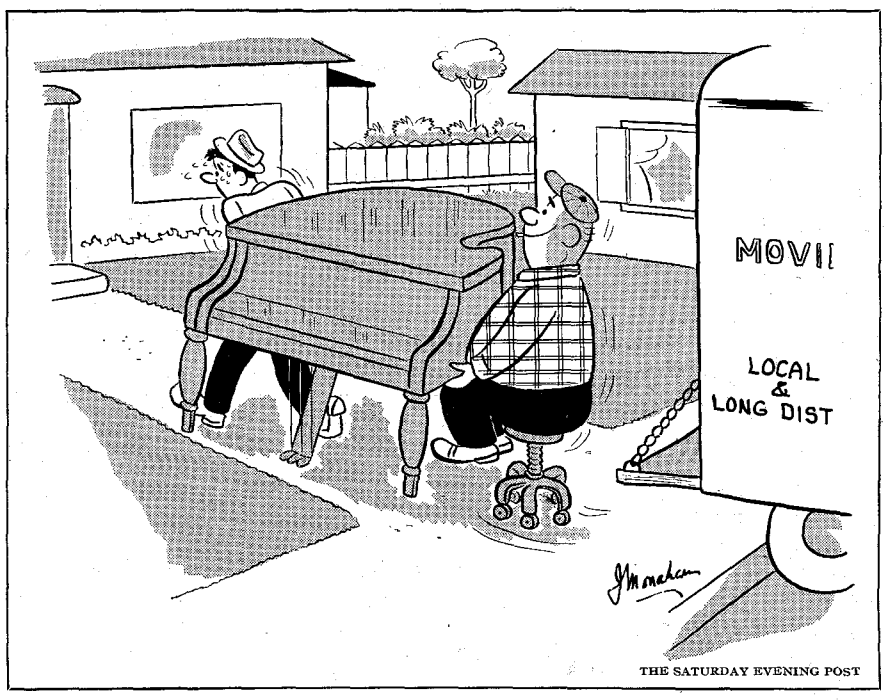
"If SAGE hadn't been built for the military," one I.B.M. man said, "something very much like it would have had to be developed to control the traffic of the jet age. So, even if it is never used to knock a bomber down, the money hasn't been wasted."

With SAGE in its underground shelters, ready to defend, and Minuteman missiles in their buried sites, loaded and triggered to strike back, we'll finally have, after years of effort and billions of dollars spent, a fair imitation of the reflexes that God, in His wisdom, gave a frog. After that, perhaps, we can get on with the business of emulating another small creature—the mole. There is much talk of "hard sites" in defense circles now, a hard site being a cave or a tunnel or a hole in the ground, with a slab of concrete over it.

With missile launchers and SAGE direction centers already going underground, the Rand Corporation has suggested a $200,000,000 study of means by which the ordinary citizen could protect himself, his factories, and his goods in subterranean hiding places. The '60's, therefore, may be remembered not only as the decade in which we put a man in space. It may be remembered also as the time when millions of men, out of fear, began to burrow in the earth like prairie dogs.

Unless, of course, there is some breakthrough—not in science, but in the realm of the human spirit—toward a greater understanding. Then SAC and SAGE and Minuteman and hard sites and all such precautions would be unnecessary. Unfortunately, despite Mr. Khrushchev's repeated urging that we scrap all our weapons, nobody yet can foresee that time.

THE END



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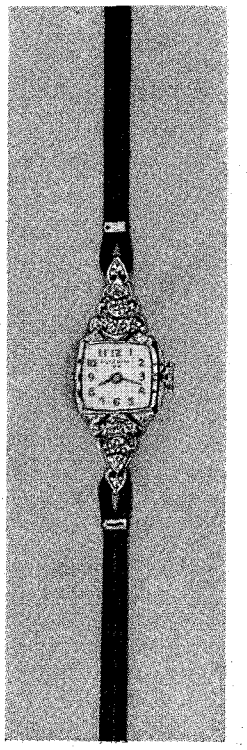
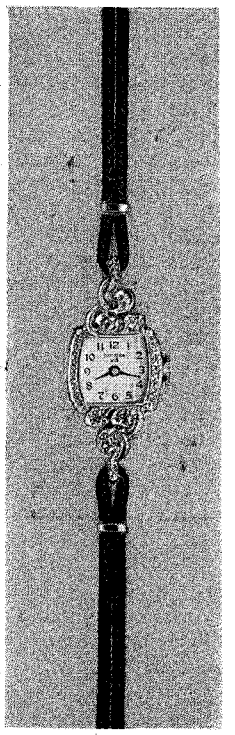
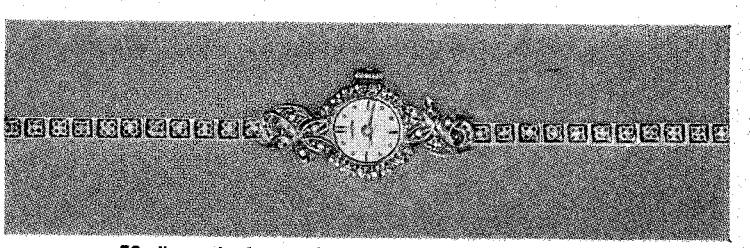


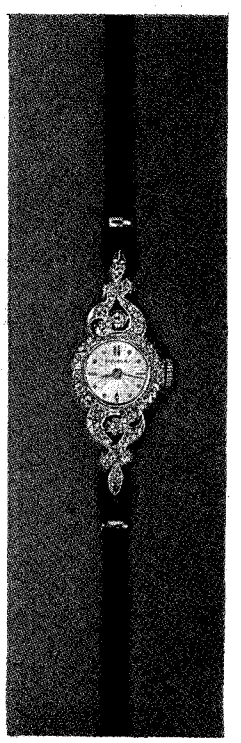
12 diamonds, rising in tiered steps, frame this 14K gold, 23-jewel watch. La Petite. Also comes in a yellow setting. $135.



Loops, curves and swirls hold 16 diamonds in this version of the 14K gold, 23-jewel La Petite. $175.



59 diamonds form a bracelet, a bow and a border to leave nothing visible but their own brilliance, and the small face of this 14K gold, 17-jewel watch. Marquise. $395.



28 diamonds rim this watch and blaze a brilliant design to the very edge of the cord band. Marquise. 17 jewels. 14K gold. $250.

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We Dived for the Mystery Treasure

(Continued from Page 26)

and the club generously guaranteed Marx 25 per cent of the loot discovered, we accepted.

The task of organizing this joint Mexican-United States venture fell to CEDAM's Pablo Bush Romero, a fifty-four-year-old business tycoon (automobiles) and big-game hunter of Mexico City. Thanks largely to Pablo, a talented diplomat, tireless worker and first-class cumshaw artist, the expedition set out grandly equipped. In addition to tons of diving, camping and food supplies, he provided a light plane, helicopters, a jeep, motorcycle, decompression chamber, land and underwater metal detectors, five speedboats, three large work boats and a yacht, the *Pinch Hitter*, commanded by George Clark of Chattanooga.

Diving expeditions, like wars, seldom go according to plan. Apart from endless mundane complications, divers must always deal with that mysterious curse which seems to haunt every wreck. As soon as I arrived on the island of Cozumel, the nearest outpost of civilization to our wreck site, I found the curse had begun to cast its spell.

An air armada, consisting of an Aero Commander, two DC-3's and a Flying Boxcar had been assembled to lift CEDAM expedition members and their gear from Mexico City to Cozumel. The heavy equipment, including two boats and outboard motors, the jeep and motor cycle, decompression chamber, electrical generators, refrigerators, medical supplies, picks, shovels, metal-lifting baskets and countless other items, were loaded on the Boxcar. Over the jungle of Mexico the Boxcar lost both engines, crash-landed and exploded in flames. Fortunately the four persons on board escaped serious injury. But the plane and all of CEDAM's uninsured equipment, valued at about $20,000, were destroyed.

It was a crippling but not paralyzing blow. Pablo judged correctly that we could make-do with available equipment and that which we could quickly scrounge. Anyway, it was too late to call off the show. Unaware of the crash, or ignoring it, men were pouring into Acumal, our base camp on the coast opposite Cozumel.

Among the twenty-five-odd Americans, besides Marx and myself and George Clark's *Pinch Hitter* crew of about ten, there were skin divers Bob Allen and John Frizzle of East Lansing, Michigan, Walter Bennett of Washington, D.C., all of whom had dived on the wreck previously, and Jon Kalb, recruited to operate the complex metal detectors supplied us by Houston engineer John Bender. The 125 Mexicans included Carlos Garcia-Robles, an engineer from Campeche, Al and Reggie Arnold, who led a team of eight able Acapulco underwater men, including Toribio Dorantes, the first man in the world to water-ski on one bare foot, plus a large assortment of Mexican movie stars, airline pilots and adventurers.

We also had our share of oddballs, governmental officials and camp followers. In the first category there was an elderly diviner, with mysterious capsules and gadgets which he claimed would lead him unerringly to gold (they didn't). The Mexican Government was represented by the chief of navy frogmen, an archaeologist, and a member of the secret police, whose precise mission was never revealed. Finally, there were legions of Mexican newsmen, who splashed our doings on the front pages in Mexico City for about twenty consecutive days.

Everyone agreed with Bob Marx's suggestion that the first step was to make an underwater map of the wreck so that we could scientifically guide our divers to the most lucrative areas. Bursting with enthusiasm, we boarded our work boats and cruised to Matanceros Point, where the wreck lay beneath treacherous breakers. We anchored our boats securely, and soon the water was alive with nearly half a hundred skin divers. A proposed "shark lookout" proved unnecessary. We saw only two the entire trip.

Many members of our expedition were disappointed at their first sight of the wreck. Hungry toredo worms, rampant in tropical waters, had long since devoured the wooden hull. The surviving pieces, such as the cargo chests, had submerged beneath a thick, marble-tough blanket of living coral. To the undiscerning eye only a few items, such as the two twelve-foot anchors close to the beach and a dozen-odd cannon, all covered by a colorful bark of coral, were visible. To the knowing eye, a slight discoloration or odd shape in the coral spelled goodies. To get at these goodies and, possibly, the treasure, we knew from experience there was only one way—laborious digging with chisels and sledge hammers. Dynamite or air hammers would destroy relics and attract sharks.

Previous analysis of the goodies had led us to conclude that the ship was an English merchantman. Ordinarily, in terms of treasure, this would mean slim pickings. However, we had found definite evidence—Indian trinkets—that the ship had made at least one stop in the New World. Therefore, we reasoned, part of the cargo *could* have been exchanged for gold, to be added to the usual supply entrusted to the captain for purchasing supplies, making repairs and paying the crew. More important, for generations Mexican seamen in the area had passed along vivid stories linking treasure with the wreck. Research by Bob Marx and CEDAM had turned up details of a succession of nineteenth- and twentieth-century treasure hunts at Matanceros.

Having constructed a crude map of the wreck, on the second day we assigned likely spots to the men. Bob Marx and Al Arnold, our most talented divers, manned the two compressor-fed shallow-water diving rigs called "hookahs," which enabled them to stay down for long periods. The rest of us used tanks or snorkeled. During that first week we interrupted the "sampling" of the "hot spots" only once—to hack out three cannon and one of the ship's anchors, which we raised with a large two-masted schooner chartered for this purpose.

Chiseling into coral at Matanceros is grueling work. We lay on the reef bottom, legs braced against an outcropping of coral, waiting for a momentary lull in the surge. When it came, we were lucky to get in four clumsy swings with the heavy sledge hammers. Then we would be tumbled away by the underwater Niagara and slammed against the bottom. In spite of heavy, protective long Johns, many men returned to the boat with deep, brutal cuts and bulging bruises.

For more than a week the "sampling" operation was carried out on a rigorous schedule. Except for a few badly worn copper Spanish coins, our sampling revealed no sign of treasure. We were not disheartened, because the goodies were coming in by the hundreds. They included brass crucifixes in two sizes; a dozen brass devotional medals; pewter and brass buckles in several sizes; wood, horn and brass knife handles (the blades, evidently made of inferior

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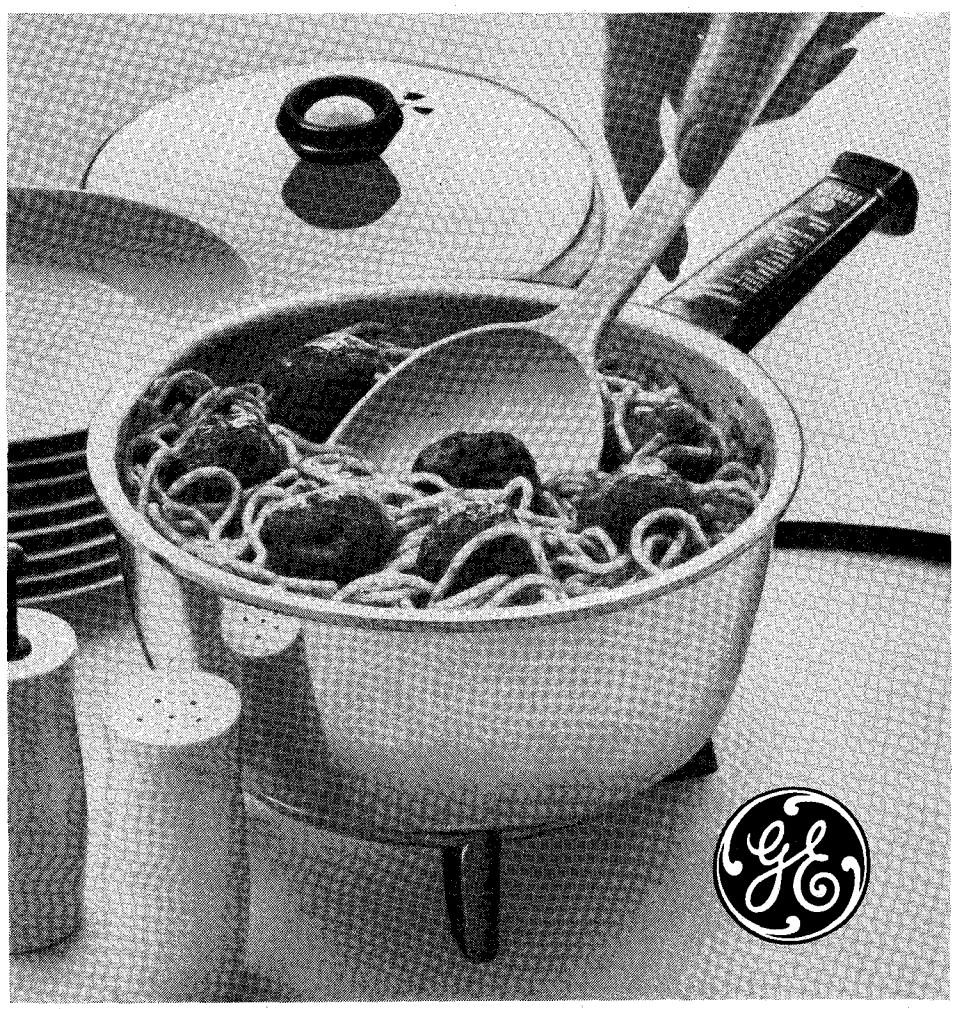

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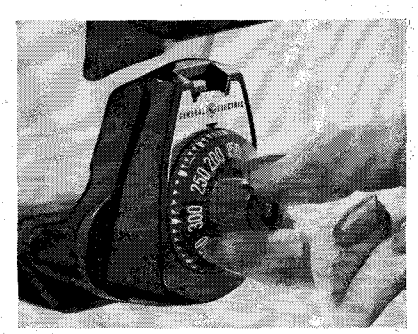

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metal, had disintegrated); metal buttons; brass straight pins; glass beads; more than 100 silver-dipped spoons; four empty rum bottles; a fragment of a wooden comb; nails of all sizes; musket shot; flint; cannon balls; a key, and pieces of broken mirrors. Such was the variety and quantity of goodies that we named our wreck, "His Majesty's Ship, *Woolworth*."

The prize item of the first week's loot was an unusual, double-transom brass crucifix, nine inches tall. One side was adorned with a figure of Christ and in Latin the words, "God do not forget me." On the back a figure of the Virgin standing lightly on a quarter moon was encircled with these words in Spanish, "Conceived Without Original Sin." Later we learned the cross is known as a Caravaca Cross, after the town in Southeastern Spain where it originated. Caravaca crosses were believed to be of aid to sailors in predicting weather. Since there was only one, we assumed the cross had been owned by a crew member. Just why an anti-Catholic, anti-Spanish Englishman would carry such a cross left us puzzled.

Our first week on the coast had provided us with plenty of uneasy moments. On the third day a gale blew up, making it impossible for the yacht *Pinch Hitter*, assigned as the supply ship, to reach camp. Our sixty hungry, thirsty men quickly exhausted the small supply of food and potable water. Very soon we faced a real crisis. Emergency teams were dispatched to spear fish and Caribbean clawless lobster (*langosta*); others were assigned to spread canvas on the beach to catch rain water. When the *Pinch Hitter* finally arrived, Pablo ordered all free-loaders to leave camp. About eighteen persons departed, and for a while we had sufficient food and water.

Only occasionally did rough weather deter us from reaching the wreck site; but the strong winds and pitching seas made our diving operations infinitely more perilous. Our greatest problem at sea turned out to be the hookah air compressors. The motors, dampened by salt spray, conked out; fan belts, worn flabby by constant use, flew off, leaving Al Arnold and Bob Marx far below, harnessed in forty pounds of lead weights, without air. Al and Bob dreaded the exhausting climb up the life line. Whenever possible they held their breath while the tenders retrieved a fan belt or restarted the compressor motors.

One day Al and Reggie Arnold clambered into the boat, exclaiming excitedly, "We can see some writing down there. It might be a book or Bible." A wave of incredulity swept over the work boat. How could paper survive a 200-year bath in salt water?

Al and Reggie seldom exaggerated, so all hands quickly plunged into the water for a look-see. On the bottom Al proudly pointed to a black jumble protruding from the coral. We waved the black silt aside and poked our face plates up close. Sure enough we could discern writing. Hookah-equipped, Bob Marx staggered up with small tools and began the delicate job of dislodging the black mess.

The "book" turned out to be hundreds of tightly packed paper packages containing thousands of needles. Unlike the brass straight pins we had found, the needles, apparently made of iron or steel, disintegrated on touch. The paper packages were soggy and fragile. Back in camp we separated them carefully and spread some packages in the sun to dry. Almost magically the smudged packages turned white and the faint letters stood out bold and clear: JOHANNES ESSER VON ACH. Von Ach, we presumed, was the manufacturer of the needles.

This gentleman, popping up like that off the lonely coast of Mexico after all these years, made a profound impact in our camp. He enormously increased our desire to locate other labeled artifacts which would light an obscure closet of history and, incidentally, provide us with a definite clue to the date, name and nationality of the ship.

They began coming up thick and fast. Shortly after the needle find, Bob and Al dug up a large cache of pewter plates in three different sizes. The smaller plates, eight and a half inches in diameter, were marked with a double rose and the initials "B.N.O." We could find no hallmarks corresponding to those in the reference books; however, on two larger plates, eleven and fifteen inches in diameter, we made out the touch of Alexander Cleeve of London. We learned that Cleeve was granted his touch in 1728 and that, presumably, the touch was discontinued after 1740. This time span coincided with the age of the English rum bottles which the Smithsonian Institution had previously established were from the period 1730 to 1740. The large plates told us one positive fact: The wreck could be no older than Cleeve's first year, 1728.

> A middle-aged person is one who thinks it's only a vitamin deficiency. DAN BENNETT

Soon afterward two more fascinating items fell from the broken chunks of coral: lead export seals which for a time we thought were coins. The first, about the size of a dime, was French. On one side we could read the name, DAVID BAUMER, and the words, POUR LESTRANGER, which means, "For Export." On the back was a figure of an alligator chained to a tree beneath which was the word, NISMES, and above that the word, COLNEM. The design resembles that on a Roman coin issued in the colony of Nemausus, or Nimes, France (formerly spelled Nismes), by Gen. Marcus Agrippa in about 12 B.C. The second seal, about the size of a quarter, was English. On its face were engraved the words, JAMES COSACK* PACKER* IN LONDON. Its back was blank.

Meanwhile, the spook of Matanceros, perhaps agitated by our efforts to expose his secrets, began to make itself felt again. A fifty-knot gale battered the camp. The cook was indisposed for a week, and our food, already marginal, deteriorated. Ptomaine poisoning felled the entire camp. One by one our divers, exhausted by long hours on the bottom, breathing salt-permeated air, and weak from improper food and lack of sleep, fell ill. Finally the camp doctor, in consultation with our Mexican Navy physician, a specialist in underwater physiology, beached the entire crew for three days.

When we returned to the wreck, a startling sight greeted our eyes. The water was as calm as a mill pond—calmer, the old salts reported, than they had seen it in twenty years. With our diving tanks now filled by a new compressor and the hookahs working moderately well, we swarmed over the side to take advantage of our luck.

Probing the same coral clump which had produced the needle packages, the indefatigable Arnold brothers paused and stared in disbelief. A shiny substance clung to their chisels. Gold! They hurried to the surface. In a flash we were on the bottom. The Arnolds had found a folded bundle of about 100 large rectangles of gold foil. Each foil was about the thickness of a piece of bond paper. Evidently it

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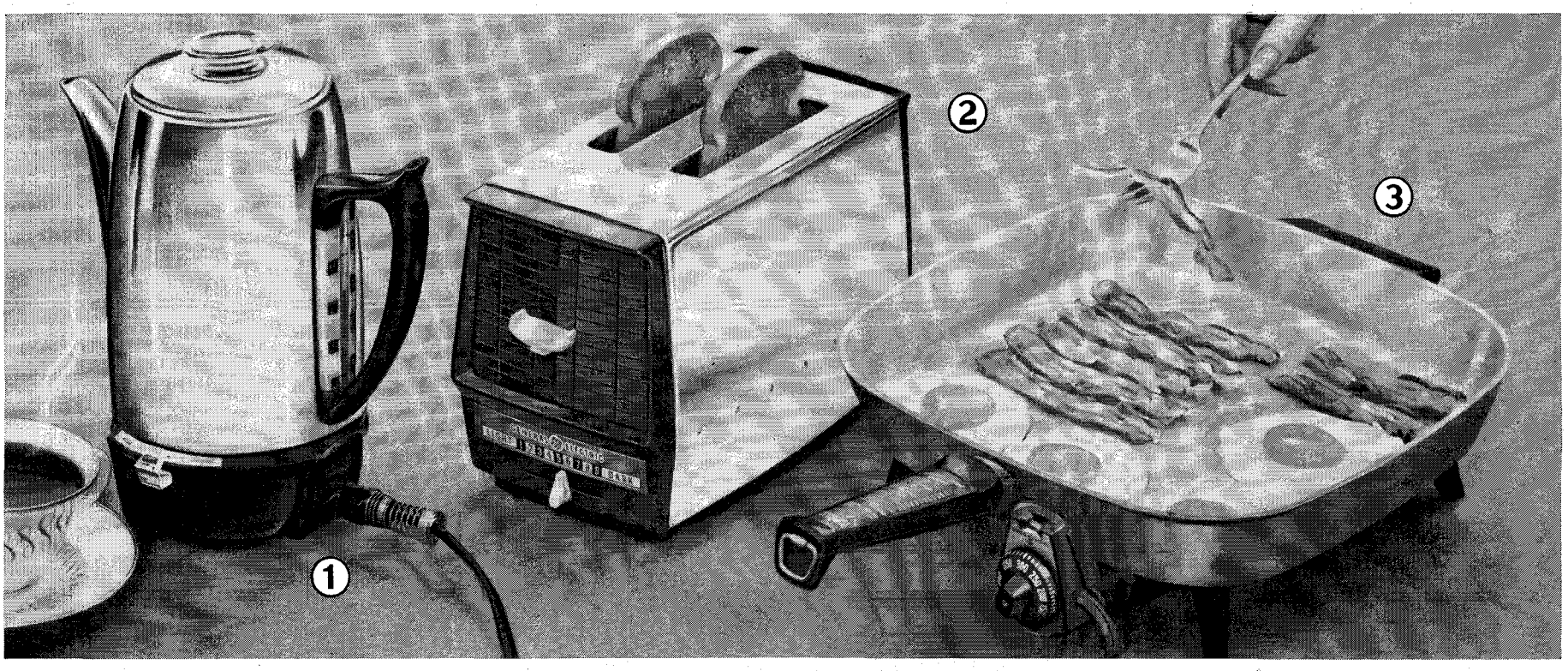

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had been earmarked to adorn some altar or to gild the dome of a cathedral. However, this gold was destined to play a different role. Pigeonholed for more than 200 years, it now emerged to touch off a modern Latin American drama.

Word of the find spread like wildfire. New arrivals in camp demanded to see it at once. We soon learned the reason. The gold, which actually weighed about one pound, had grown in the telling of the tale to 300 kilos, or about 660 pounds. At the current price that much gold, in troy weight, would be worth about $337,000. We made attempts to spike the false rumor, but we met with little success. We were up against the powerful, romantic psychology of the Mexican peasants. They *want* to believe that people find lost hoards of gold. Like the lottery, this belief provides them with a hope that one day they, too, will be lucky and escape from their prison of poverty.

A few days later we in turn received a startling rumor: A band of Fidel Castro's forces, which had previously found the secluded coves and dense jungle about us an ideal staging point from which to launch armed forays against the banana republics of the Caribbean, were set to attack our camp. They intended, so the story went, to overwhelm us and steal the gold to help finance their activities.

Under any other circumstances this report would have been ignored. However, in this remote section of the Yucatán Peninsula, long a haven for untamed Indians, bandits, outlaws, dope addicts and Mexico's political exiles, anything can—and frequently did—happen. In fact, since we had been camped on the coast, the Mexican Navy had captured one armed Cuban gunboat. Before our arrival three others had been seized.

Without delay we began to take emergency precautions. Our camp leader, a commander in the Mexican Navy, distributed small arms to some of the men and then sent an urgent call for reinforcements. Next day a heavily armed contingent of Mexican soldiers arrived. The Mexican Navy dispatched two corvettes to cruise our waters and disembarked a party of armed sailors. Mexican Navy helicopters reconnoitered the jungle and coves in our vicinity. The secretary of national defense, Gen. Agustín Olachea, flew in from Mexico City and, together with the local governor and a rear admiral who commanded the naval forces in our area, visited our camp.

"We are here to help in any way we can," the general said. However, his saber-rattling apparently had been enough, because the attack failed to materialize.

After the pressure eased, we shipped the troublesome batch of gold to Cozumel Island. The secretary of national defense returned to Mexico City, but the armed soldiers and one corvette remained with us for the rest of the expedition.

On the first day of the third week, en route to the wreck, Bob Marx said to me, "Today I'm really going to find something unusual. I feel it in my bones."

His prediction was accurate. During his second hour on the bottom, Marx turned up the most astonishing find of the expedition, a gold pocket watch. However, it was probably more than a premonition that Bob had felt in his bones. On returning to camp he complained of a violent headache and severe pains in his back, arms and legs. He collapsed on a cot. Then he became delirious.

We were extremely concerned. Al Arnold, who had lain near death for eighty-six hours in a decompression chamber following a diving accident in Acapulco, had instilled us with a healthy respect for the bends. The bends are usually associated with deep-water diving. However, they can come about as a result of prolonged submergence in shallow water. Few, if any, men had accumulated as many hours submerged in shallow water over so long a period as Bob Marx. Our camp doctor sent out an emergency call for a helicopter. Meanwhile Pablo requested that the Navy rush a decompression chamber to Cozumel.

When the helicopter arrived in camp, we dressed Bob in pajamas lent by one of the Mexicans and, with heavy hearts, placed him on board. Fortunately, as it turned out, he did not have the bends. He had contracted malaria, which later struck others in the United States camp. With our star diver bedridden, we broke camp and returned to Cozumel. By then the Mexican group had dwindled to about a dozen men. This skeleton force continued diving a few more days. Then bad weather drove them from the reef.

For weeks we had been shipping all goodies to Cozumel, where, under Pablo's direction, they were cleaned in acid, inventoried and stored in a guarded house. There, for the first time, we saw the total accumulation. It was a stunning collection. Among the more than 10,000 items were 150 devotional medals; 600 spoons; thirty-odd pewter plates; eight complete glasses; fourteen rum bottles (four with original contents tightly corked); 3000 crucifixes (oddly, one with the figure of Saint Thomas Aquinas), 3000 buckles, 2000 metal buttons, 500 knife handles, two silver forks, 2000 beads in metal settings, a brass pot handle, two rolls of copper wire, a funnel and hundreds of pieces of mirrors, flint, glasses, pottery, leather, rope, cloth, wax, ballast stones, ship's fittings, cannon balls, nails, musket shot, and the like. Special items of interest: a pair of eyeglasses, Mediterranean coral beads, two pipestems, a lodestone, garnets, a bell, two brass bracelets, two thimbles, an ink-bottle top, a dozen jet Brazilian talismans shaped like a human hand, two brooches, and several glass decanter stoppers. Based on prices Marx had previously been offered for goodies, the loot was worth more than $100,000.

Under terms of the CEDAM contract with the Mexican Government, some of the loot could be sold to cover CEDAM's expedition expenses, which ran to about $25,000, not counting the replacement cost of the gear lost in the plane crash. The remainder would be turned over to the Mexican Government for display in national museums. Although Marx had raised about half of the goodies, CEDAM did not offer him a percentage of the money that would be realized when they were sold. Thus he got nothing for his efforts except the experience—and malaria.

Of all the items recovered from the wreck, the one that fascinated us most was the pocket watch. On Cozumel, after Bob was back on his feet, we attacked it with magnifying glasses, tweezers and a mild solution of acid. The inner works had long since rusted out, but the outer case, the inner case, stem, glass and face, including fragments of the hands, stopped at the traditional 8:20, were almost as good as new. When we cleaned the tarnish from the face, the words WEBSTER and LONDON emerged. Swinging the works on its hinges, we read, amid ornate decorations, WM. WEBSTER EXCHANGE ALLEY. On the inner case we also found a group of hallmarks. They told us that the watch, made of twenty-two-carat gold (lion passant), was manufactured in London (crowned leopard) in either 1737 or 1738 (indicated by a lower-case *b*).

Beneath a pad in the inner case, apparently serving as a shim to prevent rattling, we found two scraps of newspaper. Although the paper had been submerged in salt water for more than two centuries, we were able to lift it from the watch and read the printing on both sides. We noted the old custom of using an *f* for an *s*, and carefully transcribed and photographed each surviving word.

On one scrap there was an ad for a medicine reputed to cure "scurf on the skin, gout" and other ailments "incident to human nature." The ad included a glowing testimonial from a "Mrs. Clocker, a Packer, at the Blue...of Great Bell Alley in Coleman...." On the back there was a second ad announcing that a "large quantity of TIMBER" was "To Be Sold In View" near "Petersfield." A "Mr. Lewis, at Banftead" (Banstead) and a "Mr. William Buckle" were mentioned, but their connection with the auction was not made clear.

On the second piece of paper we discerned fragments of a news item which stated, if we pieced it together correctly, that "the groom of the bed chamber to the Prince of Wales . . . was fafely deliver'd of a Son." Turning it over, we found these words, ". . . greatly diffatisfy'd with . . . Seckendorff; the ill Success . . . Hungary is laid entirely . . . condemn'd for not having . . ." Seckendorff is Count Seckendorff, an Austrian army general who commanded the foot soldiers in the war against the Turks in 1737-38 and later became the central figure in a controversial investigation.

Back in Washington Bob Marx and I compared the type and format of our newspaper scraps with the original copies of the *London Daily Advertiser* on file in the Library of Congress. They seemed to match. We found frequent references in that paper during 1737 and 1738 to the investigation of Count Seckendorff. Time did not permit an exhaustive study, so we were not able to determine the exact issue from which our scraps had been snipped.

Meanwhile inquiries by mail to the city archivists in Düsseldorf and Aachen, Germany, produced some information on Johannes Von Ach. According to Doctor Kaemmerer, city archivist in Aachen, Von Ach was a well-known needle manufacturer in Aachen. He started his business in 1727 and registered a trade-mark identical to the one we found on the packages. He traded with the English. Based on this, the watch, the newspaper and other items, we became convinced that our wreck was English and that it occurred about 1740.

Once again Bob Marx and I had failed to find the elusive treasure of Matanceros. However, this time our work had produced a sidelight that fascinated us almost as much as visions of doubloons. Johannes Esser von Ach, Alexander Cleeves, David Baumer, James Cosack, William Webster, Count Seckendorff, Mrs. Clocker, the Prince of Wales, Mr. Lewis and Mr. William Buckle—these were ten people who lived, no doubt in widely varying circumstances, forty years before the American Revolution. Now two centuries after their death their names had been linked in a curious fashion. Would they help us solve the mystery?

Someday, perhaps, but not immediately. British records, including maritime files, now thorough and meticulous, are sketchy for the years before 1800. Although our ship was certainly a major loss to the Crown, the files yield no ready answer. Our clues have been turned over to the Public Records Office in London. A researcher is diligently combing through the past. No doubt one day he, or perhaps someone who reads this article, will provide us with the final tragic chapter in the history of this intriguing vessel. The spook willing. THE END

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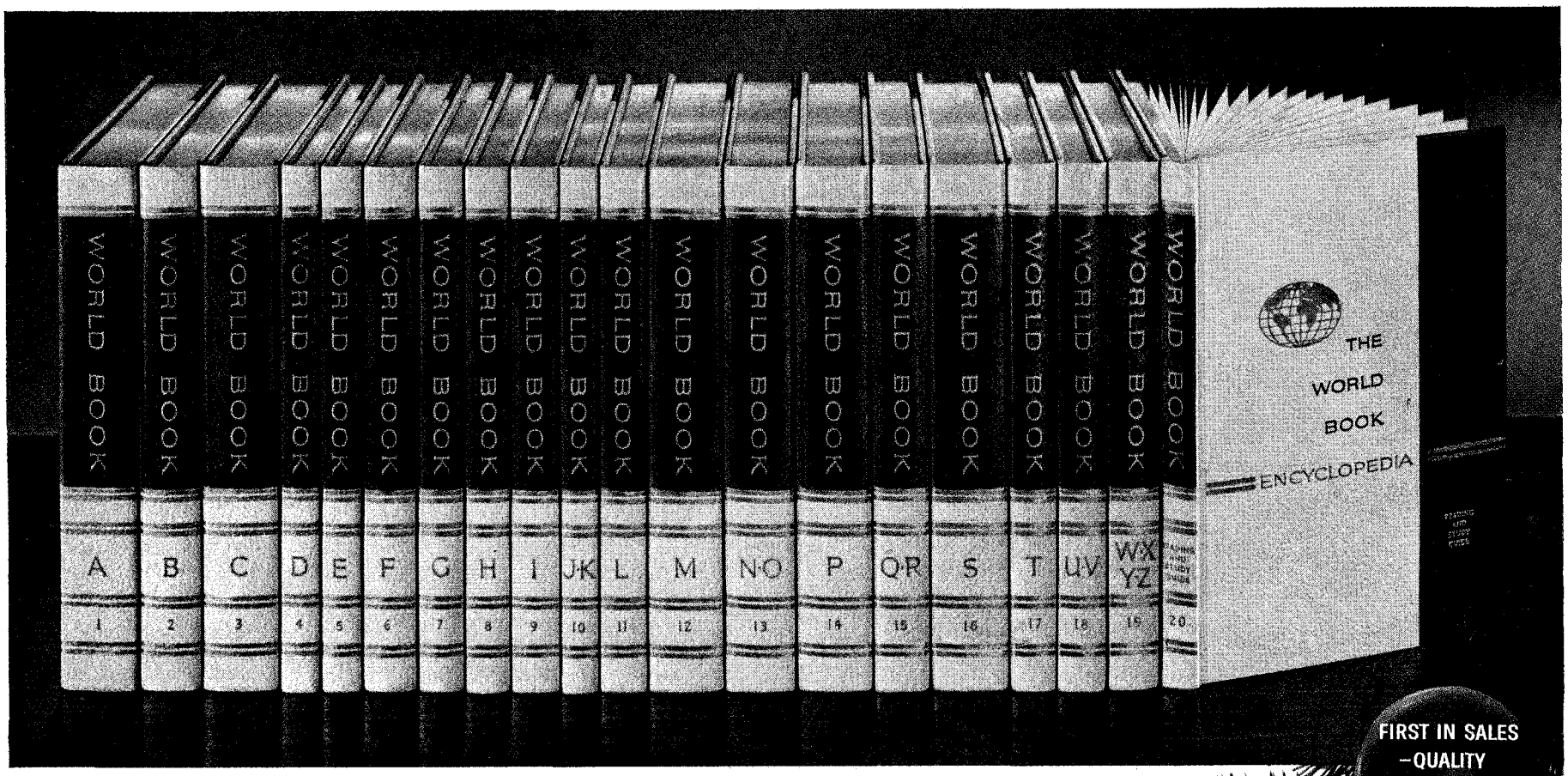

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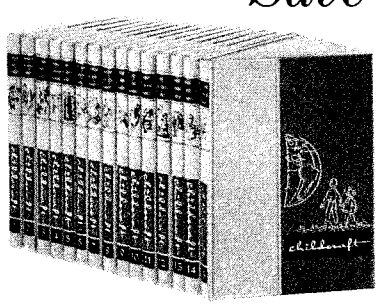

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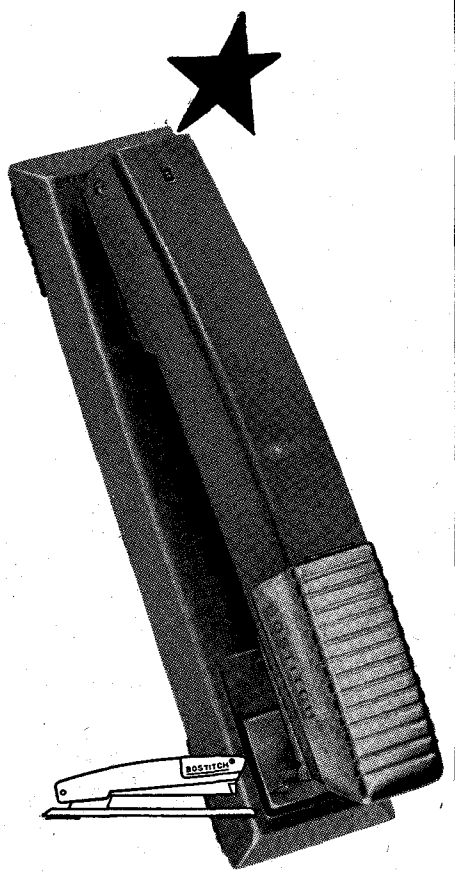

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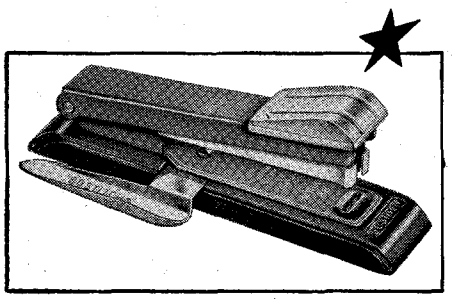

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The Man Who Invented a Girl

(Continued from Page 31)

"I was sort of hopeful when my sister was here," Esther said. "He took her out in his vineyard. He showed her his Pinot Noir, his Gamay, his Semillon. He let her help him plant petunias. She even cooked dinner for him at his place once. Gave him beef tenderloin *en brochette*. Then the louse took off for the Phoenix and Tucson open golf tournaments and didn't come back for three weeks."

Doris said, "Two diamonds."

"Pass," Esther said.

"I don't know why we don't just give up," Marcia said. "Two spades."

"Never!" Jennifer said. "I just wish he'd marry some witch who'd make his life miserable so I could sit around and gloat. Pass."

"Pass."

"Pass."

The object of this feminine indignation was at the moment sitting in the locker room of the Grapevine Golf and Country Club, having a drink with his friend, Pete Putnam, after a round of golf. He had no idea that he was being so nicely cut up at the bridge table right at this time. He was aware that there was a concerted effort being made to trap him into relinquishing his freedom. And he knew full well that whenever he was asked to a cocktail or dinner party there would be present at least one sweet young thing whose eyes glittered with a matrimonial gleam.

He was not a vain man, and he did not know what all the shouting was about. He conceded that he was single and solvent. Other than that, he felt that as the only bachelor among his friends he was merely a challenge to the women.

His name was Michael Garrity, and he was a tall and lean young man, with black hair and eyebrows and brooding, dark gray eyes.

"You're sure you don't want to come?" Pete said. "There's this house guest of the Parkers. A blonde, and from what I hear ——"

"Holy Hannah, Pete!" Mike said. "Are you getting into the act too?"

Pete shook his head. "Not me. I just promised Jennifer I'd do what I could. Edith Parker asked her to ask me and ——" Pete spread his hands.

"I don't know why the girls don't take off their overalls," Mike said. "I'm happy being single. Why can't they let well enough alone?"

"Because an eligible man is to a woman like a mountain to a mountain climber. They say they climb the mountain because it's there. Same deal. You're single and you're here."

"Sometimes, although not often, I almost feel like getting married to get the wives off my back."

Pete grinned. "Well, why don't you? What are you—a coward?"

"Yes."

"Marriage has its points."

"Name one."

"A six-hundred-dollar deduction."

"Oh, that's a great bargain," Mike said. "I suppose you support Jennifer on six hundred a year?"

"Not exactly."

"You married guys have been brainwashed to believe everything women want you to believe. Some dame bats her eyes, you think you're in love and she could say that Molotov is our Secretary of State and you'd just nod your head—hypnotized. They should have an organization of Bachelors Anonymous. When a guy feels himself getting stunned by some blonde, he calls up Bachelors Anonymous, they send over a couple of guys to tie him down and talk some sense into him. Come to think of it, it's a great idea. I think I'll start a Napa Valley chapter."

"I'm going to take a shower," Pete said. He went to his locker and Mike followed him. They showered, changed into street clothes and went up to the bar for their second drink. Pete carried a folded newspaper which he had taken out of his locker. He thoughtfully tapped the newspaper against the table and sipped his drink.

Presently he said, "Look, Mike, if you want the wives to lay off, why don't you invent a girl?"

"Why don't I what?"

"Invent a girl," Pete said. He opened the newspaper and pointed. "Here's one. Just pass the word that you met this girl on a flight somewhere, fell in love, proposed, and you're engaged."

Mike peered at a picture in the paper. There was a stewardess standing at the head of the ramp, smiling at two passengers. The caption read: "Honey Horton, Northern Airlines stewardess, greeting Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Jefferson as they board their plane for the first leg of a trip which will take them around the world." Mike saw a lovely, dark-haired girl with a tip-tilted nose. The uniform failed to conceal a superbly streamlined fuselage. He handed the paper back.

"You're out of your mind," he said.

"So what's wrong?" Pete said. "The girl will never know. She's an airline stewardess. They're traveling all the time. If the wives want to know why you don't bring her out here so they can meet her, she's on a flight to Chicago, New York, Kansas City. The only time you see her is when you go to San Francisco when her plane is in. It's a natural."

"If things get any more frantic around here, I might go for it."

When he got home the phone rang. It was Tom Jacobsen. "Look, Mike, we have this friend visiting us. Her name is Maria Giotto from San Jose, and you just have to meet this girl. We're really trotting out the varsity this time. She's a little dark-eyed mantrap who's out of this world. We're going over to the Red Hen for dinner. We know your cook doesn't come on Fridays and Saturdays, so ——"

Mike winced. "Sorry, Tom. I'm going to San Francisco." It was the first excuse he could think of.

"This evening?"

"Leaving in a few minutes," Mike said.

"Put it off till tomorrow."

"Can't. The man I'm seeing is in the city just for tonight."

"Oh," Tom said. "Well, maybe later. You're really missing something. I'm not kidding. If there's any way ——"

"There isn't, Tom. Sorry."

Mike hung up the phone and stared morosely at the instrument. He swore. He had planned on going to the Red Hen for dinner himself. Now he'd be taking a chance going anywhere. With the communications setup in the valley, they'd know if he had a hamburger in Saint Helena.

The phone rang again. It was Doris Steele. "Mike, we need a man for a mixed two-ball foursome tomorrow. There's this girl from San Mateo. She's a darling. A five-handicap golfer and ——"

"I'm going to San Francisco."

"You can't!" Doris shrieked. "We invited her this weekend just so you could meet her. She's going back Sunday morning."

"Maybe some other time, Doris."

"Honestly, Mike, you're harder to pin down than quicksilver."

"If you'd called in the middle of the week ——" Mike said.

"How about June twenty-first, nineteen hundred and sixty?" Doris said evenly.

"Don't get sore," Mike said. "I can't help it."

"I know it," Doris said. "You're just a bachelor." She made bachelor sound like something which had crawled out from under a rotting log. She hung up.

Mike hung up. *O.K., Garrity. So now you've lied yourself into a trip to San Francisco, which you want the way you want falling hair, but there's no help for it. By now the word is out. You either go to San Francisco or everyone will be sore at you.* He went into the bedroom and packed a bag.

The phone rang. He picked up the bedroom extension and yelled, "I can't do it. I'm going to San Francisco!"

"Is this Mike?" Pete Putnam said.

"Yes, this is Mike."

"Michael J. Garrity?"

"What's the matter with you?" Mike said.

"What's the matter with *me?*" Pete said. "You sound as if you're off your rocker. You been drinking?"

"No."

"I just wanted to know if I could borrow your power lawn mower tomorrow because mine's in the shop, but just forget the whole thing."

"It's in the garage. I'll leave the door unlocked."

"How come you're going to the city? You didn't say anything about it today."

"I know."

"You haven't got some little blonde stashed away in there, have you?"

"Listen, don't get that rumor started. Things are bad enough already."

"Well, have a nice time. You might consider what we talked about today—the airline stewardess—remember?"

"I remember."

"Say, Mike, if you're back Sunday around five, that house guest of the Parkers will still be here, and they're having a little barbecue and ——"

"Pete," Mike said grimly, "so help me ——"

"O.K., O.K.," Pete said. "I told Jennifer I'd ask."

The phone rang once more before Mike got out of the house. Esther Marshall said that her sister was coming for the weekend and could Mike come to dinner Saturday night? Mike went into the San Francisco story, hung up and fled. The phone rang again as he shut the front door. He didn't go back.

He had a miserable time in San Francisco, even though he did think it was a superior city, as cities go. But he did not relish being (*Continued on Page 89*)

Cat Nap

By A. D. Freeman

My cat's a cushion plump
with ease,
A sofa sybarite;
But click a spoon and it
will tease
Awake his appetite.
Then tortoise-shell no longer
lies
At bottom of a dream;
He, yawning, stretching,
moves to rise
As naturally as cream.

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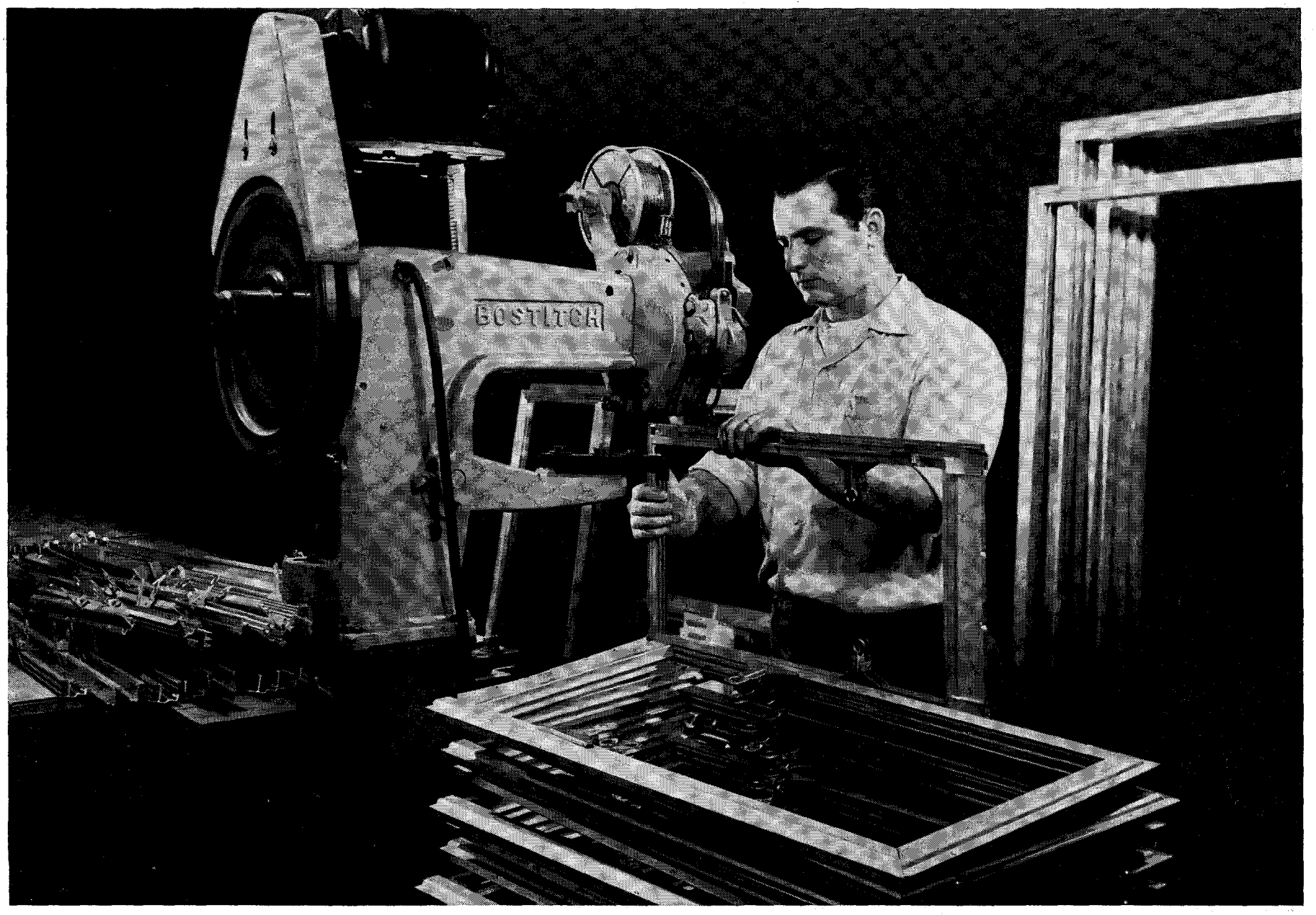

Bostitch shows metal fabricator how to increase production 33%—cut costs 18%—with stapling

A Warwick, R. I., manufacturer used screws or rivets to join the top and sides of triple-track aluminum windows.

A Bostitch Economy Man suggested stapling. Results—production rate rose by a third and manufacturing cost fell 18%. Bostitch staplers eliminated the pre-drilling needed with former method. Stapling is a split-second, single-motion job. And the staples themselves cost less than the fasteners formerly used.

There's more to the story besides speed and savings. "Customer reaction has been excellent," reports plant management, "and complaints of loosened and separated fasteners are completely ended."

Whatever your business, whatever you fasten—it's safe to say at least one combination of Bostitch staplers and Bostitch staples can give you better, faster fastening *and* an improved product. The 350 Bostitch Economy Men who work out of 123 U.S. and Canadian cities offer you a wealth of fastening experience. To talk with one, look under "Bostitch" in your phone book. Or mark and mail the coupon.

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☐ Other (please name)_____

I now use_____ (fastening method)

to fasten_____ (material and item)

Name_____

Company_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

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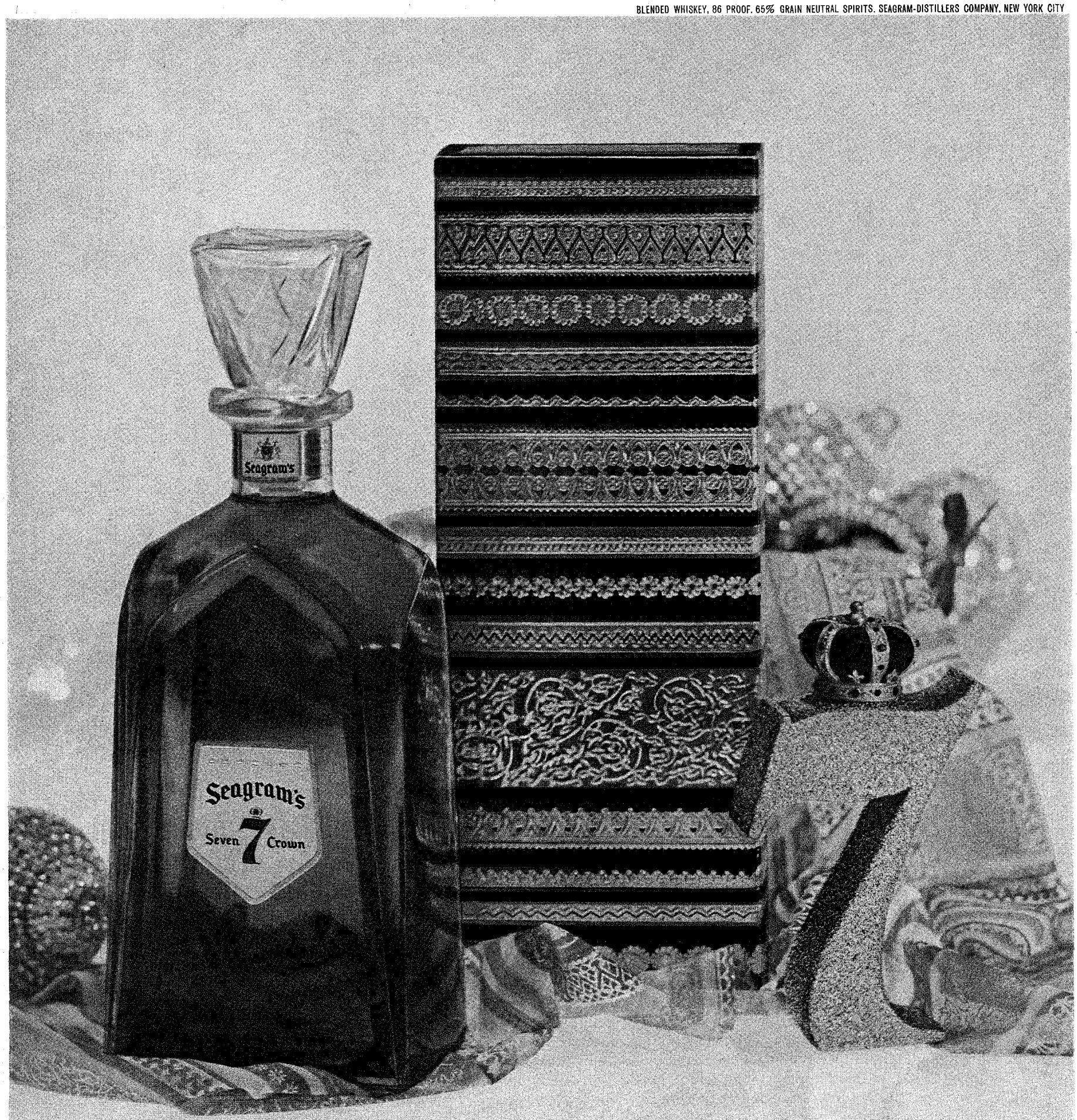

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Give Seagram's and be sure

CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS BY PLACE NOEL, INC.

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(*Continued from Page 86*) forced into going anywhere. He checked into the Saint Francis, had a solitary dinner in one corner of the grill, and was going to take a walk around the town after dinner. But it had started to rain hard, so he had a pot of coffee sent up to his room and watched television. *This, Garrity, is ridiculous. You were driven out of your home by a bunch of meddling matchmakers, forced to spend the weekend in the city staring at four walls and a twenty-one-inch screen, simply because you're a bachelor. What is this—Russia?*

He had intended going out to Lakeside and getting a golf game the next day, but it was still raining. He couldn't go back to the valley before dark because someone would be certain to see him, and he'd be trapped into going to the barbecue at the Parkers' and making polite conversation, something which he did not feel like making.

For two cents I'd get married, Mike thought gloomily. *For two cents I'd keep asking and marry the first girl who'd have me. It would serve all of them right if I ended up with some dame who drank too much and who made passes at all the husbands in the valley. Or maybe I'd get some beatnik character with a pasty white face and stringy hair, who sat on the floor and quoted poetry to the accompaniment of progressive jazz. Serve 'em right.*

To kill time he drove down to San Mateo to see an airline-pilot friend of his. His friend was currently en route to Chicago. He went over to the hotel for a cup of coffee. The coffee shop was jammed with pilots, flight engineers and stewardesses looking pert and lovely in their trim uniforms.

As he sipped his coffee he remembered what Pete had said about inventing a girl and he remembered the girl in the newspaper photo. What was her name? Honey Horton. Well, now, it wasn't, he conceded, such a bad idea. He could trust Pete to keep his mouth shut and at least it would take off some of the pressure. They could hardly be forever trying to regiment his life, yapping about some house guest, some sister, some strange dame if he were engaged to be married.

He drove back to the city, hardly noticing the rain. Let's see, now. This would take a little groundwork. He'd need a photo of his bride-to-be, and there would be the matter of letters. That's about all it would take. Everyone in the valley got mail at the same time. The post office was a gathering place around ten-thirty. The women got their mail, did their shopping in the combination store and post office, and passed the spoken word, speedily and sometimes accurately. A word here, a word there, and he'd be off the hook.

He went back to the hotel and called Tony Giugni, a friend of his who worked on the Chronicle, the paper in which the picture of Honey Horton had appeared.

"Whatcha want it for, Mike?" Tony asked.

"Never mind," Mike said. "And can you crop the two passengers out of the picture and have a nice eight by ten made of just the girl? It's worth a bottle of Scotch."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place? Get it in the mail tomorrow."

"The Scotch is on the way."

"Thanks. You gone ape over this dame?" Tony said.

"Never mind."

"I remember the photo. She's some doll, all right. You figuring on having her around to help you stomp grapes?"

"You don't stomp grapes any more, you lame-brain."

"Well, her feet don't look very big anyway."

"*Aloha,*" Mike said and hung up.

He went downstairs and asked for a public stenographer, was directed to a small office off the lobby and walked in. The girl was a blonde, with wind-blown hair and large, gray eyes. She was wearing a skirt and a cashmere sweater and a string of small pearls. She smiled at him and lighted up the office.

"May I help you?" she said.

Mike sat down and told her what he wanted. "Just a couple of letters a week on tinted stationery with the name Honey Horton, Northern Airlines, on the upper left-hand corner of the envelope."

She leaned over and sniffed the air.

"I haven't been drinking," Mike said defensively. "I'm a perfectly reputable character."

"A character, anyway."

"Look, my name is Michael J. Garrity. I raise grapes in the Napa Valley."

"H'm'm," she said. "'And lately, by the tavern door agape, came shining through the dusk an angel shape bearing a vessel on his shoulder; and he bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the grape!'"

Mike stared at her.

"Omar Khayyám," she said.

"I'm glad of that."

"There's more."

"Never mind. Look, this is just a trick I'm playing on some friends of mine. No trouble, no strain, and I'll pay well."

"M'm'm. You should. One hundred and twenty acres in Zone Two."

Again Mike stared at her.

"I was raised two miles from you," she said. "In Rutherford."

"I don't believe I ——" Mike began.

"Don't apologize," she said. "I haven't been there since the pony-tail-and-blue-jeans phase of my life. What do you want in the letters?"

"Love stuff," Mike said. "You know—miss you like the beating of my heart, counting the hours till we can be together—that sort of thing."

She winced. "That's terrible. You should be able to do better than that."

"I'm not doing it," he said. "You are."

"'I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death.' How's that sound?"

"Sounds fine," Mike said. "I always did like Elizabeth Browning."

She raised her eyebrows. "Well. Who'd suspect that you'd know Sonnets From the Portuguese? You use them in your courting?"

"I don't do any courting," Mike said.

"Well. I get some peculiar jobs, but I must say that now you're Number One on the weirdy parade. It's something of an honor too. I might even have a nice certificate made up for you." She sighed. "Well, I have to make a living too. How does five dollars a letter sound to you? I'll pay the postage, of course."

"Nice of you," Mike said. He took out his billfold, selected a ten-dollar bill and handed it to her. "Here's your first week's salary."

She put the money in a drawer, wrote down his post-office address and said, "My name is Jill Sinclair, henceforth known as The Phantom Pen—and I'm glad of one thing."

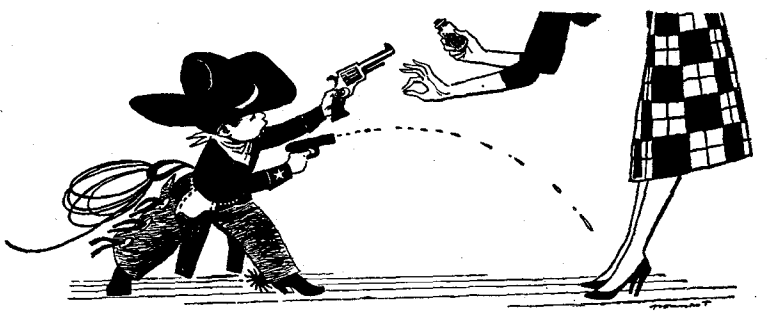
"What's that?"

"That there's a Fifth Amendment. I suspect that I might have to make use of it."

"Absolutely not," Mike said. "No one will ever know."

The photo arrived on Tuesday morning. Tony had had the photography department of the newspaper do a first-class job. Mike had the picture framed and placed it on the mantel. On Wednesday the first letter arrived from Jill Sinclair. The stationery was not only tinted, it was additionally scented. There were half a dozen women in the store when the postmaster handed him his mail, coyly saving Jill's letter to the last, lifting it to his nose, sniffing and rolling his eyes. "Ten dollars an ounce, at least," he said.

Mike took the letter over to one corner of the store and opened it. He read it and



What Would You Have Done?

My neighbor, suddenly summoned to her stricken mother, entrusted her ailing small son to me. She thrust Johnny in through my kitchen door—a pale, thin child wearing his beloved cowboy hat, spurs and squirt gun—and handed me a pill bottle. "He must have one every two hours," she explained, "and it's a battle to get them down every time. He ought to take one now." Then she dashed off to her mother's hospital.

For the next twenty minutes I tried every persuasion and device that I could dream up, but Johnny grumpily refused to swallow his pill. Perhaps it was my imagination, but I thought he looked paler and paler. Finally I hit upon the scheme that got the pill down. What would you have done?

Loading his squirt gun with fresh water, I had him put the pill in his mouth as a "target" to shoot down with the gun. Naturally, a good cowboy never misses.

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then read it again. It was a beautifully written, tender and heart-warming bit of writing, and it ended, "Tenderly I held your love, briefly knew surcease from loneliness, then kissed your lips good-by and watched laughter turn to sighs."

Mike thoughtfully folded the letter, walked outside the store and carefully let the letter drop. It fluttered to the porch and he got into his car and drove away.

The letter was in his post office box the next day, and he knew that the word was already blanketing the valley like an early-morning fog. On Friday he gave a small cocktail party, mysteriously shrugging off references to the photo of Honey Horton which graced the mantel.

Pete Putnam cornered him in the kitchen and grinned. "Man, the girls are fit to be tied. Esther Marshall is the only one who's ready to cut her throat 'cause she always thought that one day she'd nail you for her sister."

Mike grinned. "Peace is going to be wonderful."

"The word is that you're a louse for picking some stranger, but that it just shows that no man is invulnerable. Naturally they're dying to meet her. If I were you, I'd drop the word that your bride-to-be has been transferred to Denver, or maybe Chicago."

Mike shook his head. "No, that wouldn't work. They'd figure that she's out of sight, out of mind, and start their propaganda all over again. I'll stick to your original thought on the matter—that I go in to San Francisco and see her between flights."

"Maybe that's best." Pete grinned. "This is the greatest idea since the invention of the golf ball, and no one suspects a thing."

"And by the Lord Harry, nobody better suspect a thing or I'll know where it came from," Mike said.

"You hurt me," Pete said, "but I forgive you because of the five strokes you give me on the golf course."

In the weeks that followed, Mike was a carefree and contented man. No longer did he dread the ringing of the telephone. He accepted invitations gladly, secure in the knowledge that now there would be no sweet young thing in attendance with a matrimonial gleam in her eyes. He no longer was plagued with two-ball foursomes on Sunday; no longer had to stammer lame excuses for not meeting the latest and best mantrap who was someone's house guest.

He found himself looking forward with more than casual eagerness to Jill Sinclair's letters. Now, interspersed with the language of love, were references to the things she had been doing, the books she had read, the plays she had seen. She sent him a photo of a Japanese scroll she had found in Chinatown, and wrote a detailed, haunting description of a long walk she had taken in a thick fog. "I know I'm probably boring you," she explained, "but for five dollars you should get a little something more than an impersonal and probably sickening overdose of meaningless blather about love. I'm afraid now that if I were to attempt a love letter to someone I really love, I'd find everything I've written to you returning to make a mockery of the real thing."

He began to write to Jill, first sending brief notes along with his weekly check, then finding things to tell her—of the quail which had set up housekeeping just across the road; of the two gray squirrels that had become so tame they now came into the kitchen looking for the nuts he kept for them; of the doe that had found sanctuary in a grove of eucalyptus beside his house; of the music he liked and the books he loved.

And then one day he received the last letter from her. "I'm not writing to you any more," she said. "Writing love letters for pay has always seemed a bit wrong somehow. Maybe I have an unduly sensitive conscience, and maybe I realize that you shouldn't rehearse something which should come from the heart. I told you once that if I were to write to someone I really love the words might be without meaning. They wouldn't be very much of anything because I had already said everything that was to be said. So good-by. JILL."

He held the letter in his hand and knew the answer. *She has fallen in love with someone*, he thought. *And she wants to reserve her letters for him.* Unaccountably he almost felt tears come to his eyes. He felt a deep sense of having lost something which was good and clean and right. And then he put the letter in a drawer and closed the drawer. *Don't be a dope, Garrity. So you liked the letters—really the first love letters you ever received. You met the girl once. The only reason you feel this way is that you're so selfish you begrudge her a love of her own and miss the fleeting pleasure of her letters.* He wrote her a note thanking her and ending it, "Send me an invitation to the wedding so I can send a gift."

Two days later he had just finished a shower, had put on clean clothes and was having a cocktail before dinner, when he heard a car in the driveway. The doorbell rang shortly afterward and he went to the door and opened it. It was a girl, dark-haired, with a tip-tilted nose and angry blue eyes. She seemed vaguely familiar, and she was holding some newspaper clippings in her hand.

"Michael Garrity?" she said.

Mike nodded. "Yes."

"I," she said, "am Honey Horton."

"Awk!" Mike said.

She started waving the newspaper clippings, walked into the house, backing Mike up as she walked. "You rat!" she said. "I'll sue you for every grape on the place. Do you know what you've done?"

"Me?" Mike said. "Why, nothing much. You see, I ——"

"Nothing much!" she screamed. "Look at these." She shoved the clippings under his nose.

He took them and looked at the first one. It was an item from one of the columnists on a San Francisco paper. "Napa Valley twosome—Mike Garrity, the vineyard man, and sweeter than Honey Horton, who takes your coat on Northern Airlines, if you're living right."

Mike gulped. "Oh, no!" he said.

"Oh, yes," she snapped. "Read on."

Mike read. It was another gossip item. "Napa Valley grapevine says that Mike Garrity, the nimble bachelor, isn't so nimble these days. Cut down to size by little Honey Horton—sweeter than the one hundred and twenty acres of Garrity's grapes."

"That's pretty sweet," Mike said. "Aren't you flattered?"

"Flattered!" she screamed. She looked at the mantel. "And just what is my picture doing here?"

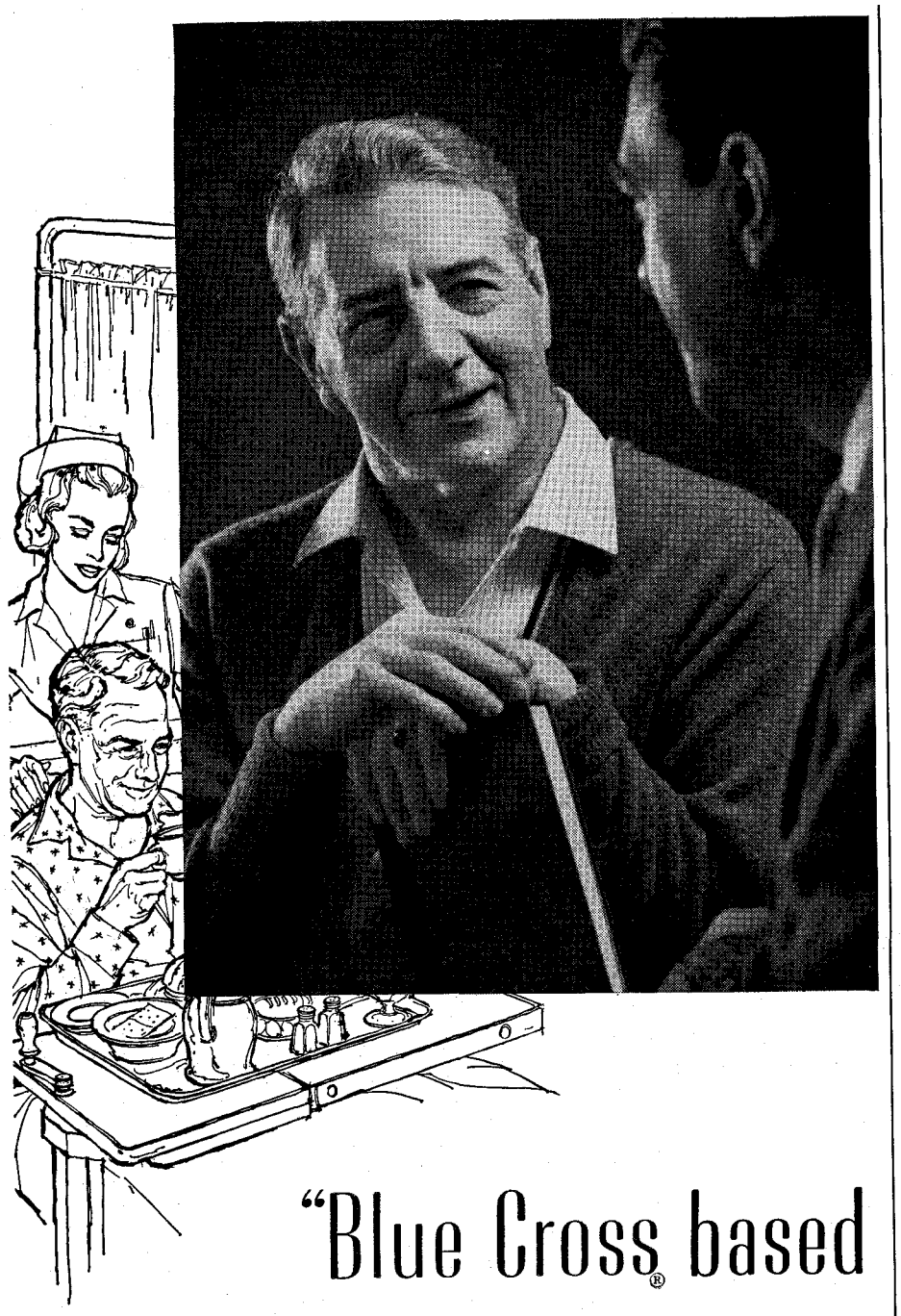
"Well—uh—it's kind of a long story," Mike said. "I don't suppose you have the time to listen?"

"You know who's going to listen? I'll tell you. A jury."

"Let's not be hasty now, Miss Horton. There's a logical explanation for all this."

"That's all I need," she said bitterly, "an explanation. I was engaged to a man from Texas who has more cattle than you have grapes. But he's kind of peculiar. He fails to understand how the girl he's going to marry is playing footsie with some character out in Napa Valley."

Mike groaned. "Look, a guy by the name of Pete Putnam put me up ——"



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"I'm not surprised at anything that character would do," she snapped.

"You know Pete Putnam?"

"He's married to my Aunt Jennifer," the girl said. "I can't say that I admire her choice, but I'm stuck with him. If he has anything to do with this, we'd better get back over there. My Texan is there, about ready to tear Napa Valley apart. He could do it too. He's six feet four inches tall and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds—all muscle."

"Maybe I could write him a letter," Mike said hopefully. "Explain the whole thing."

"I think you'd better go with me and start talking before Beauregard starts punching."

"Who?"

"Beauregard Masterson, my Texan. But he prefers Beau. Don't call him Beauregard. He doesn't like it."

"Wouldn't think of it," Mike said. He gulped his cocktail, put the glass down and looked at himself in the mirror. *Take a good look, Garrity. You may never look this way again.*

They drove over to Putnam's. Pete, Jennifer, and a man who looked nine feet tall came out on the porch. Honey hopped out of the car, and Mike eased himself out. The three people advanced on him. "You'll never get five strokes again, you rat," Mike said to Pete.

"Honestly, Mike, it was Jennifer's idea. She just thought that if you got yourself

---

You can always tell a young girl's birthday cake. It has the correct number of candles on it.

HOMER PHILLIPS

---

sort of involved with Honey—not knowing about Beau, here."

Mike looked at Beauregard Masterson and prepared either to run or defend himself. While he was making up his mind, Beauregard put his head back and started laughing, hitting his leg with a hand the size of a ham, wiping the tears from his eyes. Mike smiled weakly, and Beauregard recovered. "Man, oh, man, you sure got yourself a mess of trouble," Beauregard said. "Whatever made you do a fool thing like that?"

"I don't know. I must be crazy," Mike said.

"Know what you oughta do?" Beauregard said.

"No, but I wish I did."

"Latch onto a filly of your own, man. Then you wouldn't have all this trouble."

"Aren't you going to punch him in the nose, Beau?" Honey said.

"What for, sweetheart? Why, this poor critter's had enough misery. Besides, it isn't his fault—it's this here relative of yours." He jerked a thumb the size of a banana at Jennifer. "Oughta have better sense than to try and run a man's life. Look at the mess she made of things."

Pete grinned, then suppressed the grin as Jennifer glared at him.

Honey put her arm through Beauregard's. She looked up at him. "Well, if you aren't going to hit him, we might as well go back to the city."

Beauregard grinned and shook hands with Mike. "Most fun I've had since a bronc broke my brother's leg. You're all invited to the wedding. I'll send up an airplane for you. Don't forget about that filly, Mike. Throw a loop on her and keep it tight."

After they had gone, Jennifer looked at Mike. "Well," she said defensively, "you started it."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. If you'd gotten married years ago, this would never have happened."

"She's got a point at that, Mike," Pete said. "Since you didn't get punched in the nose, do I still get my five strokes?"

"You do if you'll drive me home."

Pete dropped him off, waved good-by, and Mike went into the house. With an overpowering sense of urgency he dressed carefully in his best suit, went outside, got into his car and headed for San Francisco. As he drove he thought, *You know what's going to happen, Garrity. You've seen but once the only girl you've ever given a grape for, but that doesn't matter. You fell in love through the letters she wrote at five bucks a throw. So you'll get there and she'll open the door and introduce you to some tall, dark, handsome joker who had brains enough to know what he wanted. But you have to find out.*

An hour and fifteen minutes later he stood outside her apartment door. He pushed the buzzer. His heart hammered as he waited. The door opened and there she stood, wearing a white blouse, toreador pants and ballerina slippers.

Her eyes widened as she saw him. "Why, Mike!" she said. "Come in."

Mike walked in, and there he was, all right. A tall, dark, handsome man with level, gray eyes.

"Mr. Patterson . . . Mr. Garrity," Jill said.

Mike shook hands with the man and wished now that he hadn't come. He nervously lighted a cigarette and then said, "I just happened to be in the neighborhood, Jill. I thought I'd just say hello and congrat——"

"Gerald was just leaving, Mike. Stay and I'll make some coffee."

"Right," the man said. "I have to be running along. See you tomorrow, Jill. Nice meeting you, Mr. Garrity."

Then he was gone, and Mike said, "Nice guy. Congratulations."

Her eyes were amused. "Aren't you jumping the gun, Mike?"

"In your last letter you said ——" Mike began.

"All I really said was that I didn't like writing love letters for pay. I liked writing love letters and I loved getting them, but not for money."

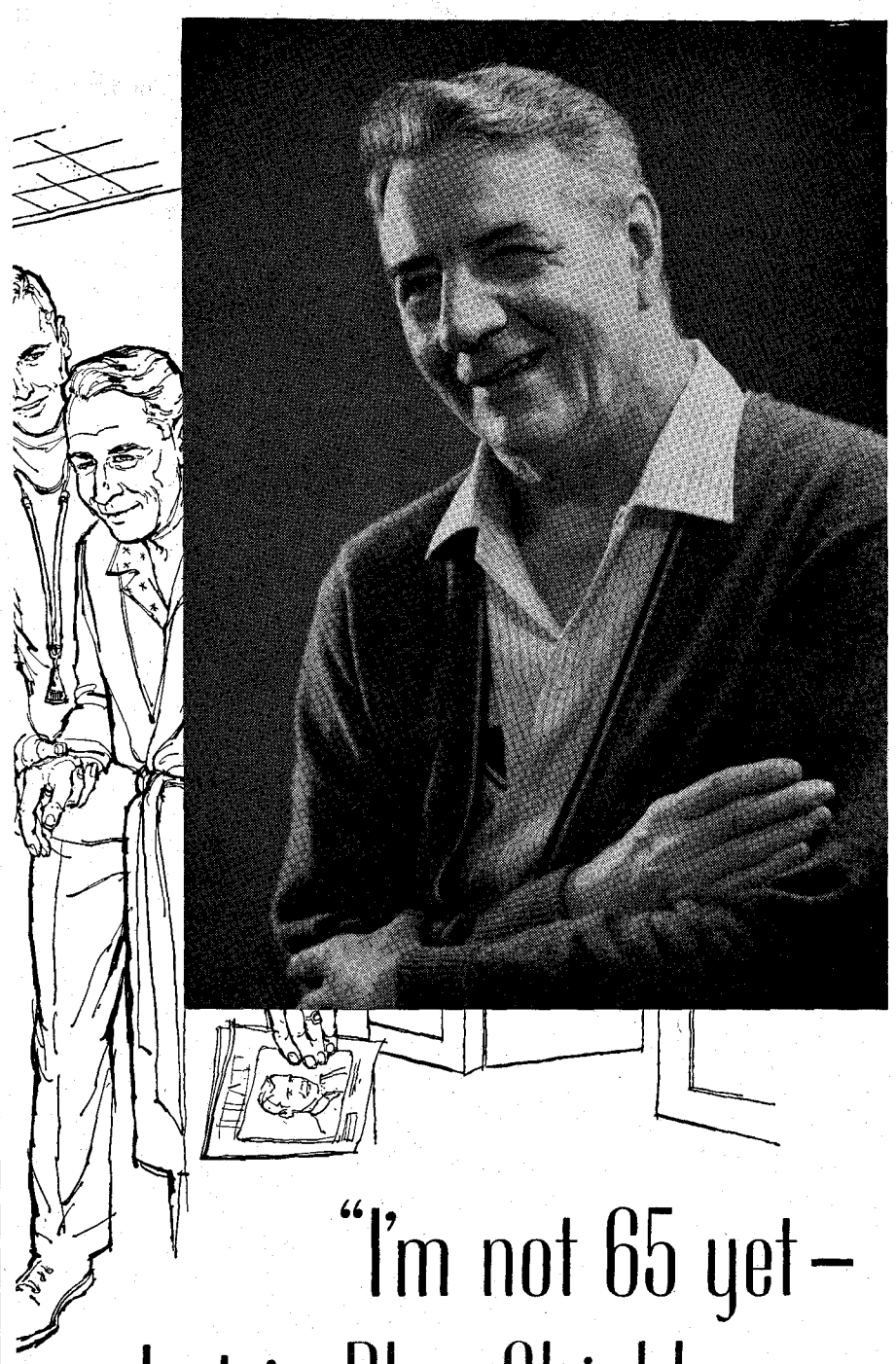
Mike frowned. "But if you were writing love ——"

She abruptly turned away and went into the small kitchen. Mike followed her. She busied herself making coffee. Mike busied himself being miserable. "Jill, I don't get it. I ——"

She turned on him. "Do I have to spell it out? I *was* writing love letters, you big baboon, and I was receiving what I thought were love letters. I began to delude myself. I began to read into your letters things that weren't there. I began to dream dreams. I began to imagine that we really were lovers, and then I came back to earth with a thud. I knew that you were just pulling a gag on someone. Oh, I know all about Michael J. Garrity, the great catch of Napa Valley. I know all about the concerted efforts being made to trap you into the long walk down the aisle. But if you think for one minute, you lanky, conceited farmer, that I'm trying any little two-bit scheme, then you're out of your head. And I didn't invent Gerald Patterson for competition, either. He's an attorney, and I do some work for him and let me tell you something else, you ——"

She backed him up into the living room, shaking a finger in his face. Mike grinned, taking it all. His heart sang. *The lady doth protest too much, methinks, Garrity. Go ahead, Jill—rack me back. Get it off your chest. Give me the unvarnished word. And then when you're through ——*

THE END



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Too Many Ghosts (Continued from Page 45)

broke the shocked silence by saying mockingly, "Oh, Freddie, would you? I never knew you cared."

Paradine said, "Well, confound it, it did make one just a little uncomfortable. One never quite knows—but that's all over now, thanks to Hero here ——"

"Haw," mocked Cousin Freddie, "what's all over? What about the nun and the harp and all the rest?"

"Perhaps you could tell us something about it, Freddie." Lady Paradine spoke so little and she took such small part in what was going on about her that when she suddenly did it came as a shock to them all.

"What do you mean, 'I could tell you something'?" For the first time Hero thought he saw signs of fluster on the fat, disagreeable face as Cousin Freddie protested.

Lady Paradine turned her still beautiful eyes on her husband's nephew. "Why, you said yourself that if something happened to us, you are the next Paradine heir. You wouldn't be gliding about the house inside a nun's robe and playing a harp, trying to frighten us all to death would you, Freddie? It would be so like you."

Cousin Freddie seemed almost apoplectic for a moment, but his defense came from a wholly unexpected quarter and took even Hero by surprise.

"Oh, but Lady Paradine," Susan Marshall said, "I'm sure that Freddie wouldn't ——"

Whatever else she had been about to say was cut short by Lady Paradine's gesture of turning to her, a kind of masterpiece of a gesture it appeared to Meg, watching it—so gentle, so firm, so kindly.

"Dear," said Lady Paradine ever so softly, "it is a family matter."

For the first time since he had known her, Mr. Hero saw the American girl truly disconcerted. A crimson flush mounted to the dark hair as she bit her lip and averted her face quickly. Then without saying a word she arose and left the room. Mark got up and went after her.

"Mark," his mother called softly, "do sit down." But he did not heed her.

Hero moved into the breach saying, "Freddie is quite right. There are still many things we do not know."

He was feeling oppressed again. There was no doubt about it, there was an atmosphere now. It was affecting them all, making them do and say strange things. It brought a kind of half-sobbing cry from Beth, "Must we really know everything?"

Lord Paradine took the floor. "It seems you've explained it all, Hero—underground watercourses, what? I can't see what's to be gained any further. If we're satisfied ——"

Lady Paradine looked approvingly at her husband and said, "I think John is right."

Hero could feel the ranks of the Paradine clan closing. Whatever they knew, whatever they suspected, whatever they felt, they had had enough; they were standing together suddenly and easing out the outsider, as Susan Marshall had just been eased from the room. His glance caught his stepsister's eye, and he saw her head move slightly from side to side. He smiled inwardly to himself. The Hero-Callandar family could also close ranks. She was signaling him to stand firm.

"I think not," Hero said, "if you will forgive me. The haunting of Paradine Hall is far from settled. I will remind all of you of the condition under which I accepted this case—that I could not be dismissed from it until such time as I decided it was closed. That time is not yet at hand."

"Susan," Mark called after her, hurrying along the path shaded with thornbushes that led to the brightly colored patterns of the sunken garden. She stopped on the path to face him, crying, "Let it be, Mark. I've been told off properly and well."

He said, "Blast mother! I suppose it was a family affair as well that you have been frightened, threatened and bedeviled ever since you've been here."

"Then why didn't you say so?" Susan exclaimed, and was immediately sorry, for she laid a hand on his arm and said, "Oh, I'm sorry, Mark; that was unfair."

There was a marble bench set in the border of small, closely bunched together red and blue flowers laid out in a lovely old-fashioned design. They sat on it side by side, and Susan stirred the gravel moodily with her toe. She said, "I'm sorry, Mark, but something went wrong somewhere, dreadfully wrong."

Mark Paradine groaned. "If you'd only let me look after you, Susan ——"

Susan asked, "Can anyone protect anyone from hatred? Can't you see how your mother dislikes me?"

Mark became suddenly changed and grim. He said, "I'm not asking you to marry my mother; I'm asking you to marry me."

Susan looked up at him in surprise. Mark asked, "Susan, are you in love with Sir Richard Lockerie?"

"Dick? Oh, no." Her reply had come so swiftly and naturally that it surprised even Susan, who had not known that she was quite so sure. She was certain of it now.

"Is it Alexander Hero?" Mark asked.

"N-no, I don't think so. I don't believe I could ever really learn to love a man like that," Susan said half to herself, almost as though she were reviewing her thoughts out loud. "He doesn't really believe in anything—at least, I'm sure he's never believed in me. I made him angry because his liking me interfered with his practice of logic and deduction; you see, he suspected me of making up my ghost. And besides, he wasn't quite sure of my virtue, either."

Mark cried, "What!"

Susan said, "The night Alex re-created the haunting in my room, someone tried the door—someone was trying to get in. If he had rushed out into the corridor, he might have caught whoever or whatever it was."

Mark asked, "Well, why didn't he?"

A half-smile turned the corners of Susan's mouth as she looked back upon that night. She replied, "He let on that he didn't wish me to be compromised; but really he was afraid of who it might be if he opened the door."

The young man looked bewildered. "But why?" he asked. "I don't see ——"

Susan suddenly felt her heart flooded with tenderness at this innocence. All unknowing, Mark Paradine had answered the question as to what the man would be like whom she could love.

He then said, "I'm in love with you, Susan. I've asked you to marry me before—when it was too soon, perhaps, or the time wasn't right, or we didn't know each other. But time has run out, Susan; suddenly there isn't any left. I feel as though something dreadful might happen to you, that somehow if we were one—if you would say that you cared for me and would marry me—I could stop it."

The girl looked at him out of troubled eyes, for she knew now that she loved him and wished that it could be as he wanted; but she was human, and all the bitterness and hatred that had been directed at her ever since her coming to Paradine Hall stood between them. The gulf was widened by the manner in which Lady Paradine only a few moments before had let her know in so many words that she was no more than an outsider. She etched another design in the gravel and said, "Oh, Mark, I wish you weren't a Paradine."

"Why?" he said sharply and suddenly. "What's wrong with being a Paradine?"

"Oh," Susan replied, startled, "I didn't mean —— It's just that in our country we don't believe in hereditary titles."

Mark asked, "Do you believe in families?"

"Of course I do," Susan said. "I love my family."

"I meant in the importance of families. In your country families are not important; in mine they are."

Susan looked at the young man in astonishment. "Why, Mark," she said, "I do believe you're angry."

"Yes," he replied, "I am."

She drew in a quick breath to say contritely, "Oh, Mark, I'm so sorry."

He said, "You needn't be. I didn't ask you to be sorry. I'm not saying that I am either proud or ashamed of my family—there have been times when I have been both—but we are the Paradines. We live in and own a little corner of England, and the Paradines have been a part of English history for a long time. They go on, you know, they do—the good and the bad; but we try."

Susan was looking at him with dismay. The young man went on, "Let's have this clear, Susan. I have loved you ever since I first laid eyes on you, but I like being a Paradine. I hope to be a good one. It's almost like being in a relay race, where one passes along the torch to the other—except that you can't go it alone; you run in pairs. I was asking you to become a part of me and with me to hand on the flame again when it came our turn to let it go. I wanted it to be you. That's about all I have to say." And with that he arose and walked down the path, leaving Susan sitting there looking after him, feeling as though someone had closed the door in her face, and through that closing she had lost her world.

He was not yet out of sight when she was on her feet and calling after him, "Mark; oh, Mark."

He stopped and turned around to see her standing forlornly in the center of the path, and there was no longer about her any of the self-confidence or cool assurance that had been the shell of Susan Marshall, but only a lonely and somewhat frightened little girl.

He took slow, hesitating steps in her direction. It was hard for him to make his way back to her; it was harder for her to ask him to come.

"Mark," she said again, with a wistfulness that was quite new to her, "I've been told off again." And then she added in a lower voice, "But this time I liked it."

He came closer still, until only a few yards separated them, and they stood thus looking at each other across the gulf that a few moments before had appeared to be so unbridgeable.

"Mark," Susan whispered, "I'm glad you're a Paradine. Please—might I be one too?"

And after that the gulf vanished as did the yards, and there was no longer distance of any kind between them.

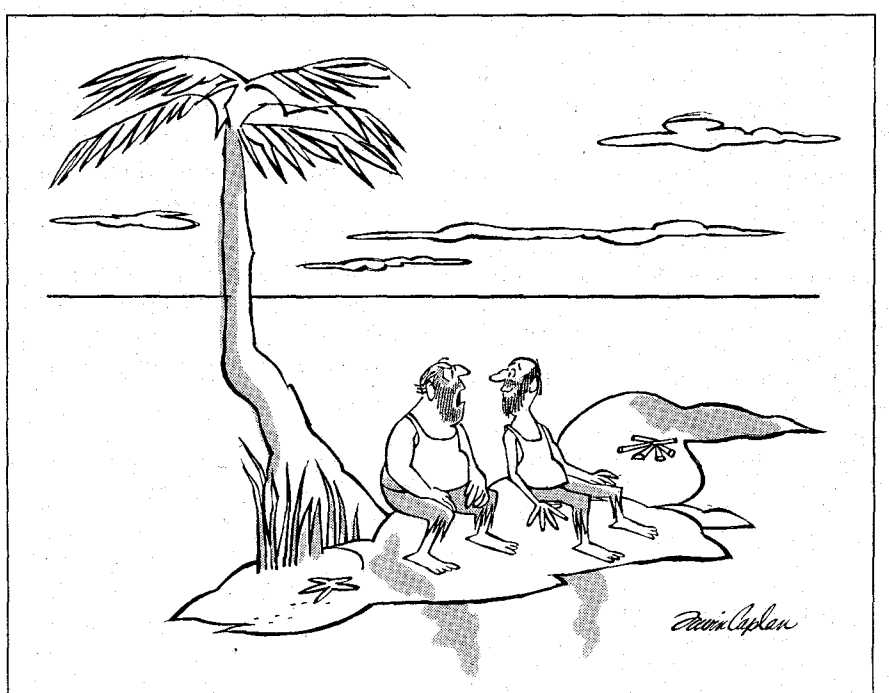
For the second time in two days Hero had searched Paradine Hall for the catacombs of cellars that ran beneath the ancient house to the last attic cranny and had failed to find that for which he sought. There simply was no place where such an object might have been concealed.

Likewise, as regarded his second reason for combing the house—Mrs. Taylor's warning that could only be interpreted that they were about to become victims of a pyromaniac—there was no evidence either.

He knew much, he knew almost all, Mr. Hero did, about the too many ghosts which had been disturbing this old family house, but try as he would, the pieces refused to fall into place or to make sense. And then there was that blasted harp. Was it indeed possible that amidst all the jiggery-pokery, he had for the first time in his life come upon a case of genuine infestation? He went off to Meg's room to talk things out with her.

He found her with the print of the figure of the nun, examining it through a magnifying glass. He went and stood beside her and then asked, "Anything?"

Meg put down the magnifying glass with a gesture of exasperation and said, "I thought if I could only find something—some trifle we'd overlooked—perhaps it might (Continued on Page 94)



"Do me a favor. Stop beginning every sentence with 'confidentially'."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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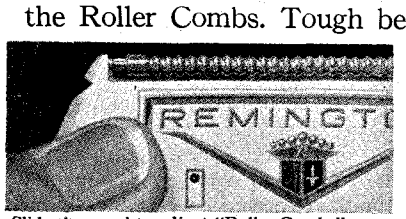

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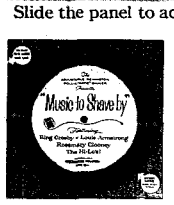

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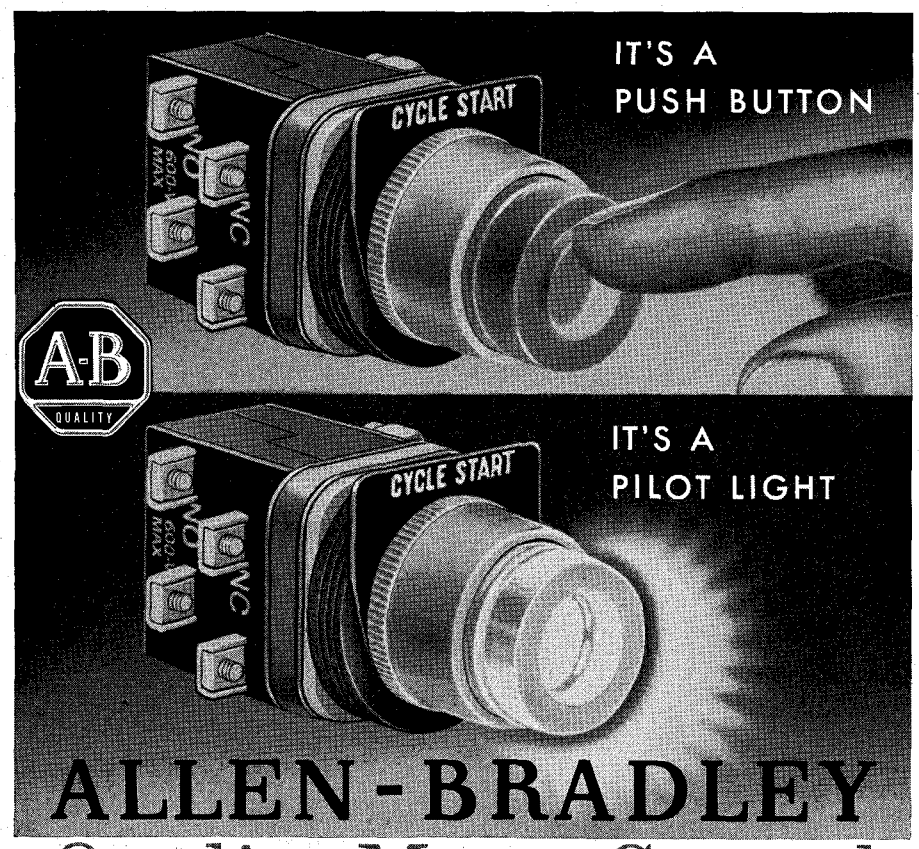

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(*Continued from Page 92*) give us a lead. But there's nothing. It's just bad luck."

Hero studied the photograph for a moment; it was bad luck that the one camera affected by the nun had had to be affixed at such an angle that it revealed nothing, except the fact that threads are not tripped by disembodied shades.

Meg fell silent for so long that Hero asked finally, "What are you thinking, Meg?"

"That this house is filled with jealousies, tensions, vindictivenesses, secret and not so secret loves, frustrations and desires, and some quite dreadful people."

Hero nodded gloomily. "Yes," he said, "it's hell sorting them out, isn't it? This ring-around-a-rosy business; poor Beth in love with Sir Richard; Sir Richard in love with Susan ——"

"Oh, no," said Meg decidedly, "Sir Richard pathetically and hopelessly in love with Beth."

Hero looked at his stepsister. "With Beth!" he cried. "But it's Susan to whom he's been paying attention ever since she's been here."

Meg said, "Oh, my Sandro, you are undoubtedly the world's greatest detector of bogus occult phenomena; but when it comes to men and women in love ——"

"What has that to do with it?" he asked.

She reached out her hand, cupped his chin in her palm and said wryly and lovingly, "My dear innocent, if you at forty-two were in love with some fluffy young thing, and she insisted upon calling you 'Uncle Alexander' and fetching rugs to put over your knees, and helping you on with your overcoat, and there happened to be another attractive girl about, what would you do to demonstrate that there was some life in the old boy yet?"

Hero grinned and kissed the nearest finger.

Meg looked disturbed. "If it had worked too well and Beth were jealous of Susan and wanted to get rid of her ——"

Hero whistled and then said, "Good heavens, Beth, that gentle child?"

Meg said flatly, "No woman in love is gentle."

An echo of something in her voice made Hero look up at her sharply, but she was gazing down at the picture again. Hero then said somewhat irritably, "But would she destroy her home as well? Take what suspect you will—Freddie, Isobel, Lady Paradine, Beth—every case falls to pieces on that rock. There have been two separate and distinct motives in these hauntings—one has been to eliminate Susan Marshall and the other to destroy the Paradine Country Club, from which all of them live." He then added, "What do you think of our American friend?"

"That she is beautiful to look at, warm-hearted, kind, intelligent, but with that American overlay of self-assurance that borders upon arrogance, almost—and that you've been sampling."

Hero groaned. "What an unsettling person you are, Meg. You're lucky you're living in the twentieth century; five hundred years ago you'd have been burned as a witch."

Meg was regarding him quizzically. "Oh really, Sandro; two healthy, normal, beautiful people in the same house—one nibbles, doesn't one?"

Hero looked at Meg for a moment, then asked, "Do you nibble, too, Meg?"

"Occasionally."

Hero did not reply to this, for he found himself lost in disturbed thought. Meg, the good old Hag, in love with someone, or playing around at some house party. He thought suddenly of how near as nothing it had been that night between Susan and himself; the spark that had suddenly turned into a flame. It was then for the first time that in his mind he reversed the situation and saw Meg held close in the arms of another man, eyes swimming, lips yielding, body stirred. The picture was so agonizing that he was almost forced to suppress a cry.

His distress was so evident upon his countenance that Meg could read it almost as clearly as though he had spoken. She thought of how painful had been her own awakening to the realization, longer ago than she cared to remember, that she was in love with her stepbrother and always would be. She awarded him a moment of pity, but no more, for she was too engaged with being pleased.

To drive the picture from his mind, Hero struck his forehead with the heel of his hand and exclaimed, "That confounded harp! It's the only thing I can't solve logically."

Meg asked, "Could you reproduce the phenomenon yourself?"

Hero nodded gloomily. "Yes, under certain conditions. I've been down in the cellar underneath the music room and found a small hole bored in the ceiling. That part's all right. But it wants another harp and a harpist. I know Beth has been taught to pluck out *My Bonnie Dear*, but where is the second harp? And besides, what I am looking for is a harpist with the mind of an acoustical engineer. None of the instruments played by any of the others would work."

Meg said, "Lady Paradine's piano is a kind of harp, and so is Freddie's guitar, isn't it?"

Hero shrugged, "I suppose so."

Meg had an idea. "Sandro, do you know something odd? Going over the list of guests in the house as we did the other night, wondering, we forgot someone—Mr. Ellison. Isn't that strange?"

Hero was thinking hard. Meg continued, "He never says anything. He's made no contribution since I've been here. Professor Paulson is an opinionated fool, Mr. Jellicot a sweet, deluded little man, Horace Spendley-Carter an ass, and Mrs. Spendley-Carter the wife of one. The major is an army type and a jealous husband, with—if you'll pardon my saying so—some cause to be; but what about Mr. Ellison? He goes off to play golf, he comes back and has his dinner, he sits like a Buddha while all hell breaks loose over the house—he's just nothing, except an engineer. Isn't that half of what you're looking for?"

Hero looked at his stepsister admiringly. He said, "Thank heaven, somebody in our family's got some brains."

Meg commenced striding up and down the room, trying to give expression to something she was feeling. She said, "Sandro, what's going to happen? It's something horrid; this house has suddenly become full of it. Haven't you felt it?"

Hero said, "Yes. Something terrible is going to happen unless I can prevent it. Susan Marshall's life is in danger. In addition to the thing that plays the harp, we are to be visited by a fire ghost."

Meg looked up quickly and said, "Oh, how do you know?"

"Mrs. Taylor told me."

Meg showed her surprise. "Dear, broad-beamed, husband-hunting Mrs. Taylor? I'd never even considered her."

"She laid the tarot for me," Hero said, and then went on and recounted to her his experience with Mrs. Taylor.

When he had finished that, Meg was looking at him with bewilderment. "Fortunetelling cards, Sandro? You?"

"Not exactly fortunetelling. It is probably a kind of autohypnosis—the cards provide a key to the unlocking of the vaults of the subconscious. She was rattling off the most inaccurate and appalling

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chowder about my past, present and future, and then suddenly she was in communication."

Meg said, "Oh, dear; in communication with what?"

"How is one to know?" Hero said vehemently. "With herself, perhaps. We too are chockablock with repressions, observations, ideas, fears, hopes, terrors and memories of terrors, collected from everything we have ever seen, heard or done. The difference is that sometimes Mrs. Taylor can dredge them up by staring at her silly cards or ——"

"Yes," Meg said with a curious tension, "or?"

"—or," concluded Hero, "those ridiculous pasteboards have yet another effect—they tune Mrs. Taylor out and let something or someone else tune in."

"I think," said the smooth and not entirely pleasant voice of engineer Dean Ellison from the doorway, "that I prefer you to stand over by the window and keep your hands high. I don't like people going through my private belongings."

Hero sighed and did as he was told, for the stocky, graying engineer was holding an efficient, short-barreled pistol of heavy caliber, the kind used a good deal in the East. The sigh was not so much because of the dangerous-looking gun, or even the embarrassment of being caught; it was because he now knew who was capable of producing every manifestation that had taken place at Paradine Hall. He was saying to himself, *Oh, Meg, my wondrous Meg, how did you ever guess?*

It had been past midnight when he had finally felt free to visit Ellison for the chat suggested by his stepsister, and had found him out, but his door unlocked. He knew that sometimes the engineer spent the evening over in East Walsham with his golfing cronies.

A quick glance about the room with a flashlight showed Hero that Ellison was one who liked to carry his past life about with him; there had been golf trophies, plaques awarded for service; old photographs of engineering crews on hydroelectric projects in the Far East, and other things; there was a locked, japanned tin box into which Hero had not been able to pry. But in an open briefcase Hero had come upon an old, faded theatrical handbill which led him to believe that the mystery of Paradine Hall was solved at last. He wondered whether Ellison would talk.

By the light coming in through the window Hero could see the glint of the gun in the man's left hand as with his right he felt for the electric switch at the door and clicked it on.

"Oh, it's you?" Ellison said, and did not seem at all surprised.

Hero asked, "Do you mind if I relinquish this undignified attitude?"

"Not at all, not at all," said the engineer, flipped the gun and caught it by the barrel. "With all these goings on, I carry it just in case."

Something is very odd here, Hero thought. *The man should have been flustered and ill at ease, but was not at all.* Aloud he said, "Rule Number One—never hunt a ghost with a gun."

Ellison said evenly, "Rule Number Two—go through the belongings of private citizens in a private country club; you never know what might turn up."

Hero said briefly, "Sorry. I apologize; but it seemed necessary."

Ellison waved the hand with the gun in it with a sudden affability and said, "Oh, that's all right. I've been wondering when you'd be getting around to me." He went over to the japanned tin box and, grinning, looked at it. "Couldn't get into this one, eh?" He took a key from his pocket, inserted it and opened the box; it contained a humidor box of expensive Havana cigars. "Smoke?"

Hero said, "Thanks."

Ellison waved. "Sit down," he said. And then after they had got the fragrant cigars going he reached into the briefcase, extracted the theatrical playbill and spread it on the table before them. It advertised the magic show of the great Oriental magician, Rajah Rham Singh, and listed some of the mysteries to be performed by the master, which included, *The Haunted House, The Vanishing Priestess, The Headless Woman, The Chinese Chopper* and *The Magic Harp.* "So now you know," he said.

Hero nodded; himself a member of The Magic Circle and London's Magicians' Club, he knew that Rajah Rham Singh had been on a par in skill and showmanship with the great showmen of another generation—Maskelyn, Houdini, Goldin, Chung Ling Soo and Will Goldston. He had been a cockney boy from Eastchapel whose real name was Joe Bernard. Hero also knew that he had died some ten years before.

Hero said, "You were his mechanic, weren't you?"

"Yes," Ellison replied, "when I was a kid starting out. I invented and adapted a lot of his routines."

Hero drew on the Havana filler and blew out a satisfied puff of blue smoke. He said, "He was before my time. However, to go to the point, I wonder if you might care to tell me why you have been haunting Paradine Hall and producing some of the late Joe Bernard's illusions gratis."

"I?" said Mr. Ellison in astonishment. "Are you serious, Mr. Hero?"

It was Hero's turn to be astonished. "Do you mean (*Continued on Page 97*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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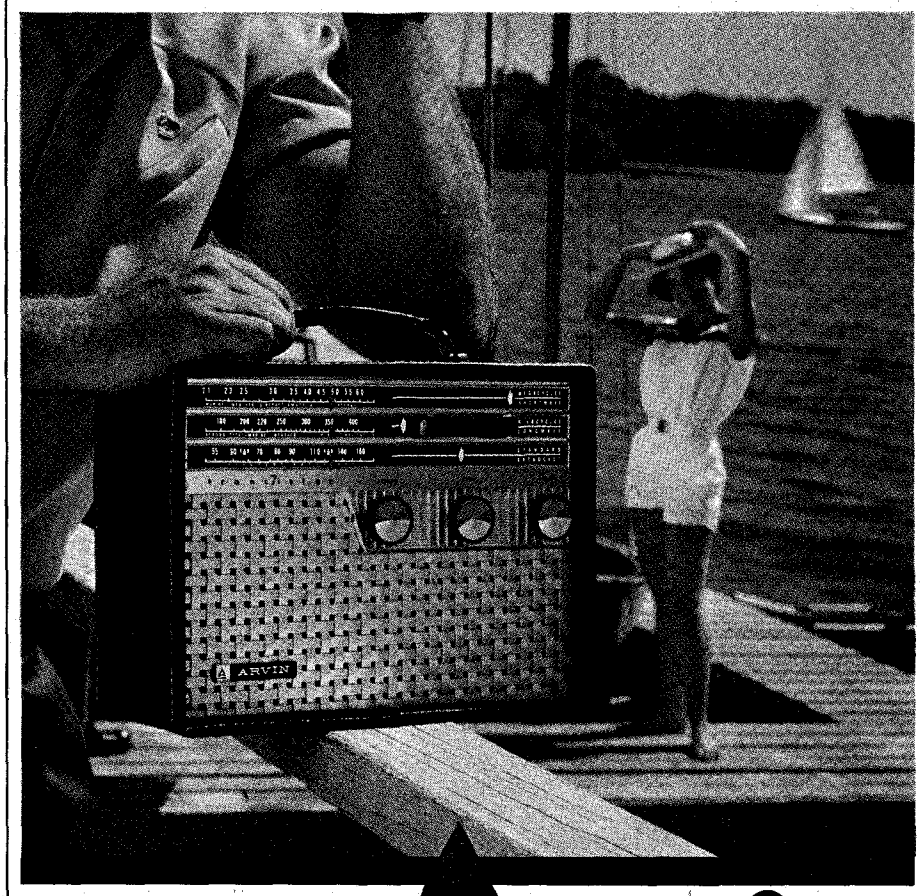

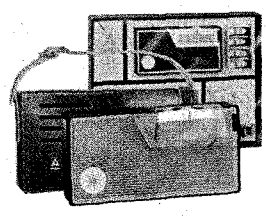

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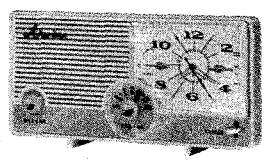

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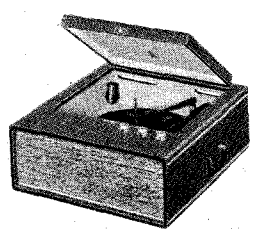

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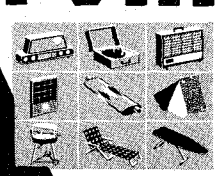

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(*Continued from Page 95*) to say you deny having had a hand in the manifestations that have been taking place here?"

"Of course I do," Ellison said. "Man, use your head; whatever for would I be playing such silly tricks?"

"But you knew about them, didn't you?"

"Of course."

"Then would you mind telling me, since you recognized the basis of what was going on here, why you didn't speak up and say something?"

Dean Ellison regarded Mr. Hero over that insuperable gulf that separates an older man who has lived his life from a younger one. Then, extracting a card from his case, he handed it to Hero. There was a string of letters after his name, including M.C., O.B.E., several other decorations and membership in the Royal Society of Engineers.

"It just wouldn't do, you know," Ellison said, "to have it noised about that this pillar of the hydroelectric industry of Great Britain once toured the country with a cockney mountebank, inventing tricks for him to mystify the boobs. Besides which it seemed to me that you were quite a capable young man and were doing very well by yourself. I gathered you were onto all that hocus-pocus and nonsense that went on at dinner that night. The kid was working some of it. What is it that is puzzling you?"

Hero said gloomily, "That confounded harp." He was feeling like a fool ever to have suspected Ellison, even on the evidence of the theatrical poster, and was wondering whether his mental abilities and judgment were succumbing to the atmosphere of the house. He was wondering even whether he might have been taken in somehow by Mrs. Taylor and her performance. "I know how Robert Houdin did it, but it won't work here."

Ellison regarded him silently, pulling on his cigar.

"Look here," Hero said. "When you were with Bernard you were trained as an engineer—would it be possible for someone untrained to work out an illusion independently and arrive at the same conclusion as a professional?"

The engineer snorted. "Certainly," he said. "You ought to know that yourself. All of the greatest illusions are based upon the simplest of principles. If they didn't exist they would be reinvented at least once every two or three years; anyone with a mechanical turn of mind could hit upon them. There's a gimmick in everything; what makes them illusions is the showmanship."

The thought startled Hero even as he realized that Ellison was right—he should have known it. His mind turned to the ugly child who had hit upon a way of moving a chair in a darkened room as though by unseen hands; by herself she had reinvented one of the oldest tricks used by fake mediums in their disgusting séances.

Ellison asked, "Have you checked whether there is anyone here more than usually handy with tools?"

Hero regarded the older man morosely; was it possible that he had arrived at what Hero was just beginning to consider after a long, tedious and painful investigation? He said, "But it won't work, sir; that's the devilish thing. I've hunted this place high and low—there's no second harp. It is almost impossible to hide a concert harp, or even chuck it into the river, without someone noticing—it takes two men to lift it."

Ellison asked, "What other harp?"

"The one that would have to be used to make the first one play."

Ellison grinned. "When the great Rajah Rham Singh did the trick," he said, "we had neither a harpist nor a second harp—it cost too much to lug two of them around. But one of our assistants who traveled with the show wasn't too bad with the violin—it works just as well, you know."

Hero was on his feet with an exclamation, "Oh, heavens!" he cried.

"Think of something?" Ellison asked.

Hero had. He remembered now what it was that had been missing from the music room; it was the cello that had stood in one corner the first time he had visited it.

The gray, stocky engineer was on his feet now, too, but from a different cause; he was looking at the end of his cigar with great suspicion, sniffing at it. He drew in smoke until the end glowed, then sniffed again, shaking his head and saying, "I thought it couldn't be this Havana at ten bob apiece—but then what the devil is it?"

Hero, too, was sniffing. Some execrable stench seemed suddenly to have invaded the room—a horrid, sickening, miasmic odor. The investigator wrenched the door open and went out with Ellison at his heels. The stink filled the corridor. Simultaneously there came a sudden trampling and pounding of running feet, and an agonized voice bawling, "Hero! Hero! Where are you?"

In spite of the change in pitch induced by some new agony of fear and tension, Hero recognized the voice of Sir Richard Lockerie. He cried, "Here, Sir Richard—coming." He encountered the baronet then, sheet-white, disheveled, in slippers, trousers and dressing gown, his eyes almost starting from his head.

"For heaven's sake, Hero," he cried, "come at once—something ghastly has happened!"

Hero felt his heart sink within him—all of his precautions had failed. "Susan!"

"No, no—Beth."

Other cries arose—the voice of Lord Paradine shouting, "What the devil is that stink?" and then the agonized scream of a woman. Doors were opening. Susan appeared in dressing gown, and Meg, and somehow Cousin Freddie was there too. They went pounding down the hall at the heels of Sir Richard until they came to Beth's room. They seemed to reach the door simultaneously and crowded inside.

Stretched out on the bed, still as death, lay a nun in black muslin habit, black hood with white starched lining. There was no mistaking the pale face and the figure within the cowl and the habit—it was Beth Paradine. She lay still as in sleep, unconsciousness or death. On the night table by her bed was a glass of what had been milk, with two thirds of it drunk.

Sir Richard was on his knees by the bed then in a frenzy of anguish, holding her, shaking her, calling to her, "Beth, Beth; oh, why did you do it? Is she dead, Hero? Someone get a doctor!"

Lady Paradine, too, was on her knees at her daughter's side, distraught and frightened, calling to her. Her brother Mark stood anxiously, too, at his mother's side. Cousin Freddie, his fat face flushed, said, "My word—so it was Beth who has been the nun all the time!"

His words, the terrible implication of them, seemed to reach everyone in the room and reduce them to stunned silence, except for one hoarse cry from Sir Richard, who looked as though he were about to be bereft of his reason, "Oh, my soul! My Beth, the nun!"

There was the tableau then—the still figure on the bed who by her very stillness and the habit she wore seemed to admit her guilt, and all the horrified people who had loved her, parent and friend, brother and lover, all staring at her.

In the silence, his own thoughts and emotions in desperate turmoil because of things he now knew, Hero went to the bed. He picked up the glass, sniffed it, tasted the milk, knelt and put his ear to Beth's breast, where the heart was still faintly fluttering; he sniffed at her lips and breath, opened the eyelids and looked into the unseeing eyes, and said sharply, "Mark, call the doctor at once. . . . Meg, bring hot coffee."

Sir Richard's head was shaking from side to side, and he was saying, "My Beth, the nun? But she couldn't be—we were together that night."

Hero went over to him, took him by the shoulders and said, "Pull yourself together, man. What? When?"

"The night while the harp played. I found her in the library alone—terrified. I took her in my arms and told her I loved her, and she told me that she loved me."

The blackest of abysses seemed to confront Mr. Hero, and he groaned aloud, "Why didn't I know? What a fool—what a desperate fool I've been! She's been drugged! Get that blasted habit off her, someone. She's got to be roused and kept moving until the doctor comes."

Shortly after, as the nun's habit lay empty in a crumpled heap upon the floor, Beth, clad in slippers and dressing gown and held upright in the grip of Doctor Wynters, who had arrived posthaste, and Mark Paradine, was being walked up and down the length of the room. Her eyes were still glazed, but voluntary locomotion had returned. Hero, with Meg, stood watching her narrowly. Meg asked of her stepbrother, "What happened, Sandro?"

"Overdose of sleeping pills," Hero said curtly and pointed in the direction of the night table, where the two-thirds-empty glass was still standing.

Sir Richard had regained some of his composure, though he was still a badly bewildered man. "But why did she do it?" he groaned. "We were happy—we had found each other ——"

"She didn't," Hero said. "Have some faith, man. They were administered dissolved in the milk, and afterward that thing was put on her."

They all looked down with distaste at the empty habit on the floor, Lord Paradine in his usual state of angry confusion; but Lady Paradine murmured, "But why—why? Why was this done to my baby?"

Hero said grimly, "I can give you two reasons, and one of them is probably symbolic."

"Symbolic of what?" asked Susan.

Hero sighed. "Compulsory retirement from the world of love—and life," he said. "This case has been stiff with symbolism—or have you forgotten the condition in which Susan's room was found?"

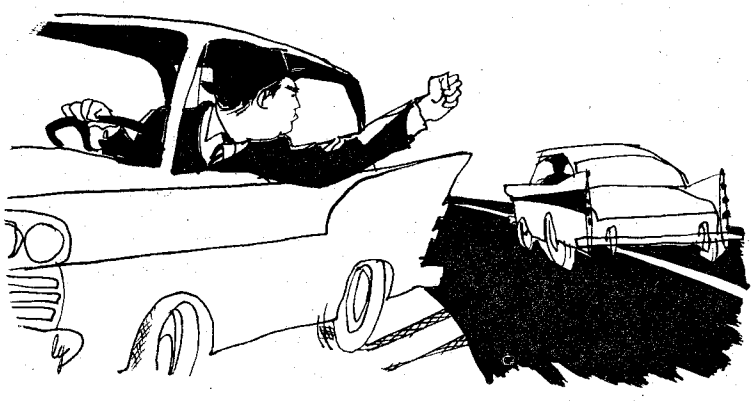
Sir Richard cried, "Then she wasn't the nun at all; she never ——?"

"Certainly not," asserted Hero. "She was in your arms the night the harp played. The harp and the nun are inseparable. If I had known of you two before, I might have prevented ——"

"Then who or what is the nun?" asked Sir Richard.

Before Hero could reply, Cousin Freddie suddenly raised his head and large nose and sniffed. "I say," he said, "whatever's got into this house now? What a frightful stink!"

TO BE CONCLUDED



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Sam, returning from an out-of-town sales meeting which his firm required him to attend, was forced to the side of the road by a car coming from the opposite direction. Shaken by this near-accident, Sam turned around, pursued the other car and forced it to stop. Then he struck the other driver. The other driver sued Sam's company.

"Going to that sales meeting was part of Sam's job," the other man argued, "and since he was returning home from his job, he was actually working for you until he got home. That means he was your agent in hitting me."

"He may still have been on the job," the company lawyer replied, "but we don't employ people to go around striking other people. What he did to you was entirely a personal act, outside the scope of his employment."

If you were the judge, would you make the company pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The company had to pay. The court said that while Sam's hot-tempered blow was a personal act, "men do not discard their personal qualities when they go to work."

Based upon a 1951 California decision.

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I Can't Stop Singing (Continued from Page 21)

and told them to follow me. We bought a sack of potatoes and a mess of smoked ribs and took it all back to my place and had one big supper, all of us.

There's an awful lot of Negro churches in Chicago—and you don't catch any of them empty on Sunday. So my singing in churches made me known. My singing was getting better, too, and I was beginning to get a little money from it. Sometimes I got ten dollars a week singing at churches and for funerals.

People were always pestering me to become a blues singer. They'd tell me, "Girl, you could be a blues singer." I'd answer, "What Negro couldn't be a blues singer!" Earl (Father) Hines and Louis Armstrong heard about me and wanted me to come sing with their bands at the Grand Terrace Ballroom, but I never went. I knew that wasn't the life for me.

I'll never give up my gospel songs for the blues. Blues are the songs of despair, but gospel songs are the songs of hope. When you sing gospel you have a feeling there is a cure for what's wrong, but when you're through with the blues, you've got nothing to rest on.

Gospel music really began to catch hold in the early '30's. It reminded colored people of the kind of singing they had left behind them down South. It was just like a letter from home. I started singing gospel music for the Baptist Convention and began to travel around the country. The church used to give me something to eat, and we'd divide what they took in during the collection for my carfare. I remember once I sang in Buffalo where the people had punch cards—a nickel a punch—to pay admission to hear me and the singers who were with me.

Then I met Prof. Thomas A. Dorsey, the great writer of gospel songs, and we began to appear together at church meetings. Before he was saved by the Lord and went into the church, Professor Dorsey had been a piano player for Ma Rainey, one of the first of the blues singers. His nickname was Georgia Tom, and everybody who went to tent shows used to know him for his rockin', syncopated beat. When he began to write gospel music he still had a happy beat in his songs. They are sung by thousands of people like myself who believe that religion is a joy.

But the more gospel singing took hold around the country, the more some colored ministers objected. They were cold to it. They didn't like the hand clapping and the stompin', and they said we were bringing jazz into the church and it wasn't dignified. Once one of the preachers got up in the pulpit and spoke out against me.

I got right up too. I told him I was born to sing gospel music. Nobody had to teach me. I was serving God. I told him I had been reading the Bible every day most of my life, and there was a Psalm that said, "Oh, clap your hands, all ye people! Shout unto the Lord with the voice of triumph!" It was what the Bible told me to do.

How can you sing prayerfully of heaven and earth and all God's wonders without using your hands? I want my hands, my feet, my whole body to say all that is in me. The Lord doesn't like us to act dead. If you feel it, pat your feet a little—dance to the glory of the Lord!

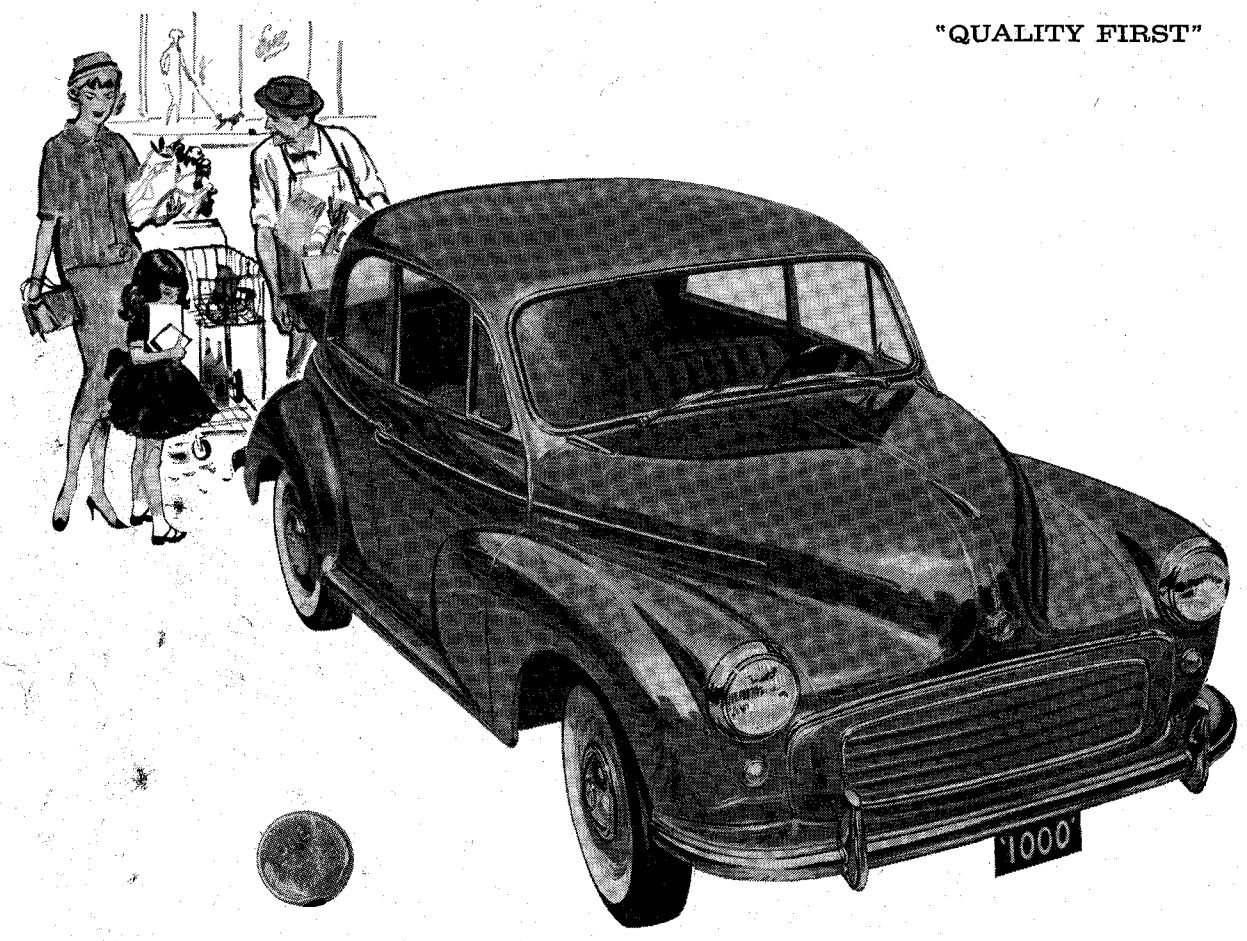
When I'm singing at concerts, sometimes I whisper—sometimes I exclaim and drive the rhythm real hard. Sometimes I get right down off the stage and get down on my knees and sing with the folks and keep right on singing afterward in my dressing room before I've sung all that I feel inside of me.

During one of the socials of our church in Chicago I met a young colored man named Isaac Hockenhull who was a graduate of Fisk University and Tuskegee Institute. We were married in 1935. Isaac had studied to be a chemist, but the only job he could get during the depression was carrying mail.

Isaac loved me, but he didn't like my songs. He thought gospel singing wasn't educated. He wanted me to take voice training, to become a concert singer. He'd say, "Why do you want to waste your wonderful voice on that stuff! It's not art!"

We finally came apart over it. A man who marries a woman doesn't want her running around all over the country either—even for the Lord. But sometimes you feel something deep down inside you that has to come out—that's the way my gospel singing was for me. I felt I had to express it or be torn apart by it; and finally this feeling ended my marriage.

I still thought I would have a business career. I took the money I earned and went to beauty-culture school in my spare time, and by 1939 I had saved enough to open up a beauty parlor. I called it Mahalia's Beauty Salon. Lots of customers came because they knew me through the church and my singing. Before I knew it I had five girls working for me. I studied floral design and opened up a florist shop too. Soon my florist business was doing real good. People were always asking me to sing at funerals, and a lot of them wouldn't buy my flowers unless I promised to sing.



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Soon my gospel songs and spirituals that came out of the swamps and cane fields and from round the railroad track became so popular that they began to make me lots of money. All kinds of people were asking me to give concerts. I sang in great big gospel tents, in little old rackety-rack store-front churches and in big ballrooms. I began making records of my gospel songs too.

One day in 1946 I was practicing for a concert in the Golden Gate Ballroom. In my dressing room, to limber up my voice, I sang just to myself an old spiritual.

One of these mornings I'm going to lay
Down my cross and get my crown;
As soon as my feet strike Zion, I'm going
To lay down my heavy burden;
I'm going to put on my robes in glory
And move on up a little higher.

Johnny Meyers, who was the big promoter of gospel songs, came by and happened to hear me. "What's that you're singing, Mahalia?" he asked.

"Why it's just an old song," I said. "I've always sung it—since I was a little child down in New Orleans."

"You sing it just right," Johnny Meyers said. "Why don't you make a record of it?"

I did. And a few weeks later *Movin' On Up* began to move so fast we couldn't keep track of it. Folks were buying it in New York, in Chicago, way out West and down South. They've kept on buying it until it's sold close to 2,000,000 copies.

Movin' On Up got to be known as my song. It made me famous, but only with Negroes. I still lived far inside the colored world.

Then in 1950 the man who had always arranged for my appearances in the colored churches in New York told me about a symposium on the origins of jazz music which was going to be held up in Massachusetts. Music professors from the Juilliard School of Music, Columbia University and a lot of other big places had been invited; and they wanted me to come up and sing some gospel songs for them.

"I never expected to be singing for professors," I said. "But if they want me, I'll come, sure enough."

Music Inn, where the symposium was being held, is a big old estate that Philip Barber and his wife, Stephanie, bought and fixed up for people who love all kinds of music. When I got up there they were still remodeling the old place. Everybody was running around carrying ladders and hammers and sleeping in the stables and in the icehouse. They gave me an old horse stall to sleep in, and I thought to myself, "I finally made it into the white folks' world, and look where it landed me!"

After supper the professors got me into a kind of lounge in the carriage house and asked me to give them a song. I leaned up against the piano and sang *Didn't it Rain, Lord!* and *Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me* and *Movin' On Up*.

As soon as I finished, a great big fuss busted loose. The professors started arguing with one another and asking me where I had learned to sing that way. Who had taught me? Where had I learned such tonal shading and rhythm?

After they quieted down a bit, I told them I'd been singing around Baptist churches and gospel tents and at prayer meetings all my life. I didn't learn to sing any special way. I just found myself doing it.

Then they began carrying on all over again. They got out tape recorders and played some African bongo music and asked me if it sounded familiar. I told them I didn't know anything about jungle drums, but that the beat sounded good; it did something for me.

They kept me singing there half the night. When I woke up in my horse stall in the morning, I heard tape recordings of my own voice coming from the carriage house.

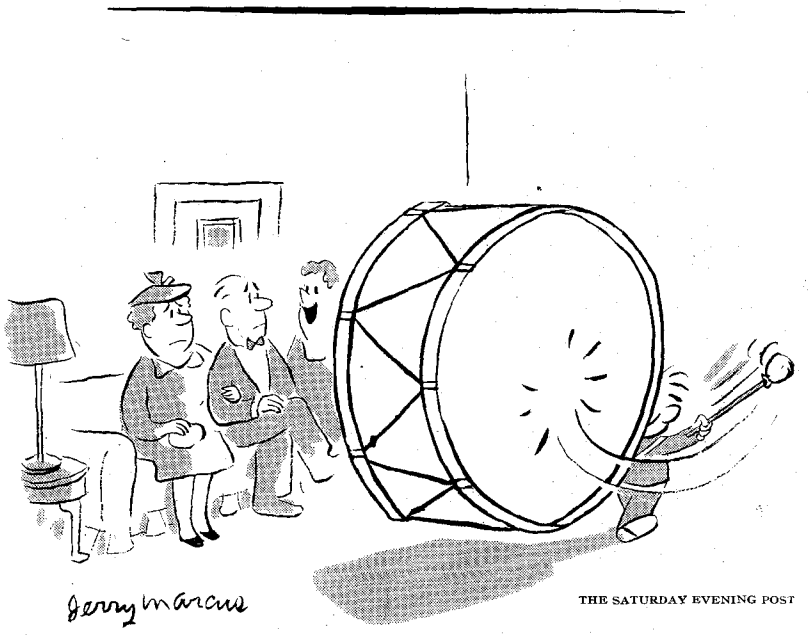
"I mean to tell you right now," I said to my accompanist, "we're into something here with these crazy people, and I don't know what's going to happen next."

What happened was that we stayed on for a whole week while the professors asked me questions about colored church music, blues singers, field calls and chants. They kept analyzing my style and disputing with me about why I did it just that way.

But we did a lot of good singing too. "Mahalia," Philip Barber later told me, "if you'd started down to the lake while you were singing *Shall We Gather at the River*, all those experts would have followed you right into the water to be baptized."

I went back to Chicago, and everything started happening at once. All those music professors must have gone home and talked to people in the church and concert field. Requests came pouring in. Ed Sullivan invited me to appear on his TV show. From New York came an invitation from Joe Bostic, former editor of *Amsterdam News* and concert producer, that sent me spinning—would I give a concert at Carnegie Hall?

They said afterward that music critics who went to Carnegie Hall that night



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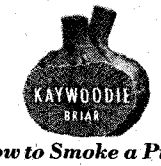
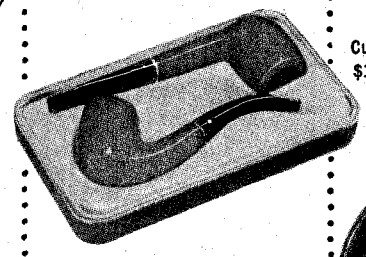


How to Smoke a Pipe—Gift Suggestions: *Send 25¢ for Catalog P15, to Kaywoodie Pipes, Inc., New York 22, N.Y. Shows pipes and collections, $4.95 to $2500.*

Available thru "Gifts By Wire"

Prime Grain — Dublin
$7.50

Flame Grain — Apple
$12.50



Matched Sets $10 to $2,500
(Photo shows two
$6 Super Grains in $12 set)

Custom Grain — Bulldog
$10

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thought they'd got caught in a Cecil B. DeMille mob scene—Negro mob scene, that is. The crowd was so big that midtown traffic was all tied up. The box office sold out all the standing room and then put people up on the stage. When it was time for me to start singing, there was just a little place left for me next to the piano.

I stood there gazing out at the thousands of men and women who had come to hear me, a baby nurse and washerwoman, on the stage where great artists like Caruso and Lily Pons and Marian Anderson had sung. I was afraid I wouldn't be able to make a sound.

Then I realized that all those colored people, from Harlem and even from Baltimore and Boston, were feeling a pride in themselves for my being up on that stage, for my being one of them. I began to sing with everything that was in me.

The more I sang the more the people in the audience clapped and cried out with joy. Some got up to dance in the aisles, with tears streaming down their faces. I got carried away too, and found myself singing on my knees for them. I had to straighten up and say, "Now we all must remember we're in Carnegie Hall; and if we cut up too much, they might put us out."

We broke attendance records, and the critics went back to their offices and wrote lovely reviews. So I was a success and a credit to Carnegie Hall and I've been singing there ever since.

After that concert, people began telling me that I ought to make a concert tour of Europe. I held back until 1952 when my record, *I Can Put My Trust in Jesus*, won an award from the French Academy of Music. Then I said, "If they're going to be nice enough to give me a prize, I ought to be enough of a lady to go over there and say thank you. But I won't be surprised if they don't get my music."

As it turned out, when I got to Paris they had to call out the police to hold back the crowd. I went on to Holland and Denmark, and even though those folks couldn't understand the words, many of them wept during my concerts. The morning after my concert in Copenhagen, children filled the hotel lobby with flowers.

I wanted to sing in Jerusalem at Christmas, but suddenly the roof fell in on me. All my life I'd been as strong as an ox. In Europe I became so weak I could scarcely stand. In three months I lost ninety pounds. Then one night in Bordeaux, France, I fainted on the stage, and they flew me back to Chicago for a major operation.

As I lay in the hospital recovering, I thought back to all those white people in Europe who had loved my singing, who made me feel so much at home, and I thought, "Maybe I have turned a corner. Maybe I'm going to be accepted just for myself and not treated differently because I am a Negro."

This seemed true when I came out of the hospital. In 1954 I was invited to have my own radio program over a big CBS station in Chicago. A year later it became a television show. I had an Irish sponsor and a Jewish producer, and between them they kept after me until I learned to sing Irish and Jewish songs too. I got to love both kinds; and so many people wrote in about how much they liked the program that I got carried away, and one day at a meeting at the television station I said, "Why don't we make this a network show? Then I could sing to a lot more people."

There was a big embarrassed silence. Then someone said, "We'd love to, Mahalia, but we can't do it. You're all right here in Chicago, but there isn't a sponsor who sells his product down South that would take a chance on a Negro singer."

I just couldn't believe it. "If they're Christians, how in the world can they object to my singing hymns?" I said. It took traveling again down South to knock the stars out of my eyes.

Just a few months ago I made a concert tour from Virginia to Florida. There were lots of white people at those concerts, and they sat side by side with colored folks because my instructions to the ushers are for them to say, "Come right in. Pick a seat and sit right down—anywhere." Because if you come to hear religious music, you're not supposed to feel any bigger than anybody else. Those white people applauded just as hard as anybody, and afterward some of them came around to tell me how much they had enjoyed the evening.

But the minute I left the concert hall I felt as if I had stepped back into the jungle. My accompanist, Mildred Falls, and I were traveling in my car. My cousin, John Stevens, a young actor and drama teacher from Chicago, was doing the driving. We found there was no place for us to eat or sleep along the main highways. Restaurants wouldn't serve us. Teen-age white girls who were serving as carhops would come bouncing out to the car, stop dead when they saw we were Negroes, spin around without a word and walk away. Some gasoline stations didn't want to sell us gas and oil. Some told us that no rest rooms were available. The looks of anger at the sight of us in a nice car were frightening to see. It got so we were living on bags of fresh fruit during the day and driving half the night. I was so exhausted by the time I was supposed to sing that I was almost dizzy.

Even though it's not anywhere near as bad as the South, my second home, Chicago, gave me a bad time, too, when I set out to buy a home. At first I got into my car and drove out into the suburbs until I came to a neighborhood that I liked. Then I would watch for FOR SALE signs and stop to inquire in a friendly way about the house.

The attention I was getting every day from white people from my singing had sort of confused me. It took me some time to understand that they still didn't want me as a neighbor. They would tell me, sorry, the house had just been sold, or they had changed their minds about selling.

Finally I went to a real-estate agent. She found a white man—a surgeon—who knew me through my singing. He said, "You tell Mahalia Jackson I'd be proud to sell my house to her."

Well, when the news got around his neighborhood the people almost went crazy. Everybody was holding meetings up and down the block. You'd have thought the atomic bomb was coming instead of me. My phone rang at all hours of the night, and voices warned, "You move into that house, and we'll blow it up with dynamite. You're going to need more than your gospel songs to save you!"

They got me so upset that I prayed to God every night to guide me in the right thing to do. I hadn't intended to start a one-man crusade. All I wanted was a quiet, pretty home to live in. Finally I bought the house.

At first somebody shot bullets through my windows, and police were posted outside for almost a year. When Edward R. Murrow asked me to appear on his *Person to Person* program in a telecast from my home, I invited all the children in the neighborhood to come in and be on the program with me and have ice cream and cake. A lot of them came, and I thought everything was going to be all right.

But those white folks wouldn't stay there with me as a neighbor. One by one they sold their houses. And fast as a house came on the market a colored family would buy it. Today the neighborhood is almost entirely colored—doctors, lawyers, businessmen and their families. The white people swore we would ruin it, that it would be a slum overnight. But the grass is still green. The lawns are as neat as ever. Children still whiz up and down on their bikes. On Sunday mornings when I sit in my garden it's so quiet all you hear is the birds singing. The same birds are still in the trees. I guess it didn't occur to them to leave just because we moved in.

I still have hopes that my singing will break down some of the hate and fear that divide the white and colored people in this country. Whenever I've sung on the TV shows of Steve Allen, Ed Sullivan, Bing Crosby and Dinah Shore, and in the motion picture, *Imitation of Life*, white people in the South as well as the North have telephoned and written to me to tell me how much my singing has meant to them. More and more white folks are coming to my concerts. Even down South they are coming. I've seen them clap their hands and rejoice with the spirit of Jesus.

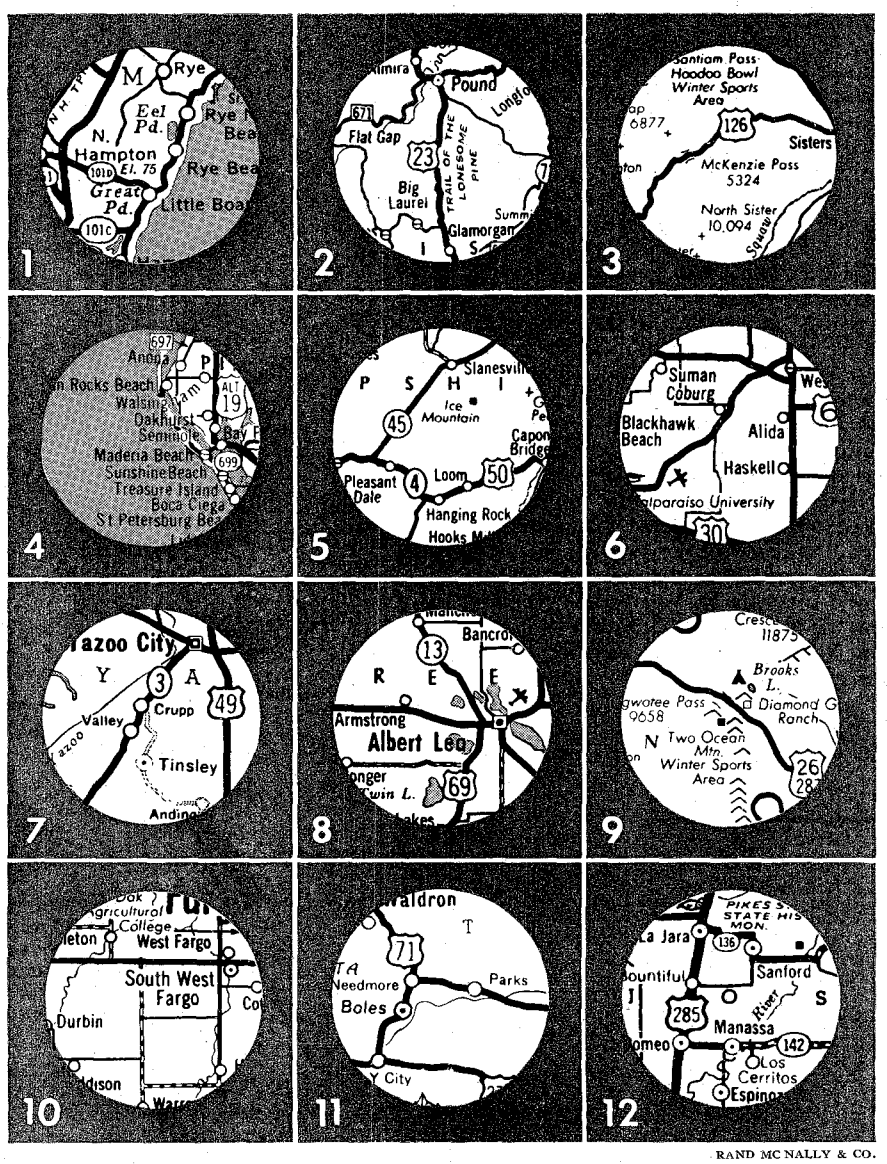
So, if the Lord will let me, I'm going to become an evangelist so I can reach many more people. I'm planning now to build a big evangelist temple in Chicago and get up a group of fine gospel singers who have the real beat to help me express to so many people the happiness and strength that can come from the Lord.

I want my temple nonsegregated and nondenominational—even though I'm a hard-shell Baptist—and to have our services televised nationally, with or without sponsors, so that people all over the country can hear our singing.

I want to have all kinds of classes connected with the temple to help the many talented singers and musicians, to give them another path of study besides commercial show business where there are so many sinful temptations and frustrations. Some of the young colored people with great talent get hurt badly by discrimination and the doors that are locked to them. It breaks their spirit. It saddens my heart when they come to me and say, "Mahalia, please help us." I say, "I'm trying to, honey. I'm going to. Just give me a little time. I just got my toe in the door after thirty years of trying. It takes time to be delivered by the Lord."

I want to prove to young people that they can take what they've got and go to great heights if they believe in themselves and have faith in God. I say to them, "The Lord took me, and I was nothing, and He put me up. It can happen to you too. If the Lord can bring me this far—take me out of the washtubs and off my knees scrubbing other people's floors—then He can do as much and more for others."

THE END



RAND MC NALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on Page 103*)

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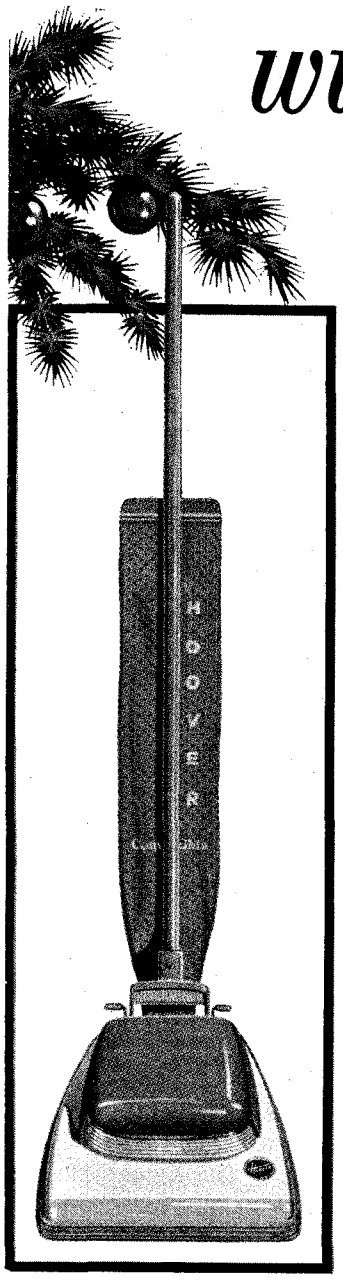
Give her a lift with a gift from HOOVER



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Washes floors and drinks up its own scrub water

Surprising new invention! Wets the floor with clean water and detergent. Scrubs it thoroughly. Vacuum-drys it instantly. The dirty water is kept separate. Hands never touch water.

NEW HOOVER CONVERTIBLE

Gets the deep-down dirt other cleaners miss

New Slim-Silhouette Hoover beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans, to get *all* the dirt out of rugs.

More power for attachments—click in the converter and it shifts automatically to give 50% more suction for all other cleaning needs. It's the cleaner with the Automatic Shift!

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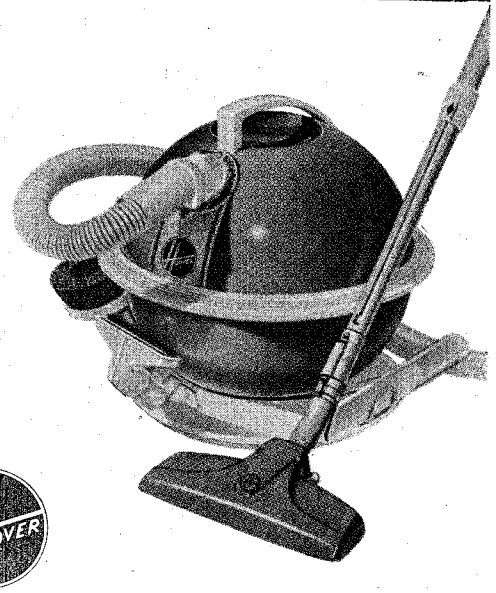
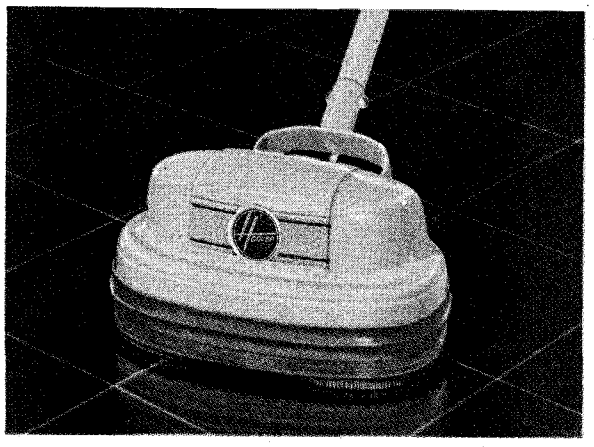
NEW HOOVER CONSTELLATION

First canister with the on-off switch on the handle. Under-the-Thumb Control saves her the hike back to the cleaner. Walks on air, too!



NEW HOOVER POLISHER

Scrubs, waxes, polishes . . . and cleans rugs, too. Two sets of brushes, rug-cleaning attachments. Hoover quality from top to bottom.



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TRANSISTOR WORLD CORPORATION
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The Jerry Giesler Story

(Continued from Page 30)

Sometimes, brooding in prison, he resolves that he will "get" everyone connected with the trial. I had one narrow escape from such a man.

On this occasion I had been associated with a member of the Los Angeles Bar, Frank Dominguez, in the defense of a man named Rank, who was accused of murder. Thanks to our efforts, he was convicted of second-degree murder instead of being given the death penalty. Yet during the grinding years in prison, he got it into his head that Dominguez and I were to blame for allowing him to be convicted at all; we had not defended him with enough skill. One day I heard a knock at the door of my office, then on the twelfth floor of the Citizens' National Bank Building in downtown Los Angeles. It was a Saturday afternoon. Everyone but me had gone home. I opened the door, and there was Rank, the man we *hadn't* kept from being sent to prison. I recognized him immediately.

In a deep, sepulchral voice he said to me, "I'm not only going to kill the attorneys who represented me, I'm going to kill the district attorney who prosecuted me and the judge who sentenced me." I was scared stiff.

All I could think of was to try to humor him and agree with him that he had had a bad deal. Rank had a gun, which he brandished freely—a circumstance which made his visit even more distracting. My fast talk finally seemed to placate the man, and he left without attempting violence. He did try to find the judge and kill him, but he was arrested before he could succeed. In any event, I shall always remember that lonely Saturday afternoon. My fingers were crossed so hard they hurt.

I still get threats. As recently as 1958 armed guards were patrolling my house. The police were giving my home special attention. If anyone wonders whether threats bother me, they do, but I accept them as an occupational risk. Those guards were on hand because I had received several threatening telephone calls as a result of the Lana Turner-Cheryl Crane-Johnny Stompanato tragedy. Most of my threatening calls came from women. All of the women were irate, but I couldn't tell whether they were friends of Stompanato or calling me for kicks. Certainly they weren't friends of Lana. While I haven't any idea whether they were cranks or on the level, I know this—the calls weren't comforting.

I will say this: I am convinced that Johnny Stompanato's death happened just as Cheryl described it. It happened on the spur of the moment because a daughter thought she was defending her mother against a threat of mutilation or worse. Personally I admire her for her courage and for loving her mother that much.

There have been many cases of adolescents killing their fathers in California for abusing their mothers. It is not unusual in any part of the country. An adolescent sees life in more dramatic terms than an adult. An adult usually thinks twice before committing such an act; then, usually, he doesn't commit it. What made the Stompanato case unusual was that instead of killing a brutal father, a daughter killed her mother's brutal friend. Also, that the mother was a famous motion-picture star. If Lana Turner had been a simple housewife who had never had any publicity, I am willing to bet that Stompanato's death would have rated no more than a paragraph in the out-of-town papers.

Cheryl told her story to the police the moment they arrived, without any help or prompting from anyone, and the police believed her. It was unlikely that a fourteen-year-old girl could have made up that story, with all of its minute details—it had the ring of truth. Truth is not only stranger than fiction, it is more complex, and it is often harder to understand and to believe. I've been around a lot. I've seen more human beings under stress and strain than most people, and I believed Cheryl.

Ugly rumors started soon after Stompanato's death. I don't know who started them, but I heard them too. There were stories designed to make readers think that Lana had done the deed herself, but was letting her daughter take the rap for her because the law would be less hard on a teen-age child. There were even hints that Cheryl herself had been infatuated with Stompanato, that she had stabbed him because she was jealous of her mother. Both of those smear stories are untrue. In fact, they are ridiculous.

The important point of law in the Cheryl Crane-Lana Turner case was: "What is the jurisdiction of the juvenile court so far as age is concerned?" It was clear that Cheryl would get a better break in the juvenile court than in an adult court, but under the California court system she could have been tried either as an adult or a juvenile, at the discretion of the authorities. Naturally, I filed a petition to have her tried in a juvenile court.

I'd like to think that my attitude, as I walked into the Beverly Hills jail the morning when I went to take over Cheryl's defense, had something to do with the fact that her case was handled by the juvenile authorities. In times of adversity it is important for a defense lawyer to ignore the fact that the cards are stacked against his client. That way he may make people ask, "Why is he so calm? Why should a lawyer defending a hopeless case stroll into the jail or courthouse as if nothing were wrong?" It is quite true that if an attorney walks quietly between rows of angry people, if he behaves as if there is no reason for excitement, he may produce the impression that there are two sides to the case after all. He may even influence the authorities through public opinion.

What I hoped for happened to Cheryl Crane. The district attorney filed a petition to determine whether or not she should be made a ward of a juvenile court. When the petition came up for a hearing, it was decided that the Los Angeles County Juvenile Court should take charge of her, and the judge of that court, Judge Allen T. Lynch, then released her in the custody of her grandmother until he decided what her final disposition should be. It is my hope that someday she will be returned to her mother.

My own upbringing was as different from Cheryl Crane's as day is from night. Cheryl first saw the light of day in the glitter and glare of Hollywood—the daughter of one of the most glamorous film stars.

I was born in November of 1886, in the little town of Wilton Junction, Iowa, a community of 300. My father was a moderately prosperous cashier of the local bank. I was christened Harold Lee, but I prefer my nickname, Jerry, and have used it professionally for many years. I cannot honestly claim that anything very unusual happened to me as a child. Perhaps for this reason the small, human, unimportant things stand out in my memory beyond reason.

I did one thing which had a Tom Sawyerish flavor. When my small brother was born—he arrived nine years after I did—I let my school friends carry in firewood as a reward for allowing them to look in our bedroom window and see the baby.

One winter I went to school in the town of Oakley, in the western part of Kansas. An uncle of mine lived there. Since he and his wife had no children and wanted me with them, I was allowed to go. One evening—I must have been fourteen—the Masonic lodge in Oakley gave an affair. My Uncle Henry belonged. I was assigned to recite Mark Twain's *Toast to the Babies*. I studied it until I'd learned it by heart. But when my turn came to recite, I couldn't say a word. I just stood there, hoping to die. In my panic I ran out on the back porch. No sooner was I there than Twain's words came back to me, but it was too late.

It was the only time I've ever been at a loss for words. Since that day I have never tried to learn anything by heart. When I present an argument to a jury, I do it extemporaneously.

As a boy I read hungrily. I joined three churches so I could draw books from three Sunday-school libraries. Since my mother and father were affiliated with the Presbyterian church, I read all of the books in the Presbyterian Sunday-school library. Having read all those, I joined the Congregational church. I read all the books in that library too. Next I joined the Episcopal church. Not only did it have a library; it also had a boys' "secret society" club which met at the rector's house. I may as well confess that I had such a lot of church going when I was a boy that I haven't attended since.

The passing of my mother, in January, 1901, was the greatest loss of my life. She died while I was living with my relatives in Western Kansas. I had a letter from her asking me to come home, but before I could pack I got another letter from my father telling me that she was desperately sick. I would have run the

The Way She Brought Us Up

By Catherine Thaxter

Her voice, though low and ever
swift to bring
A smile to some tear-washed,
unhappy face,
Was often whiplike in its need
to sting
Three husky sons, one daughter
into place.
Her hands, though white and
small, were deft; the smart
Of seats made rosy by their
impact still
Can heat remembering flesh,
although the heart
Records a touch like wind
breath from the hill.
Her gaze, though softer than
our valley sky,
Grew darker than a thunderhead
before
Our lips could close upon the
whitest lie.
My mother was an angel, but
she wore
Her halo balanced like a
shouldered chip
That dared the rest of us to let
ours slip.

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whole way if it would have gotten me there sooner. As it was, my heart was out on the cowcatcher of that locomotive all through my journey.

My father met me, and as I came in the front door mother heard my voice in the hall and called out to me. I'll never forget that sound. It echoes in my head after all the years. I rushed upstairs to see her. The next morning she died of lung trouble. She'd kept up her strength long enough to see me; then she went.

After she died, I was sent to an academy in Morgan Park, near Chicago. I was fifteen or sixteen when I entered, and I stayed there almost three years.

I never was much of an athlete, although I wanted passionately to be one. In one of my scrapbooks are carefully pasted some pages from *Tip-Top Weekly*—THE LARGEST WEEKLY CIRCULATION IN AMERICA, AN IDEAL PUBLICATION FOR THE AMERICAN YOUTH. The lead story in that issue was FRANK MERRIWELL ON CARSON'S RANCH, or THE KING OF THE CATTLE THIEVES. But the important thing about it to me was in that same issue I addressed a letter to Professor Fourman (whoever he was). I wrote:

I am a constant reader of your splendid weekly. I have not missed a number for a year and a half. There are a few questions which I take the liberty to ask. One: I am sixteen years old, weigh 105 pounds, and am five feet nine inches in height. I desire to know how my weight may be increased. Two: Kindly give me the address of a firm that publishes a book on physical training. Three: I expect to be a candidate for the track team next year. Knowing, as you do, what my present weight and measurements are, what distance would you advise me to run? I have a record of fifteen seconds for the hundred yards. Is that good for one my age? [signed] Yours truly, Harold L. Giesler, Morgan Park Academy, Morgan Park, Illinois.

Professor Fourman's answer to me was:

One: Your weight may be increased by drinking plenty of water, hot or cold, and by indulging in out-of-door exercise. Everyone who gets out in the open air and plays or works in such a way as to arouse the system and create circulation is in a fair way to gain weight and add to their strength. Anything, football, baseball, handball, tennis, rowing, skating, walking, running, punching the bag, wrestling, horseback riding, bicycling, all serve the same purpose. You need not do more than one at a time, but you should do something. Two: *Frank Merriwell's Book of Physical Development* is an excellent treatise of this kind. You can secure it of us by sending ten cents to cover the cost of the book and four cents for mailing. Three: That would be very hard to say. Your record of a hundred yards in fifteen seconds seems to indicate that it is the best length for you at present. It is very good.

I am sure I wouldn't like 100 yards now. Five feet eleven stretched out in bed looking at television is my best length today.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 100)

1. N.H.	2. Va.	3. Ore.
4. Fla.	5. W.V.	6. Ind.
7. Miss.	8. Minn.	9. Wyo.
10. N.D.	11. Ark.	12. Colo.

While I was at the Morgan Park Academy I'd made up my mind to go to college. I had even selected my future alma mater—the University of Michigan. But when I completed a summer-school make-up session in mathematics, my eyes gave out. A specialist advised me to give my eyes a year's rest.

That was why I came to California in 1905. I had been corresponding with Alex Ogilvie, a boy I had known in Iowa when he and his family lived near us. They had moved to Los Angeles, and when they heard that I had to stop school, they asked if I would come west and stay with them. My father consented.

When I reached Los Angeles, I found the Ogilvies in an apartment on Angel's Flight Hill, in downtown Los Angeles. It is called Angel's Flight because it has a cogged railway which climbs its steep sides. The Ogilvies had arranged for me to stay in a little room in the basement of the apartment house. To reach it I had to grope my way through an alley full of garbage pails.

My father had made it clear that he expected me to earn my own living in Los Angeles. So once I had settled down I went to a nearby park—it was known as Central Park, today it's Pershing Square—picked up the newspapers people had left on the benches and searched the want-ad sections. Finally I located a job driving a lumber wagon.

My wages were two dollars a day. I drove a big gray mare, seeing to it that she was curried and fed, and that her stable was kept clean. Every day, after greasing the wheels of my lumber wagon, I hitched up my gray mare and made deliveries all over town. I say "town"

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RONSON CFL proven first for closeness. Reason: Ronson's shaving head...thinnest of any shaver tested. Other shavers have a thick, rigid shaving head between beard and cutting blades. Blades can't get close to the base of the whiskers...leave a heavy layer of beard. But Ronson's shaving head is paper thin. Cutting blades *reach* the base of the whiskers to shave you clean.

RONSON CFL proven first for speed. Reason: Ronson has 32 surgical steel cutting blades... and more active shaving area than any other shaver tested. That's why Ronson shaves more beard with every single stroke.

RONSON CFL proven first for comfort. Reason: With Ronson you shave with a touch so light you barely feel it. The weight of the shaver is all the pressure you need.

And only Ronson has *Super Trim* – a full-length trimming edge that squares up sideburns, trims mustache, cuts all the hard-to-get hair other shavers miss. Then, at the end of a perfect shave, Ronson, with *Power-Clean*, cleans *itself* out—at the touch of a button!

Give him the electric shaver rated best, the RONSON CFL. Surprise...this handsomest of shaving gifts is *dollars lower* than any other.

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because Los Angeles wasn't really big then. It numbered about 125,000 people.

Some of the window frames I hauled in that wagon are still in use. Occasionally, when I'm downtown, I go out of my way to have a look at houses containing those frames. My interest in the buildings to which I delivered lumber grows every year. It may be that subconsciously I think of them as pieces of my youth, still unchanged.

I hauled lumber all that winter and through the spring of 1906. I stopped because I got homesick. There was too much sameness about the Southern California weather. There was too little rain; no snow. I wanted to go back to Iowa, but for a while I resisted the impulse.

Finally I did return and entered the law school of the University of Iowa. An ambition to become a lawyer had taken hold on me when I was in grade school. We had a current-events class. Each of us had to stand up and talk about what we'd learned by studying the big daily papers from Chicago. Bloody labor wars were tearing the country apart. One casualty was Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, who had been assassinated by dynamite, which seems a peculiarly repugnant way of killing a fellow man. Death is horrible, but the need to collect the pieces of a shattered body for decent burial only increases that horror.

Since it was easy for workmen, especially miners, to lay hand to explosives, a lot of dynamite killings were going on. Three men, all members of the Industrial Workers of the World, were being tried for blowing up Governor Steunenberg. A lawyer named Clarence Darrow was defending them. It was the first time I'd ever heard of him, but as I read about him and his handling of that case, excitement mounted inside me. I contracted a case of hero worship for Clarence Darrow then. I have never recovered from it. Mr. Darrow won an acquittal, although he had to scratch and claw his way through hedgerows thorny with public prejudice.

His victory filled me with a desire to practice criminal law. The battling and tension which Mr. Darrow faced appealed to me then. They still do. I've been asked what I admired about Mr. Darrow most: his tactics, his strategy or his courage. I don't slice it that thin. I just admired the whole man.

I had learned to admire another famous advocate while I was driving a lumber wagon in Los Angeles. His name was Earl Rogers. One case in particular made me intensely Rogers-conscious. One of the reigning oil kings of the time was Mr. Doheny. He had a partner named Canfield. Morrison Buck, a former coachman employed by the Canfields, shot and killed Canfield's wife. He dropped in on Mrs. Canfield one day and put the arm on her for capital to start a bakery business. When Mrs. Canfield said no, Buck pulled a pistol out of his pocket and drilled a bullet through her heart.

In those days it was possible for any citizen to hire a private prosecutor to assist the state's attorney. Canfield was a wealthy man; he wanted Earl Rogers, and he was willing to pay for his services.

In his long and spectacular career Earl Rogers was employed as a prosecutor only twice. This was one of the two times. The jury found Buck guilty, and he was hanged.

I drove my lumber wagon by day, but by night I read the papers, following the news of the legal chess master, Rogers, with bated breath—until somehow I fell a victim of the grippe. I can't recall now how virulent my grippe was; perhaps my fever was mostly a consuming desire to be in the courtroom, watching Rogers at work. At any rate, I do know that day after day I failed to drive my lumber wagon, and instead I wedged my way into that courtroom and watched the trial. Once I was in and saw Mr. Rogers in action, fingers of excitement felt their way up and down my spine.

I've been asked, "What is your first memory of Earl Rogers?" I always answer, "He was nattily dressed. He wore a swallow-tailed coat, a stand-up collar, a tie in which a diamond stickpin glittered. He was very handsome. He had an air which made it possible for him to carry off his dressiness without seeming foppish. He was dynamic, impressive, dominant."

He fascinated me. When I was in the same courtroom with him, I couldn't pull my eyes away. So now in addition to my earlier hero worship of Clarence Darrow, I had a newer hero. Even so, in spite of my dual inspirations, I was no ball of fire as a student at the Iowa Law School. In one subject, Contracts, I was given a condition instead of a passing grade.

I had wanted to go home to Iowa to see snow drift down between me and a street light, but that winter was unusually severe, and I began to think of the balmy California weather. I had only to shut my eyes to be drenched in Southern California sunshine. I finished out the school year, then I hurried back to Southern California. I've never left it since except on business trips and for one short stay in Las Vegas, to recuperate from an operation, and an even shorter vacation in Palm Springs.

When I returned to Los Angeles I enrolled in the University of Southern California Law School. In those days a student didn't have to take prelaw; he just enrolled.

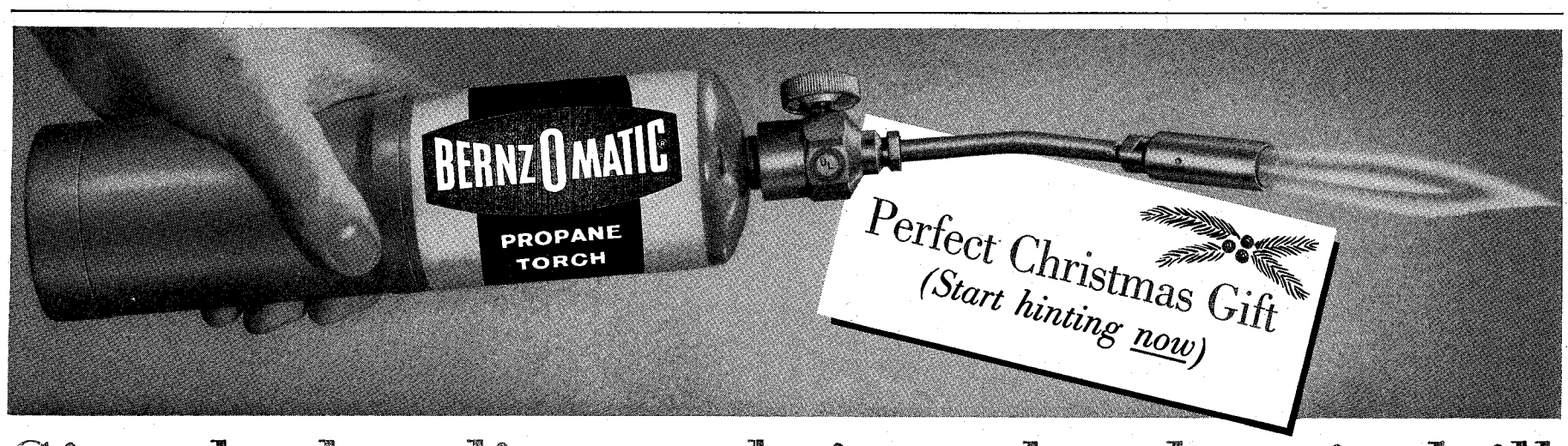
At U.S.C. the law-school classes began each morning at eight. They ran for one hour, then recessed, to reconvene each evening from five to six. There was a dinner break of an hour, and afterward classes continued from seven to eight. There were no classes in the middle of the day, thus making it possible for a student to work his way through. Most of us did.

I felt I had grown beyond lumber hauling—law-school hours and wagon-driving hours would have conflicted anyhow—so I and two other boys, John Richardson and Edward Allen, who also were taking law at U.S.C., formed a partnership to go into the bill-collecting business.

We called our firm the Prospect Law and Collection Agency. Whoever came in first opened the mail. We had no great variety of stratagems we used in collecting bills. We just kept everlastingly after the no-payers and the deadbeats until even the most confirmed bill dodger was so weary of the sight of us that he gave up and handed us the money.

One day, when I reached the office first, I found in the mail a letter from a law-book publishing company containing a long-overdue bill owed by Earl Rogers. I stuffed it into my pocket and said nothing. That wasn't right, of course, but I wanted to take that bill to Mr. Rogers personally. I hoped to meet him rather than to collect. It was a good thing that I was in that frame of mind, since Mr. Rogers was collector proof. His office staff was trained to smell bill collectors the way bird dogs smell bobwhites. Once they scented me, they wouldn't let me near him.

So I went into the courthouse—anybody was allowed there—and waited outside his courtroom for him when he was trying a case. I knew that sooner or later he would come out. Smoking wasn't allowed inside the courtroom, and he was an inveterate smoker. When he needed a



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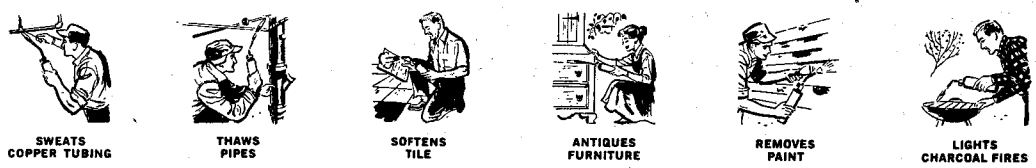

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smoke, he asked one of his associates to stay in the courtroom while he strolled outside, puffed his cigarette and walked up and down.

When I first approached him I said, "Mr. Rogers, my name is Giesler. I have a bill here from ——" That's as far as I got. He brushed me aside like a mosquito. But I kept after him, accosting him whenever I could, and finally one day I told him that my real ambition was to be his office boy. "But I have no opening," he said.

"I'll keep trying," I said.

Eventually one of his office boys did leave. There was an opening. He said, "Go to my office and tell them I said to put you to work."

I never did collect that bill. I don't recall how much it was. I think it was between $100 and $200. He owed the money to a lawbook publishing company which got out the old *American Encyclopedia of Evidence*. If that company were still in business, I'd be happy to pay them what Mr. Rogers owed them, plus interest, for bringing us together.

When I reported for work with Mr. Rogers, I left the collection agency and I never went back, but I kept right on going to law school. I was supposed to be paid twenty-five dollars a month. I seldom got it. I was paid a little something, but it was spasmodic, and I lived precariously, often borrowing from relatives and friends.

I was a clerk. I carried books. I cleaned up the office. I put papers away or stacked them up in Mr. Rogers' office. When a case was finished, all the papers connected with it were folded and put into a heavy paper wrapper. Then Mr. Rogers tossed the bundle into a corner. This pile grew until it became a paper Matterhorn. If anyone needed a certain paper, I was the one who burrowed into that paper mountain and found the document. I also accompanied Mr. Rogers and his associates to court, giving a good imitation of a small, sweating pack mule loaded down with stacks of lawbooks.

In addition I was expected to do a little light detective work, investigating murder cases and interviewing witnesses. Mr. Rogers was a great one for finding out as much as possible about the lives of the veniremen he might face. In a day when the courts drew their juries from one venire of jurors, and the number of those on it was small enough that each could be investigated individually, such information was invaluable.

Even if I had been paid regularly, the most valuable part of my pay still would have been sitting in court watching Mr. Rogers try cases. I learned more from him than I could have learned in all the law schools and in all the lawbooks. Most important of all was the chance to study the art of cross-examination as he practiced it. That was his forte.

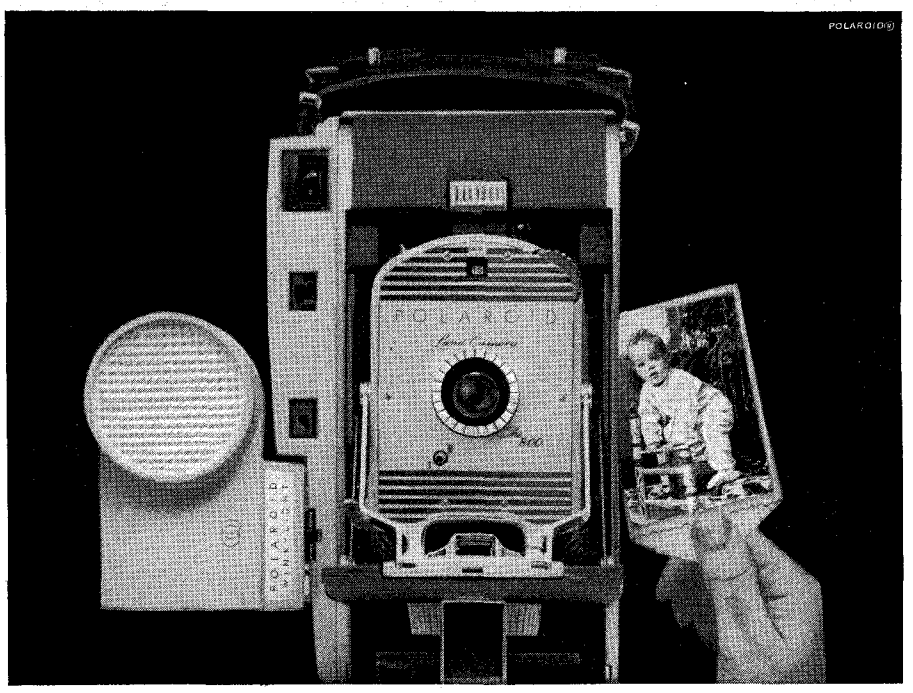
Other lawyers may have done three or four things well. Mr. Rogers could do almost everything well. He instinctively possessed legal talent other people simply didn't have.

I had been with him only a few months when he asked me to drop out of law school temporarily and come with him to San Francisco, to run errands and do odd jobs, during the graft trials there. Some of the city fathers were accused of larding their bank accounts with boodle for seeing to it that "the right people" controlled the city transit system. The principal defendant was the president of San Francisco's street-railway system, Patrick Calhoun. He had been indicted for alleged crookedness. One of his ancestors had been John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, and although his enemies said that his ethics were as convoluted as a conch shell, he was an aristocratic, distinguished and upright-looking man.

When I got to San Francisco, Mr. Rogers said, "I want you to stay with me throughout this trial. I need somebody I can depend on to carry papers, documents and books back and forth between the United Railroads' office on Market Street and the courthouse."

That courthouse had figured in an attempted killing in the trial immediately preceding the Calhoun case. The man on trial was Abraham Ruef, the political boss of San Francisco, whose conviction in an earlier trial had been set aside on appeal. He also was being prosecuted for bribery. The prosecutor in his trial was Francis J. Heney, who had been loaned to San Francisco by the United States Government, as a special prosecutor, after having done work for the United States Department of Justice.

The prosecution also had William J. Burns, later the head of the United States Justice Department's Bureau of Investigation, as its chief of investigators. When



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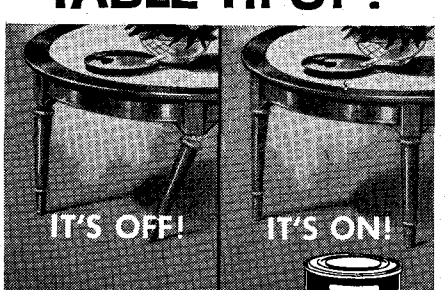

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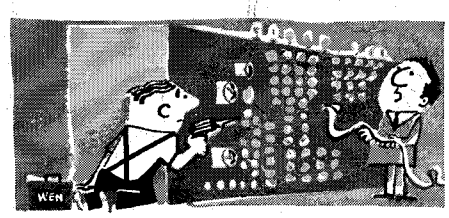

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not on loan to such causes as the preservation of San Francisco's municipal purity, Burns was the J. Edgar Hoover of his day. I was carrying papers and documents back and forth in a big-time legal battle.

Heney's investigation of prospective jurors achieved startling results. In the first Ruef trial, he had exposed a prospective juror, Morris Haas, as an ex-convict. When Haas was dismissed as a juryman, it preyed on his mind to such an extent that before the second Ruef trial was over, he took aim with his pistol at Heney, who was seated at the counsel table, and shot him. Mr. Heney wasn't killed, but his convalescence was a long one.

By the time the Calhoun trial got under way, Heney had recovered and was prosecuting the case, but, because of what had happened in the preceding trial, the atmosphere was so tense in the courtroom I could feel the air vibrate like a plucked cello string. Mounted police rode up and down outside, and policemen stationed at the door searched those who entered for weapons. Two armed guards sat immediately behind Heney, facing the front of the courtroom, while two other guards faced toward the rear, watching everyone who was seated behind Heney. It was not a time, a place and a situation easy for a youngster to forget. I never have.

When I reached San Francisco, Mr. Rogers had told me that I'd be more useful if I lived in the St. Francis Hotel with him. To me that was like suddenly being elected king. The St. Francis was a swanky place, and I was still pretty much a green kid from the farm belt. At the St. Francis I not only lived the "life of Riley" but I was paid regularly. The reason for that was that I was being paid by United Railroads instead of by Mr. Rogers. Every week I received thirty dollars in gold. I had seen little hard cash, and being paid in money I could feel and spend was bliss.

When I wasn't carrying papers between the courtroom and the United Railroads' office on Market Street, I sat in the courtroom behind Mr. Calhoun off and on for six months.

One day I was sitting in the courtroom in my usual place when I saw Mr. Heney and an assistant look my way, then talk to each other, and I wondered what was going on. At that moment Mr. Rogers was cross-examining the head of the Board of Supervisors. He had succeeded in getting him muddled and mixed so that, looking back at it, it seems clear that Mr. Heney hoped to interrupt the proceedings with a diversionary tactic.

Standing up, he said, "Your honor, I'd like to call your attention to the young man sitting behind Mr. Calhoun. When anything favorable to the prosecution is brought out, he frowns at the jury. When anything favorable to the defense occurs, he smiles at the jury. It is the opinion of the prosecution that his behavior is improper, reprehensible and is designed to influence the jurors."

Such a remark may seem childish. Childish or not, it accomplished what Mr. Heney hoped it would accomplish. It interrupted Mr. Rogers' cross-examination and gave the head of the Board of Supervisors a chance to unscramble his brains and reassemble them. Up jumped a defense lawyer to light into Mr. Heney for interrupting the trial with such a triviality. It was, he said, a barefaced attempt to prejudice the jury, since the young man in question—meaning me—was innocent of anything except pulling for his side to win, which was certainly normal.

Finally Mr. Calhoun himself stood up. It was the only time during the trial that he said anything. He was six feet four. He was very dignified. He rose to his full height and said, "Your honor, in reality it is my life which is at stake here, because these proceedings involve my reputation, which is more valuable to me than my life, and for Mr. Heney to interrupt the proceedings upon which a man's precious reputation hangs with such foolishness is unseemly."

He looked at me and said, "This young man has been sitting near me throughout this trial, and I have never seen him do anything which would be described as reprehensible. But apparently Mr. Heney is willing to try any trick, no matter how cheap or tawdry, to create a momentary interruption." Realizing that he had got into deeper waters than he had intended, Mr. Heney backed out. He admitted that perhaps he had been mistaken, and the judge let the matter drop.

It also helps in interrogating witnesses. I can get far more out of a witness by courteous cross-examination than I can by being vicious and pugnacious. I am aware that most laymen think that lawyers invariably try to make witnesses angry to throw them off balance and catch them with their guard down. Some may do it that way. I don't.

After the Calhoun trial I went back to Los Angeles with Mr. Rogers and, because I'd missed six months of law school, I decided to cram for my bar examinations and take them as soon as possible instead of waiting until I'd completed my university course. That was 1907. In those days, you didn't have to wait until you'd finished law school to take the bar exam. You could take it any time you felt qualified.

It didn't drop for me. The next morning the incident was described on the front pages of the San Francisco papers. My name appeared in print for the first time—other than in that letter I wrote to *Tip-Top Weekly*—and my chest expanded several inches. It stayed expanded when I was stationed by the "defense" automobile parked out in front, to see that nothing was removed from it, and the jurors in the trial called out to me in mock seriousness as they passed by, "Don't you flirt with us."

That trial lasted nearly six months. In spite of all that expenditure in time, money and effort, it ended in disagreement. The jury was ten to two for acquittal. Mr. Calhoun was never tried again.

As for me, I had learned a lot. But the lesson that stood out like a beacon in my mind was the discovery that, with few exceptions, really big lawyers handled themselves with dignity and decorum in a courtroom. That lesson of courteousness sank into my soul at that impressionable age. It has stayed there since. I firmly believe that it is the greatest asset a lawyer can have. It is an asset to him in his relations with both the judge and the jury. It is even more so today than it was then, because now women sit on juries.

Once I'd made up my mind, I really studied. I particularly boned up on *Robinson's Elementary Law*. As the time drew nearer for my session with the bar examiners, I was as nervous as a cat. The examinations were conducted by three judges of the District Court of Appeals. Those judges sat on a rostrum. Beginning with the candidates in the front row, they asked those who offered themselves as candidates a series of oral questions.

When my day came, I was a little late and, since I was late, there was no place for me except on the last row of seats. This turned out to be very fortunate for me, for the first people examined were given the longest and hardest questions. As the session continued the questions grew shorter.

Not only did the examiners become weary but time was running out, and the examiners were running out of questions. By the time they reached the last row I was asked only three questions: my name, where I lived, and what I had studied. I mentioned *Robinson's Elementary Law* and a few other books. That was all.

I couldn't believe it, and instead of being hilariously happy at being let off so easily, I was horribly worried. I thought of all of the dire reasons why they had skimped in questioning me. It was no trick at all to decide that in three questions they had found me a meathead, definitely unsuited for the California bar.

The names of those who had passed would be posted in a hallway the next day. I was sure that I had flunked, but, like a murderer who is said to be drawn irresistibly to the scene of his crime—by the way, I have never found this to be true—I came back the next day to study the list of names anyhow. I was so nervous I could hardly read. I saw no name which resembled mine. One of the other candidates said encouragingly, "Look again, Jerry, and take your time!" I did, and my name was there.

Suddenly I was a human skyrocket. I was Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate. I was standing at the threshold of wonderful and exciting things. When I walked down Broadway—if you could call what I was doing walking—I felt I was floating over the sidewalk at an elevation of twenty feet. I passed the courthouse. In front of it stood a statue of Stephen M. White. Mr. White was a former United States senator from California. He had been one of the community's great lawyers. I looked at him, and I thought the wildly soaring thoughts kids think at such times. *Someday*, I thought, *I may be as big as Senator White.*

Then I began to worry about what to call myself. Attorney? No. Lawyer? No. Barrister? That sounded better. Solicitor? That sounded even better, although a little British.

When I reached Mr. Rogers' office, he cocked an eye at me and asked, "Well?" and I said, "I'm a lawyer."

He congratulated me and said, "Put your name on one of our windows."

That was a very important invitation. The geographical location of Mr. Rogers' offices, at 1st and Broadway, was a good place psychologically for law offices to be. Mr. Rogers' offices were just down the street from the Central Jail, and people who were brought there invariably looked upward to catch a glimpse of blue sky before they entered its dismal confines. As they did, there on the second-floor windows of that building nearby they could see Mr. Rogers' name and the names of his associates.

If those persons looking upward were interested in obtaining legal assistance, one story up was succor. And such was Mr. Rogers' fame that just seeing his name there on his windows recalled the many sensational victories he had won.

In my case the catch was to persuade Mr. Rogers to install a new window, because all of the available window space was filled with the names of his associates and even the names of those who had left him to branch out on their own. He saw no reason to remove the names of those departed ones, since they did his practice no harm.

In some way, however, one of those windows got broken, and somehow when it was replaced, my name was on it. I am sure that everyone who reads this will nod knowingly and decide that he knows exactly how it was broken. Well, knowing looks or no knowing looks, I had nothing to do with it; but I'll have to confess there was real joy in my heart when it happened.

Next week, in his fifth installment, Mr. Giesler tells about his early days in practice, the greatest master of criminal law he's ever known, his own first murder client, and his almost disastrous, final experience with alcohol.

—THE EDITORS

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Holiday tips from Garry Moore

Make your Christmas merrier with mirrors.

Deck the halls with lovely mirrors . . . make your home glow for the holidays. Mirrors add a bright, new dimension to every room. Mirrors will give your holiday home an air of elegance. They open up a room to new spaciousness. And what better way to be sure you look your best than with a full-length door mirror. Many department stores, furniture stores and

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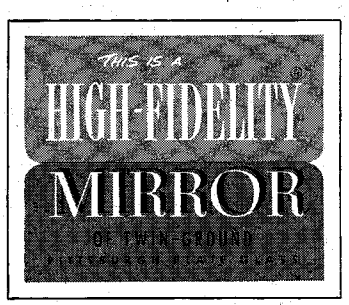

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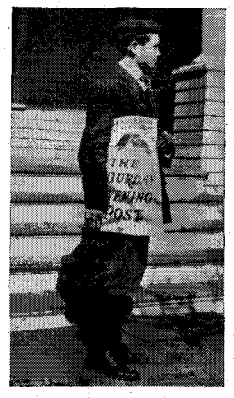

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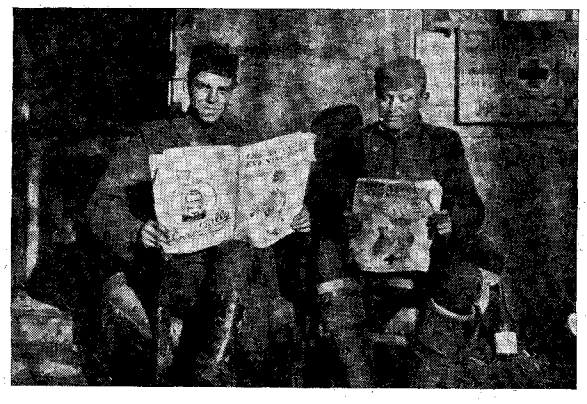

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1959

Readers often tell us *The Post* is like an old friend. Being reminded of our age doesn't bother us a bit; so we don't mind admitting that this sort of mail has increased considerably since we published a June-sixth LETTERS feature titled OUR STEADFAST READERS.

Long-time subscriber Burke Taylor of Los Angeles sent us a snapshot of himself (upper left photo) as a young salesman in Tobias, Nebraska. His *Post* route earned him as much as thirty cents a week, he reports; and when his folks moved to Lincoln, he sold his agency for a dollar to the son of a local banker.

R. H. Evans was assistant cashier in a Canton, Kansas, bank at the time he was photographed relaxing with our 1910 Christmas issue (lower left). He continued to read *The Post* faithfully and, before long, guess who became the bank's president? Fifty years and sixty pounds later, he lives in Long Beach, California.

Retired Col. W. H. Phillips of Largo, Florida, was at Châtel-Chéhéry, France, when mail call brought the first two *Posts* his unit had seen since the start of the Argonne campaign. He recorded the occasion with a picture (right, top) of himself and his sergeant major. The colonel transferred his allegiance from Army to Air Force some years ago, but *The Post* remains "my all-time favorite publication."

Two of the younger members of *The Post* family are Joseph and Danny Walker of Dothan, Alabama, shown buried in a 1900 issue which was preserved by their grandmother along with other family treasures. The boys' mother writes, "Recently my older son applied for a job and was asked what magazines he read. He was proud to put *The Post* first on his list. Long may it live!"

And long may we have such a loyal audience.

Tales of the Authors

Two years ago we announced on this page that Washington editor **Beverly Smith** had retacked a "Jr." onto his name in a desperate effort to establish his masculine identity once and for all. The situation seemed to improve—until this fall when the following wire was dispatched to "Miss Beverly Smith."

MONSIEUR ANTOINE ARRIVING FROM PARIS OCTOBER NINETEENTH. HE CABLED REQUESTING I INVITE YOU FOR PRIVATE COIFFURE CONSULTATION AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE SALON.

A well-bred Maryland gentleman, Smith was determined not to insult M. Antoine, who is, after all, an old friend of *The Post*—European correspondent Ernest O. Hauser wrote a September 22, 1956, profile of Antoine, HE DOMINEERS BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. Smith phoned to say he was *Mr.* Smith, but could he come on the twenty-second for that "private coiffure consultation"? He could and did. Antoine suggested a white-sapphire rinse and a pinwheel coif. Smith said he was partial to "Mamie bangs." They settled on the pinwheel, period. Our man Smith describes the procedure in most eloquent terms, "He did a little combing and clipping around."

Mister Smith and Monsieur Antoine.

Later that day Smith decided he was a trifle fragrant for the Al—no relation to Bev—Smith Memorial Dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria; so before dressing for dinner, he shampooed the perfume out of his hair and—*sacrébleu!*—darned if he didn't just about wreck that pinwheel.

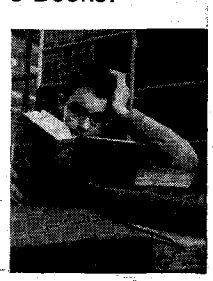
Sally Carrighar's *Post* stories and articles have been set in the Far North, but their reception has been very warm indeed. Her biggest hit was an article about her dog Bobo—THE DOG THAT TRAINED ME, December 5, 1953. "It pulled more mail than anything I ever wrote," she recalls. Now Bobo has grown from an article into a book, *Wild Voice of the North*, published two weeks ago by Doubleday.

Roul Tunley became so enamored of the "new Philadelphia" he describes on page 32, that he is negotiating to buy a town house in the city's historic Society Hill section, to be his headquarters when the chill of winter is upon us. When sultry weather returns, he will escape to his bachelor hideaway on Federal Twist Road, Stockton, New Jersey, where his view includes the "distant steeple" which Rodgers and Hart wrote about in the song *There's a Small Hotel*.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Must They Spoil Children's Books?"

An angry indictment of the "mangled masterpieces" that line the shelves of many schools and libraries.



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